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NOVEMBER

BUSY MAN'S



You Can Interest Him

Any Man Over Fifty.

You can interest any man over fifty years of age in anything that will make him feel better, because while he may not as yet have any positive organic disease he no longer feels the buoyancy and vigor of twenty-five nor the freedom from aches and pains he enjoyed in earlier years, and he very naturally examines with interest any proposition looking to the improvement and preservation of his health.

He will notice among other things that the stomach of fifty is a very different one from the stomach he possessed at twenty-five. That greatest care must be exercised as to what is eaten and how much of it, and even with the best of care, there will be increasing digestive weakness with advancing years.

A proposition to perfect or improve the digestion and assimilation of food is one which interests not only every man of fifty but every man, woman and child of any age, because the whole secret of good health, good blood, strong nerves, is to have a stomach which will promptly and thoroughly digest wholesome food because blood, nerves, brain tissue and every other constituent of the body is entirely the product of digestion, and no medicine or "health" food can possibly create pure blood or restore shaky nerves, when a weak stomach is replenishing the daily wear and tear of the body from a mass of fermenting half-digested food.

No, the stomach itself wants help and in no round about way either; it wants direct, unmistakable assistance, such as is given by one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

These tablets cure stomach trouble because their use gives the stomach a chance to rest and recuperate; one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contains digestive elements sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of ordinary food such as bread, meat, eggs, etc.

The plan of dieting is simply another name for starvation, and the use of prepared foods and new fangled breakfast foods simply makes matters worse as any dyspeptic who has tried them knows.

As Dr. Bennett says, the only reason I can imagine why Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not universally used by everybody who is troubled in any way with poor digestion is because many people seem to think that because a medicine is advertised or is sold in drug stores or is protected by a trade mark must be a humbug whereas as a matter of truth any druggist who is observant knows that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have cured more people of indigestion, heartburn, heart trouble, nervous prostration and run down condition generally than all the patent medicines and doctors' prescriptions for stomach trouble combined.

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

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ROBERT W. SERVICE.

The Canadian King of whose books, "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako," over 300,000 copies have been sold.

The Canadian Serial Rights on
SERVICE'S FIRST NOVEL
THE TRAIL OF '98
Have been secured for
BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

From an almost obscure back-shelf in a remote corner of Canada, Robert W. Service sprang into the favor of thousands of readers and readers all over the world, as author of "The Songs of a Sourdough," and later, of "Ballads of a Cheechako." The grand power of the satire of the Yukon and the far to have his first book brought out, but since then one hundred thousand copies of his poems alone have been sold in Canada.

Now—he has turned into the field of novel-writing. Dropping the limitations of the past for the time being, he tells of one of the romances of the road to the Yukon in "The Trail of '98." With a first, bold pen, yet with all the skill of the poet he unfolds his story. He tells it so though he had his readers gathered around him at the chaf, or as though they were with him in the office—after hours."

It is not a problem novel. It has nothing to do with abstract speculations. It is a variety of scenes presented in a man's book yet it cannot fail to interest the woman who likes to hear of strong horse men and fair women in a rugged land.

Those who truly will appreciate the poetry will find him in this novel, still the poet. Those who have not read his poems will still like them after reading the novel. Those owning serial rights, besides a few in the radiator, the *Busyman's* reader will have a wonderful source of refreshing entertainment.

189277.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII

Toronto November 1810

No. 1

The Trail of '98

A Vivid Tale of the Yukon Gold Rush

By Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

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BOOK I

THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE

*This is the levi of the Yukon, and your life makes it plain,
Send not your foolish and fiddly, send me your strong and valiant,
Strong for the sad rage of battle, save, for I carry them here,
Send me my girls for the combat, send me girls to grit the core,
Gritful as the passer in triumph, gritter as the bear in defeat,
Gritful as a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.*

*Send me the best of your breeding, send me your chosen ones;
Them will I take in my bower, them will I call my sons,
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I gild with my sons;
But the others—the rejects, the failures—I trample under my feet.*

—*"Songs of a Sourdough."*

PRELUDE.

THE north wind is keening over-head. It reminds me of the howl of a wolf-dog under the Arctic stars. Sitting alone by the glow of the great fire I can hear it high up in the balsam fir. It is the voice, inexorably scornful, of the Great White Land.

Oh, I hate it, I hate it! Why cannot a man be allowed to forget? It is near ten years since I joined the Eagler

Army. I have travelled: I have been a pilgrim to the shrines of beauty; I have pursued the phantom of happiness even to the ends of the earth. Still it is always the same—I cannot forget.

Why should a man be ever shadowed by the vampire wings of his past? Have I not a right to be happy? Money, estate, name, are mine, all that means an open sesame to the magic door. Others go in, but I beat against its flinty portals with

hands that bleed. No! I have no right to be happy. The ways of the world are open; the banquet of life is spread; the wonder-workers plan their pageants of beauty and joy, and yet there is no praise in my heart. I have seen, I have tasted, I have tired. Ashes and dust and bitterness are all my gain, I will try no more. It is the shadow of the vampire wing.

So I sit in the glow of the great peat fire, tired and sad beyond belief. Thank God! at least I am home. Everything is so little changed. The fire lights the oak-panelled hall; the crossed claymores gleam; the eyes in the mounted deer-heads shine glassily; rug of fur cover the polished floor; all is comfort, home and the haunting atmosphere of my boyhood. Sometimes I fancy it has been a dream, the Great White Silence, the bare of the gold-spell, the delirium of the struggle; a dream, and I will awake to hear Garry calling me to shoot over the moor, to see dear little mother with her meek sensitive mouth, and her cheeks as delicately tinted as the leaves of a briar rose. But no! The hall is silent. Mother has gone to her long rest. Garry sleeps under the snow. Spirits everywhere; I am alone, alone, alone.

So I sit in the big, oak-carved chair of my forefathers, before the great peat fire, a pale-faced drooping figure of a man with hair unctuously grey. My crutch lies on the floor by my side. My old nurse comes up quietly to look at the fire. Her rosy, wrinkled face smiles cheerfully, but I can see the anxiety in her blue eyes. She is afraid for me. Maybe the doctor has told her—something.

THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE

*Can you recall, dear comrade, when we tramped God's land together,
And we sang the old, old Earth-Song, for our youth was very stout,
When we drank and fought and revelled, as we marked at us and other,
Along the road to Anywhere, the wide world at our feet.*

*Along the road to Anywhere, when each day had its story,
When time was yet very young, and life's first rays still molten;
When fierce enthusiasm filled our hearts air, bathed in amber glory,
Along the road to Anywhere we watched the sunset pale.*

*About the road to Anywhere is尽filled with disaster;
There's hunger, want, and wantonness, yet O we left it all.
As we we tramped steadily, and so many was our master,
And we were guided under dreams over seas, as crossing land and sea,
We tramped the road to Anywhere, the magic road to Anywhere,
The tragic road to Anywhere took dear, this year ago.*

—“Song of a Dragoon.”

CHAPTER I.

As far back as I can remember I have faithfully followed the banner of Romance. It has given colour to my life, made me a dreamer of dreams, a player of parts. As a boy, roaming along the wild heather hills, I have heard the glad shouts of the football players on the green, yet never called to join them. Mine was the richer, rare joy. Still can I see myself in those days, a little shy-named lad in kilts, bareheaded to the hill breezes, with health-bright cheeks, and a soul happily up in dreams.

And, indeed, I lived in an enchanted land, a land of griffins and kelpies, of princesses and gleaming knights. From each black tarn I looked to see a scaly reptile rise, from every fearsome cave a corby emerge. There were green spaces among the heather where the fairies danced, and every scree and linn had its own familiar spirit. I peopled the good green wood with the wild creatures of my thought, nymph and faun, naiad and dryad, and would have been in mornise surprised to meet in the leafy coolness the great god Pan himself.

It was at night, however, that my dreams were most compelling. I strove against the tyranny of sleep. Lying in my small bed, I revelled in delectable imaginings. Night after night I fought battles, devised pageants, partitioned empires. I gloried in details. My rugged war-lords were very real to me, and my adventures sounded many periods of history. I was a solitary caveman with an axe of stone; I was a Roman soldier of fortune; I was a Highland outlaw of the Rebellion. Always I fought for a lost cause, and always my sympathies were with the rebel.

I feasted with Robin Hood on the King's venison; I fared forth with Dick Turpin on the gibbet-haunted heath; I followed Morgan, the Buccaneer, into strange and exotic lands of trial and treasure. It was a wonderful gift of visioning that was mine in those days.

It was the bird-like flight of the pure child-mind to whom the unreal is yet the real.

Then, suddenly, I arrived at a second phase of my mental growth in which fancy usurped the place of imagination. The modern equivalents of Romance attracted me, and, with my increasing grasp of reality, my gift of vision faded. As I had hitherto dreamed of knight-errants, of corsairs and of outlaws, I now dreamed of cowboys, of gold-seekers, of beachcombers. Fancy painted scenes in which I, too, should play a rousing part. I read avidly all I could find dealing with the Far West, and ever my wistful gaze roved over the grey sea. The spirit of Romance beamed to me. I, too, would adventure in the stranger lands, and face their perils and brave their dangers. The joy of the thought exulted in my veins, and scarce could I bide the day when the roads of chance and change would be open to my feet.

It is strange that in all these years I confided in none. Garry, who was my brother and my dearest friend, would have laughed at me in that affectionate way of his. You would never have taken us for brothers. We were so different in temperament and appearance that we were almost the reverse of each other. He was the handsomest boy I have ever seen, frank, fair-skinned and winning, while I was dark, dole and none too

well favoured. He was the best runner and swimmer in the parish, and the idol of the village lads. I cared nothing for games and would be found somewhere among the heather hills, always by my lone self and scarcely always with a story book in my pocket. He was clever, practical and ambitious, excelling in all his studies; whereas, except in those which appealed to my imagination, I was a dullard and a dreamer.

Yet we loved each other as few brothers do. Oh, how I admired him! He was my ideal, and too often the hero of my romances. Garry would have laughed at my hero-worship; he was so matter-of-fact, effective and practical. Yet he understood me, my Celtic ideality, and that shy reserve which is the armour of a sensitive soul. Garry in his fine, clever way knew me and shielded me and cheered me. He was so buoyant and charming he heartened you like Spring sunshine, and braced you like a morning wind on the mountain top. Yes, not excepting Mother, Garry knew me better than any one has ever done, and I loved him for it. It seems overfond to say this, but he did not have a fault: tenderness, humour, enthusiasm, sympathy and the beauty of a young god, all that was manfully endearing was expressed in this brother of mine.

So we grew to manhood there in that West Highland country, and surely our lives were pure and simple and sweet. I had never been further from home than the little market town where we sold our sheep. Mother managed the estate till Garry was old enough, when he took hold with a vigour and grasp that delighted every one. I think our little Mother stood rather in awe of my keen, capable, energetic brother. There was in her a certain dreamy wistful idealism that made her beautiful in my eyes, and to look on she was as fair as any picture. Specially do I remember the delicate colouring of her face and her eyes, blue like deep corn-flowers. She was not overstrong, and took much com-

fort from religion. Her lips, which were fine and sensitive, had a particularly sweet expression, and I wish to record of her that never once did I see her cross, always sweet, gentle, smiling.

So our home was an ideal one; Garry, tall, fair and winsome; myself, dark, dreamy, reticent; and between us, linking all three in a perfect bond of love and sympathy, our gentle, delicate Mother.

CHAPTER II.

So in serenity and sunshine the days of my youth went past. I still maintained my character as a drone and a dreamer. I used my time tramping the moorland with a gun, whipping the foamy pools of the burn for trout, or reading voraciously in the library. Mostly I read books of travel, and especially did I relish the literature of *Vagabondia*. I had come under the spell of Stevenson. His name spelled Romance to me, and my fancy etched him in his lonely exile. Forthright I determined I too would seek these ultimate islands, and from that moment I was a changed being. I nursed the thought with joyous enthusiasm. I would be a frontiersman, a trail-breaker, a treasure-seeker. The virgin praises called to me; the susurri of the giant pines echoed in my heart; but most of all, I felt the spell of those gentle islands where care is a stranger, and all is sunshine, song and the glowing bloom of eternal summer.

About this time Mother must have worried a good deal over my future. Garry was now the young Laird, and I was but an idler, a burden on the estate. At last I told her I wanted to go abroad, and then it seemed as if a great difficulty was solved. We remembered of a cousin who was sheep-ranching in the Saskatchewan valley and had done well. It was arranged that I should join him as a pupil, then, when I had learned enough, buy a place of my own. It may be imagined that while I apparently acquiesced in

this arrangement, I had already determined that as soon as I reached the new land I would take my destiny into my own hands.

I will never forget the damp journey to Glasgow and the misty landscape viewed through the streaming window pane of a railway carriage. I was in a wondrous state of elation. When we reached the great smoky city I was lost in amazement not unmixed with fear. Never had I imagined such crowds, such houses, such hurry. The three of us, Mother, Garry and I, wandered and wondered for three days. Folks gazed at us curiously, sometimes admiringly, for our cheeks were bright with Highland health, and our eyes candid as the June skies. Garry in particular, tall, fair and handsome, seemed to call forth glances of interest wherever he went. Then as the hour of my departure drew near a shadow fell on us.

I will not dwell on our leave-taking. If I broke down in unmanly grief, it must be remembered I had never before been from home. I was but a lad, and these two were all in all to me. Mother gave up trying to be brave, and mingled her tears with mine. Garry alone contrived to make some show of cheerfulness. Alas! all my elation had gone. In its place was a sense of guilt, of desertion, of unconquerable gloom. I had an inkling then of the tragedy of motherhood, the tender love that would hold, yet cannot, the world-call and the ruthless, estranging years, all the memories of clinging love gives only to be taken away.

"Don't cry, sweetheart Mother," I said; "I'll be back again in three years."

"Mind you do, my boy, mind you do."

She looked at me woefully sad, and I had a queer, heart-rending premonition I would never see her more. Garry was supporting her, and she seemed to have suddenly grown very frail. He was pale and quiet, but I could see he was vastly moved.

"Athol," said he, "if ever you need me just send for me. I'll come no matter how long or how hard the way."

I can see them to this day standing in the drenching rain, Garry fine and manly, Mother small and drooping. I can see her with her delicate rose colour, her eyes like wood violets drowned in tears, her tender, sensitive lips quivering with emotion.

"Good-bye, laddie, good-bye."

I forced myself away, and stumbled on board. When I looked back again they were gone, but through the grey shadows there seemed to come back to me a cry of heartache and irretrievable loss.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

CHAPTER III.

It was on a day of early Autumn when I stood knee-deep in the heather of Glengyle, and looked wistfully over the grey sea. Twas but a month later when, homeless and friendless, I stood on the beach by the Cliff House of San Francisco, and gazed over the fretful waters of another ocean. Such is the romance of destiny.

Consigned, so to speak, to my cousin, the sheep-raiser of the Saskatchewan, I found myself setting foot on the strange land with but little heart for my new vocation. My mind, cramful of book notions, craved for the larger life. I was vastly mad for adventure; to fare forth hap hazardly; to come upon naked danger; to feel the bludgeonings of mischance; to tramp, to starve, to sleep under the stars. It was the calico boy-idea perpetuated in the man, and it was to lead me a sorry dance. But I could not overbear it. Strong in me was the spirit of the gypsy. The joy of youth and health was brawling in my veins. A few thistledown years, said I, would not matter. And there was Stevenson and his glorious islands winning me on.

So it came about I stood solitary on the beach by the seal rocks, with a

thousand memories confusing in my head. There was the long train ride with its strange pictures: the crude farms, the gloomy forests, the gleaming lakes that would drown my whole country, the aching plains, the mountains that rip-sawed the sky, the fear-made-eternal of the desert. Lastly, a sudden, sunlit paradise, California.

I had lived through a week of wizardry such as I had never dreamed of, and here was I at the very throne of Western empire. And what a place it was, and what a people—with the imperious mood of the West softened by the spell of the Orient and mellowed by the glamour of Old Spain, San Francisco! A score of tongues clamoured in her streets and in her byways, a score of races barked astutely. She suckled at her breast the children of the old grey nations and gave them of her spirit, that swift purposeful spirit so proud of past achievement and so convinced of glorious destiny.

I marvelled at the rash of affairs and the zest of amusement. Every one seemed to be making money easily and spending it eagerly. Every one was happy, sanguine, strenuous. At night Market Street was a dazzling alley of light, where stalwart men and handsome women jostled in and out of the glittering restaurants. Yet amid this eager passionate life I felt a dreary sense of outsideness. At times my heart faintly ached with loneliness, and I wandered the pathways of the park, or sat forlornly in Portsmouth Square as remote from it all as a gazer on his mountain top beneath the stars.

I became a dreamer of the water front, for the notion of the South Seas was ever in my head. I loafed in the sunshine, sitting on the pier-edge, with eyes fixed on the lazy shipping. These were care-free, irresponsible days, and not, I am now convinced, entirely misspent. I came to know the worthies of the wharfside, and plunged into an under-world of fascinating repellency. Crimdom eyed

and tempted me, but it was always with whales or seals, and never with pearls or copra. I rubbed shoulders with eager necessity, scrambled for free lunches in frowsy barrooms, and amid the scum and debris of the waterside found much food for sober thought. Yet at times I blamed myself for thus misusing my days, and memories of Glengyle and Mother and Garry loomed up with reproachful vividness.

I was, too, a seeker of curious experience, and this was to prove my undoing. The night-side of the city was unvailed to me. With the assurance of innocence I wandered everywhere. I penetrated the warrens of underground Chinatown, wondering why white women lived there, and why they hid at sight of me. Alone I poked my way into the opium joints and the gambling dens. Once I stumbled on an alley of the unsexed. Men, flushed and gloating, were streaming up and down it, for its shame was screened from the public street. Nearly 200 windows were there, and in each were the wares displayed as alluringly as might be. I wondered what my grim, coveting ancestors would have made of it. I never thought to have seen the like, and with my high-flown notions it was like a shock to me. God knows I have seen enough since to make me callous to such things.

My nocturnal explorations came to a sudden end. One foggy midnight, coming up Pacific Street with its glut of saloons, I was clouted shrewdly from behind and dropped most neatly in the gutter. When I came to, very sick and dizzy in a side alley, I found I had been robbed of my pocketbook with nearly all my money therein. Fortunately I had left my watch in the hotel safe and by selling it was not entirely destitute; but the situation forced me from my citadel of pleasant dreams, and confronted me with the grimmer realities of life.

I became a habitue of the ten-cent restaurant. I was amazed to find how excellent a meal I could have for ten cents. Oh for the uncaptious appetite

of these haphazard days! With some thirty odd dollars standing between me and starvation, it was obvious I must become a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and to this end I haunted the employment offices. They were bare, sordid rooms, crowded by men who chewed, swapped stories, yawned and studied the blackboards where the day's wants were set forth. Only driven to labor by dire necessity, their lives, I found, held three phases—looking for work, working, spending the proceeds. They were the Great Unskilled, face to face with the necessary evil of toil.

One morning, on seeking my favorite labor bureau, I found an unusual flutter among the bench-warmers. A big contractor wanted fifty men immediately. No experience was required, and the wages were to be two dollars a day. With a number of others I pressed forward, was interviewed and accepted. The same day we were marched in a body to the railway depot, and herded into a fourth-class car.

Where we were going I knew not; what of what we were going to do I had no inkling. I only knew we were south-bound, and at long last I might fairly consider myself to be the shuttlecock of fortune.

CHAPTER IV.

I left San Francisco blanketed in grey fog and beset by a roaring wind; when I opened my eyes I was in a land of spacious sky and broad, clean sunshine. Orange groves rushed to welcome us; orchards of almond and olive twinkled joyfully in the limpid air; tall, gaunt and ragged, the sealy eucalyptus fluttered at us as a morning greeting, while snowy houses, wallowing in greenery, flashed a smile at us as we rumbled past. It seemed like a land of promise, of song and sunshine, and silent and apart I sat to admire and to enjoy.

"Looks pretty swell, don't it?"

I will call him the Prodigal. He was about my own age, thin, but sun-

browned and healthy. His hair was darkly red and silky, his teeth white and even as young corn. His eyes twinkled with a humorous light, but his face was shrewd, alert and aggressive.

"Yes," I said soberly, for I have always been backward with strangers.

"Pretty good line. The banana belt. Old Sol working overtime. Blossom and fruit cau'ring on the same tree. Eternal summer. Land of the Manana, the festive frijoles, the never-chilly Chili. Ever been here before?"

"Na."

"Neither have I. Glad I came, even if it's to the horny-handed son of toil stut. Got the makings?"

"No, I'm sorry; I don't smoke."

"All right, guess I got enough."

He pulled forth a limp sack of powdery tobacco, and spilled some grains into a brown cigarette paper, twisting it deftly and bending over the ends. Then he smoked with such enjoyment that I envied him.

"Where are we going, have you any idea?" I asked.

"Search me," he said, inhaling deeply; "the guy in charge isn't exactly a free information bureau. When it comes to peddling the bull con he's there, but when you try to pry off a few slabs of cold hard fact it's his Sunday off."

"But," I persisted, "have you no idea?"

"Well, one thing you can bank on, they'll work the Judas out of us. The gentle grafter nestles in our midst. This here's a cinch game and we are the fall guys. The contractors are a bare outfit. They'll squeeze us at every turn. There was two plunks to the employment man; they got half. Twenty for railway fare; they come on that. Stop at certain hotels: a rake-off there. Stage fare: more graft. Five dollars a week for board: costs them two fifty, and they will be stomach robbers at that. Then they will ring in twice as many men as they need, and lay us off half the time, so

that we just about even up on our board bill. Oh, I am onto their curves, all right."

"Then," I said, "if you know so much why did you come with us?"

"Well, if I know so much you just bet I know some more. I'll go one better. You watch my smoke."

He talked on with a wonderful vivid manner and an outspiring knowledge of life, so that I was hugely interested. Yet ever and anon an allusion of taste would betray him, so that at no time did I fail to see that his roughness was only a veneer. As it turned out he was better educated by far than I, a Yale boy taking a post-graduate course in the University of Hard Luck.

My reserve once thawed, I told him much of my simple life. He listened, intently sympathetic.

"Say," said he earnestly when I had finished, "I'm rough-and-ready in my ways. Life to me's a game, sort of masquerade, and I'm the worst masquerader in the bunch. But I know how to handle myself, and I can jolly my way along pretty well. Now, you're green, if you'll excuse me saying it, and maybe I can help you some. Likewise you're the only one in all the gang of hobos that's my kind. Come on, let's be partners!"

I felt greatly drawn to him and agreed gladly.

"Now," said he, "I must go and jolly along the other boys. Aren't they a fierce bunch? Colored gentlemen, Slavonians, Polaks, Dagoes, Swedes—well, I'll go prospecting, and see what I can strike."

He went among them with a jabber of strange terms, a bright smile and ready banter, so that I could see that he was to be a quick favorite. I envied him for his ease of manner, a thing I could never compass. Presently he returned to me.

"Say, partner, got any money?"

There was something frank and compelling in his manner, so that I

produced the few dollars I had left, and spread them before him.

"That's all my wealth," I said smilingly.

He divided it into two equal portions and returned one to me. He took a note of the other, saying: "All right, I'll settle up with you later on."

He went off with my money. He seemed to take it for granted I would not object, and on my part I cared little, being only too eager to show I trusted him. A few minutes later behold him seated at a card-table with three rough-necked, hard-bitten-looking men. They were playing poker, and, thinks I: "Here's good-bye to my money." It reminded me of wolves and a lamb. I felt sorry for my new friend, and I was only glad he had so little to lose.

We were drawing in to Los Angeles when he rejoined me. To my surprise he emptied his pockets of wrinkled notes and winking silver to the tune of twenty dollars, and dividing it equally, handed half to me.

"Here, says he, "plant that in your dip."

"No," I said, "just give me back what you borrowed; that's all I want."

"Oh, forget it! You staked me, and it's well won. These guineys took me for a jay. Thought I was easy, but I've forgotten more than ever they knew, and I haven't forgotten so much either."

"No, you keep it, please. I don't want it."

"Oh, come! put your Scotch scruples in your pocket. Take the mosey."

"No," I said obstinately.

"Look here, this partnership of ours is based on financial equality. If you don't like my gate, you don't need to swing on it."

"All right," said I tartly, "I don't want to."

Then I turned on my heel.

(To be Continued.)

Canada Gets the Box but Not the Socks

Pointing Out Some of the Reasons Why Canada Hesitates to Enter Into Conventions with the United States

By Arthur Conrad

In that rollicking old song, which I used to be whistled and sung by everybody some years ago, and which ended with the plaintive refrain,

"The Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more,"

there occurred a verse that described the sad experience of a stranger in New York for the first time. Going down the Bowery, a gib-sunged salesman enticed him into a shop where goods were being sold at auction. A box of fine socks was put up.

"How much for the box?" cried the auctioneer.

The green countryman's bid was the highest, and he paid the price. What was his dismay to find that he had been skillfully hoaxed, and instead of getting a box containing socks, an empty box had been palmed off on him. So he sings:

"I sold you the box, not the socks," said he.

"I'll never go there any more."

This adventure of the hero of the song on the Bowery affords a fairly good illustration of the way in which the United States politicians have been dealing with Canada and Great Britain, ever since the United States became a nation. In the drama of international diplomacy, Canadians feel that the States have always played the part of the Bowery auctioneer, and

have on many occasions succeeded in selling Canada an empty box. Shrewd and clever such dealing may be, but there is very little to admire in it, and certainly the men who pursue such a policy are unworthy of esteem.

What makes the situation all the more to be regretted is that the relationship of Canadians and Americans as individuals is so close and friendly. Any one who has traveled through the United States and met Americans in their homes and in their places of business must have been struck by their sincerity, their geniality, their kindness and their generosity. The real American people are probably the most fair-minded and open-hearted on the face of the earth.

But, unfortunately, the characteristics, which are so charming in the individual American, are wholly lacking among the average run of their politicians. They do not seem to carry into public life the same high sense of honor which they hold in private life. As a result, American diplomacy has been guilty in the past of questionable tactics and reprehensible double-dealing.

It must not be supposed, however, that in the negotiations between the two countries, which have occurred at frequent intervals, during the past century and a quarter, Canada and Great Britain have always been honor-

able and above-board. Even the generally impeccable British Government was at one time guilty of spending huge sums to bribe United States Senators, while the production of a false map and the suppression of a true map was all the villainy that could be laid to the charge of the Americans. Yet this much may be said for the British side, that, when once a treaty or agreement was made, its provisions and its intent have been strictly adhered to by them. On the contrary, the United States has on many occasions, by virtue at one time of the supervisory power of the Senate, and at another of the sovereign rights of the individual states, overridden and made of none effect, agreements which were entered into by her accredited representatives, after long negotiations with the British and Canadian commissioners.

It is this fact, viz., that the American negotiators' work is subject to revision by the Senate and that ultimately state laws may be put into operation to annul the effect of treaties, that irritates Canadians so much and makes them timid about entering into any arrangement with their big neighbor to the south. Were they to feel that when their commissioners and the American commissioners in any negotiation met together and came to an agreement, that agreement would stand and be binding on both parties, the whole aspect of international policies would be changed very decidedly for the better.

There are not lacking many instances which may be brought forward to prove this contention. They will serve to show some of the difficulties with which Canadians have had to deal in the past, and will explain why many people in Canada are averse to entering into any further negotiations with the United States.

The Treaty of 1783 Was Flagrantly Violated.

The very first treaty made between the United States and Great Britain at the close of the War of Independ-

ence was violated in the most flagrant fashion by the United States. By Article V. of the Treaty of 1783, it was understood by the British negotiators that the estates, rights and properties of the Loyalists who had fled to Canada would be restored to them and that freedom to return to any part of the United States for this purpose would be accorded them. But this was never done. Property was not restored, nor were the Loyalists suffered to return to their old homes, without being subjected to all manner of indignities. This disgraceful treatment of thousands of men, who subsequently demonstrated their ability as nation-builders by laying the foundations of what is now the Dominion of Canada, has been a blot on the history of the American Republic, which will never be effaced. Had the provisions of the treaty been put into effect and the property of the Loyalists restored to them, the history of North America might have been very different from what it is to-day.

The fact of the matter is that the United States did not bind herself to restore the property of the Loyalists, however much her negotiators intended to convey the impression that such restitution would be made. There was a string to Article V. and the United States held it. This article did not state definitely that the property would be handed back; it said merely: "It is agreed that Congress shall earnestly recommend it to the Legislatures of the respective states, to provide for the restitution of all estates, etc." To recommend a course of action was very different from agreeing to it. Congress certainly did carry out its part of the agreement, and earnestly recommended the States to do their part, but the States simply laughed at the idea. They did not consider themselves bound by any such bargain.

This was the first instance where the sovereign states refused to adhere to an undertaking of the Union.

But if there was some excuse for the non-fulfilment of Article V., there was none for Article VI., which stipu-

lated "that there shall be no future confiscation made, nor any prosecutions commenced against any person or persons for, or by reason of the part which he or they may have taken in the present war, etc." This solemn obligation was violated with malice and premeditation.

Article IV., which "agreed that creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value in sterling money, of all bona fide debts heretofore contracted," was also ignored. When the British creditors, after the establishment of peace, sought to proceed in the state courts, they found the treaty unavailing, since those tribunals held themselves bound by the local statutes.

In referring back to this far-distant period, some allowance must necessarily be made for the feelings of revenge and passion which must have animated the revolutionists. They had thrown off British law, and it took them some time to evolve a new system. For the time being they were unrestrained, and national honor had not as yet taken form.

Surveying the course of diplomatic relations between the two countries, ever since the Treaty of 1783-83, it is apparent that the field is divisible into two distinct sections. In the first place, the settlement of the boundary line has exercised the attention of the people of both nations on several occasions, and has been the subject of arbitration and treaty. And in the second place, the establishment of reciprocal arrangements in trade and commerce has led to frequent negotiations between commissioners from the two countries. Of the first of these it is not the intention of the present article to go at length. If Canada has had grievances in the past with respect to her boundary, these can be attributed rather to Great Britain's desire to strengthen her friendly relationship with the United States by making concessions to her, than to any sharp practices on the part of the Republic. But under the second head-

ing, that of trade and kindred agreements, Uncle Sam has been repeatedly guilty of unfair tactics, which must have an important bearing on the future. The boundary line has been settled, but there will be many opportunities for trade negotiations in the years to come.

The Famous Treaty of Washington Disregarded.

Of all the treaties of the past, that of Washington, framed in 1871, has been the most disregarded by the United States.

This treaty, which provided for the creation of a tribunal to assess the damages inflicted by the famous cruiser "Alabama" and her sister ships during the war between the North and South, contained also some interesting provisions dealing with trade and commerce between Canada and the United States. One of the most notable of these was Article XXI., which provided, with one or two minor limitations, for the free importation of fish from one country into the other. The purpose of this article was plain enough; there could be no misunderstanding it. Yet there was a string even to this simple agreement. Four years later, Congress enacted that a duty should be imposed by the United States customs on cans or packages made of tin or other material containing fish. The amount of the duty was one cent and a half on each can or package. The imposition of such a duty, intended, no doubt, to prevent further free importation of fish, was a distinct violation of the spirit of the treaty, and was naturally resented by Canadians, who were allowing the uninterrupted importation of American fish into the Dominion.

In the case of another article of this same treaty, an equally reprehensible trick was played on Canadians by the United States Government. After considerable negotiation, the American commissioners secured for the people of the United States the continued use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Domin-
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ion. As a quid pro quo, the Government of the United States was to allow the use of the St. Clair Flats canal to Canadians on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States, and was further to urge upon the State Governments to secure for Canadians the use of the several state canals connected with the navigation of the lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary line.

Canada immediately complied with the requirements of this article, and all her canals were thrown open to American ships. But for a time no attempt was made by Canadians to make use of either the Erie Canal or the Champlain Canal, both of which belonged to the State of New York, and a feeling grew up that Canadian vessels would be prevented from entering them. In fact, this feeling became so pronounced that the subject of the navigation of these canals was taken up by the Canadian Government. The result was that the State of New York formally declared that there was no law which prevented the free navigation by Canadian vessels of the canals within that state.

So far, so good, but the United States Government held another string. Once more the Customs Department was made the instrument by Congress to prevent Canadian ships from enjoying the use of these canals, notwithstanding the fact that no obstacles were put in the way of the navigation of any Canadian canal by United States vessels. Congress enacted that all vessels arriving in the United States from contiguous territory on the northern frontier were obliged to make entry at the first port, and it further enacted that all vessels, not of the United States, which made entry, must unload where they made entry. These enactments successfully put a stop to the use of either the Erie or Champlain Canals by Canadian vessels.

When representations were made to the United States Government that this treatment was unfair, the reply was made that Article XXVII of the

Washington Treaty did not specify that all the state canals were to be opened to Canadian ships, but only those connected with the navigation of the lakes or rivers traversed by or contiguous to the boundary line. It was held that the Champlain Canal was not of this class. Such a distinction was a very narrow one, and, in view of the fact that all Canadian canals are open to American ships and that the State of New York herself saw no obstacle to the navigation of the canal by British ships, the action of the United States Government was most unfair.

Attention was also given in the Treaty of 1891 to the bonding privilege. For instance, Article XXX. made it unlawful for British ships to transport goods from the ports of Chicago or Milwaukee to points in Canada, whence the goods would be hauled through Canada and re-shipped in vessels destined to the ports of Oswego and Ogdensburg. This provision applied equally to British or American vessels, but, so far as the former were concerned, it was made of none effect by a regulation of the Customs Department, which required its collectors to refuse to issue clearance papers to Canadian ships proceeding to a Canadian port, with goods destined for an American port.

Some Other Examples of Unfair Tactics.

The Behring Sea arbitration of 1892 is still fresh in the minds of adult Canadians. An award was made on that occasion in favor of Great Britain covering claims for damages. Instead of paying up promptly, as did Great Britain in the case of the Alabama Award, the United States dilly-dallied for years until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when, in a panic to retain the friendly support of England, she rushed her payment through. It is even a question whether all the damage claims have yet been liquidated, and on this point the Canadian Government could, if they would, throw some interesting

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lights. How different this behavior to that of Great Britain. An immense sum of money was paid over to the United States Government to cover damages inflicted by the Confederate warship "Alabama" and her consorts, and of this sum a large part still rests in the United States treasury, because no claimants have come forward to demand it.

While not directly affecting Canada, the Bond-Hay convention, entered into between Newfoundland and the United States, has a bearing on the subject of this article. In this case Premier Bond of Newfoundland, and Secretary Hay of the United States, came to an agreement on a treaty, which would settle differences between the two countries arising out of the fisheries. The parties to the agreement both secured what they considered the utmost concessions, the one from the other. In its final form the President of the United States expressed his agreement with the articles of the convention. In all fairness, the treaty should have been immediately ratified by both Governments. But what happened? The United States Senate took hold of the treaty, and, after expunging practically every stipulation in favor of Newfoundland, passed it over to the Newfoundland Government, and said in effect, "Take it or leave it." Newfoundland, under the circumstances, had little choice in the matter, and was virtually bullied into accepting it.

A somewhat similar state of affairs resulted in the case of the more recent Waterways Convention, entered into by representatives of the two countries to govern water power and kindred problems arising on the boundary. This convention was the studied work of experts, and was an eminently fair arrangement, agreed to, in its final form, by both parties. Canada was ready to accept it as it stood. But once again the United States Senate stepped in. A senator from Michigan, representing interests which would be prejudicially affected by the enforcement of the regulations proposed, sub-

stituted an amendment, and the Senate accepted the amended document. Rather than destroy the whole convention, Canada reluctantly consented to the change, but so doing she considered herself most unfairly treated.

Warships on the Great Lakes.

Any article on international relationships between Canada and the United States would be incomplete without some reference to the vexed question of the maintenance of warships on the Great Lakes. Here another excellent illustration of the strange workings of U. S. politicians' minds is to be obtained.

On the 28th day of April, 1818, the then President of the United States, James Monroe, issued a proclamation which gave the effect of law to an agreement that had been drawn up in the previous year by representatives of the British and United States Governments, now known to fame as the Rush-Bagot Treaty. By this agreement, the naval force to be "maintained" by each Government on the Great Lakes was to be limited, on Lake Ontario to one vessel not exceeding 100 tons burden and armed with 18-pound cannon, and on the upper lakes to two vessels, not exceeding the same burden and armament. All other armed vessels on the lakes were to be forthwith dismanned, and "no other vessels of war" were to be "there built or armed." Six months' notice was to be given in case either party desired to terminate the agreement.

This now famous treaty was in reality the outcome of a fear on the part of the United States that Great Britain was going to increase its naval force on the Great Lakes. It was proposed by the United States, sanctioned by the United States, and received with applause by the United States at the time of its negotiation.

But what is the situation to-day? The nation which in 1815 was about to create a strong navy on the Great Lakes stood by the Rush-Bagot

agreement and has practically no warships on the lakes, while the nation which in 1817 was so anxious to stop the construction of any warships at all, has in commission ten vessels, aggregating 8,000 tons. The six months' notice of the termination of the Rush-Bagot agreement has never been made by the United States, and yet she has practically ignored all her obligations under it.

If remonstrance were to be made, she would probably explain that, as her ten vessels were intended simply for training ships, the agreement had not been violated, and possibly, following the letter of the treaty, this is the case. But there can be no denying the fact that the United States has violated the spirit of a solemn agreement, which she herself was the first to propose, in bringing to the Great Lakes ten armed ships, capable in a few hours of annihilating Canada's entire lake traffic.

There are in Canada to-day many people who are strongly of the opinion that, in view of the way the United States has treated the Dominion for many years, the Canadian Government should refuse politely, but firmly, to enter into any further negotiations with the American Government. Notwithstanding, the course being followed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues is to be commended, but he should demand a provision in case any agreement be arrived at that the United States abide by the spirit, that there be no equivocation or mental reservation on the part of that country. He should make his demand public in order that the people of the United States have a chance to read a lesson to those of her political diplomats, who prefer the questionable methods of the Bowery, to the straight-forward business methods of the twentieth century.

Mr. Gladstone's Advice to His Sons

From Mr. Gladstone's Religious Life

IT is a shocking thing that many persons want, as they say, amusements, to kill time, and find their time hang heavy on their hands. How will they, when time is no more, contrive to kill eternity? How will that hang heavy on their hands! . . . It is quite right to be earnest in play, and whatever we do to try to do it well. But when play is made the business of life, and is so pursued, or so idolized, as to indispose us for work, it then becomes sin and poison.

We should deal with our time as we see in a shop a grocer deal with tea and sugar, or a haberdasher with

stuffs and ribands; weighing or measuring it out in proportions adjusted to that which we are to get for and by it.

Beware of taking kindnesses from others as matters of course. The heart well purged by humility is so deeply conscious of its unworthiness that to receive acts of kindness always excites some emotion of gratitude, of shame, of surprise, or all three together—of gratitude for the benefit, of shame upon thinking how ill it is deserved, of surprise that our brethren should bestow upon us what we so little merit.

The Lights of Jerusalem

By

Violet Jacob

A charming little romance of a railway fireman, who fell in love with a country maid, whom he used to pass daily on his run.

THE railway line between Worcester and Hereford runs along the foot of the Malvern hills; then, as their bold chain drops behind it, the train makes its way between successions of small fields, heavily hedged, of orchards and hop gardens, the former much in the majority; a green, cramped, fertile land full of suggestive corners, snug and a trifle sly. It has an intimate unheroic charm and a wealth of detail for appreciative eyes.

Joshua Gunn appreciated it, though he would have been at a loss to give reasons for his feeling, being a man of few words. His circumstances were not conducive to talk, for he was fireman on the engine of a Great Western train—a local train which ran between the two county towns. He, the engine-driver, and the guard saw more of that immediate stretch of country than any three men alive; but while Joshua looked out on it with pleasure, it scarcely existed for the other two, for the guard was a politician and read the *Western Mail* in his van, and the driver was indifferent to everything but his engine.

Gunn was a quiet, dark, young fellow of eight-and-twenty, with a reputation in the livelier part of his little world of being dull, for hardly anyone knew what his interests were or

what he thought about. He did his work well and interfered with nobody, and he lived, in company with a signaller, the only person with whom he was intimate, on the outskirts of Hereford town.

When the train had almost done its journey from Worcester it reached a spot at which the permanent way ran along an embankment, and here Joshua's loyal interest in the surroundings of his appointed course would culminate. No matter what were his duties on the engine, he would contrive to be free when the embankment came in sight and the green elevation swung itself into line as they rounded the curve preceding it. The young man would lean out, with the wind of their rush blowing on his dark face, and gaze down upon the picture which had captured his fancy.

Just at this spot, close under the embankment, one of the fields had merged itself with surprising abruptness into a small, thickly-planted orchard, and not twenty paces in from the beginning of the trees, was a tiny black-and-white-timbered cottage of two storeys, standing apart with the compact detachment of a doll's house. The apple-trees pressed up to within a few feet of its walls, their gnarled stems crowding thick about it like an escort round a state prisoner; and in

the dusk of their myriad leaves and branches its whitewash, crossed with black timbers, seemed to be glimmering through a green twilight. The windows were small, and looked even smaller and more secretive from the height at which Joshua saw them; and at either side of the worn stone threshold there stood, in summer, one of those tall orange lilles, called by the neighbouring country folk, "The Lights of Jerusalem." To Joshua they were like two stiff golden angels guarding the door of this diminutive paradise of his imagination. He admired flowers and he knew many of their names; for the signman with whom he lived had a plot of garden at the foot of his box which the fireman often envied him.

Through every change of season Joshua Gunn observed the little dwelling—under the leafless boughs of winter, in the ethereal greenery of spring, in the full-blown opulence of summer, in the time when the reddened apples burned round it like fiery globes; but the time when it pleased him most was at June's end, when the Lights of Jerusalem were kindled by its threshold.

For a long time it chanced that he saw no sign of life about the place, except the smoke stealing upward and a clothes-line stretched between two apple-trees; but one day as he leaned over the engine's side a girl was in the garden. She wore a large apron over her dress and her fresh face turned up as she shaded her eyes to look at the passing train. Her light hair shone in the sun. It happened that he saw her three times in one week—twice in the garden strip under the windows and once at the back of the house beside the row of beechives; and on the last occasion some impulse made him take off his cap and hold it above his head as the train ran by. The girl hesitated, and then made a timid sign of greeting with her hand; Joshua was near enough to see her face and the shy smile upon it.

That little ceremony had gone on for eight months. Sometimes the girl would be in the garden, sometimes at

the door. Sometimes she was not to be seen; but in any case the fireman would lean out and hold up his cap, for he could not know whether she might not be watching him go by from behind the diamond panes.

One day, when Joshua's engine had reached Hereford, it was sent back on the up-line in the interval between its two journeys to take a few trucks with a gang of workmen to the embankment. Some rails were to be unloaded, for there were repairs to be done at the spot above the orchard; and as the brakes were put on and the train slowed down the young fireman promised himself an idle half-hour in which he might see the timbered cottage at closer quarters. When the unloading was finished the engine and trucks were to go on to a siding a little farther forward while the rails were being stacked, and there steam would be shut off until it was time to return for the men.

The driver was a fat good-natured individual, averse to exercise, and Joshua knew that during his wait he would sit on the foot-plate and smoke, and that it would be a simple matter for himself to get leave to stroll back to the green banks. He would be able to get quite close to the orchard, perhaps to within speaking distance of his unknown acquaintance. His mind was full of the idea, and he considered over and over again how he should accost her and what he should say supposing that he had the courage to address her at all. Perhaps she might not come out of the house; perhaps she was absent. He had not seen her as he passed in the morning. He imagined a dozen obstacles to the meeting for which he hoped.

His heart beat a little as he neared the place, for he was a shy man. He had easily got the permission he wanted; but when he saw the smoke rise from the apple-boughs he had half a mind to turn back, and as he looked at the coal-dust on his hands he wished very heartily that stoking were a cleaner occupation. He reflected with dismay that the girl whose friendly



"SHE SHADED HER EYES TO LOOK AT THE PASSING TRAIN."

greeting had been the point of interest in his daily journeys for so long had never been near enough to him to know what an unattractive-looking fellow he was; and this estimate of himself disheartened him a good deal, because he did not guess how far it was from being a just cue.

When he reached the embankment he stopped, his anticipations scattered to the winds. The one chance on which he had not counted had risen up to undo him.

The garden was full of people and the uniform hue of their garments gave him a sharp thrust of horror. They were black from head to toe, and they surrounded a dark object resting on rough trestles placed just outside the doorstep. It was evidently waiting for something, the sombre assembly that had descended like a swarm of devastating insects on this secret pleasure-ground of his own to blot out its beauty with their presence. The only spots of color were the bright Lights of Jerusalem, set like living torches beside the unpretentious pageant of death.

The young man stood on the bank looking blankly down, his hands dropped at his sides. He dared not go near to intrude upon the handful of mourners, though from over the hedge below the line he could have asked the question which tormented him. Details spring with an irony all their own to the minds of those in suspense, and he reflected that he need not have been concerned by his blackened coat and coal-stained hands. Everything was black now. The clang made by the rails as the workmen piled them in a heap sent a harsh note booming into the air.

Then his trouble lifted from him, for the cottage door opened and the well-known figure came out between the Lights of Jerusalem. She turned the key, putting it in her pocket, and her companions raised the coffin and carried it out of the garden.

As she followed them she looked up at the line, and, perhaps from habit, Joshua's hand went up to his

cap; and though he dropped it half-way, afraid, instinctively, to force his recognition upon her at such a moment, he saw her smile.

When the humble procession had passed out of sight he went back to the engine in a kind of dream. But it was a dream with a definite purpose. In three days it would be Sunday, a free day for him, because the local train did not run. He would start from Hereford and walk along the line to the cottage, a bare seven miles, and he would at last see and speak with this girl face to face. He could not know the exact nature of the catastrophe which had happened to her, but he understood that, in its grip, she had still held to their unspoken friendship, and that the tacit bond had emerged from it, a thing which present calamity had not been able to break. He scarcely knew what he meant to do when he should meet her, but he felt as if a gate had opened. And through the gate he would go.

On Sunday morning Joshua rose to find Hereford enveloped in the mist of coming heat, and at half-past eight he dropped on to the permanent way beyond the signal-box on the Worcester line to begin his seven-mile walk alongside the sleepers. He had shaved with particular care and had scrubbed himself till not a trace remained of the coal-dust of the week. He wore his dark-grey Sunday suit, and even the ill-made clothes could not take much attraction from his grave brown face or make his slight figure quite uninteresting, for the touch of reserve and refinement which kept him a little aloof from the rougher part of his kind showed through inferior tailoring and looked out of his observant eyes.

The metals stretched on into the quivering greyness of the hot day as he tramped along, and the sun climbed higher. On either side spread the green landscape of western England, rich and chequered. The ox-eye daisies were out at the sides of the line and the red sorrel and the clover; and above the round heads of the last, misty clouds of tiny butterflies hung like an

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innocent milaama. It was almost 11 o'clock when Joshua reached his goal, and, descending the embankment, slipped through a weak place in the hedge and approached the cottage door.

The smoke still rose from the chimney, but there was neither sound nor stir within, and, having knocked unsuccessfully, the young man went into the orchard. The row of beehives was in its place, and as he stood looking at them and debating what he should do, the sound of a bell came to him through the hot air. He listened, smiling at his own stupidity. Of course—she was at church!

He hastened through the garden, followed the sound, and came out on a narrow country road. In front of him a stout woman was pressing forward, book in hand, with conscience-stricken haste, and in the wake of this unconscious guide he soon found himself at the lych-gate of a small square-towered church. The woman hustled through the churchyard and was lost in the deep shadows of the porch. The echo of her breaking boots filled it as she entered.

He followed her to the inner door, stepping like a thief, and peered in. The prayers had long begun, and his eye searched the kneeling congregation for the figure he wanted and stopped at a row of cross-seats facing the aisle on the higher side of the chancel arch. The girl was there; he could see her attentive profile above her book and her bright hair. He knew her at once, and her unrelieved black clothes confirmed the recognition. He drew back stealthily and went out into the churchward, for there was no vacant seat near the door.

It was a rather-badly-kept place, for the canopies of the yew-trees shadowed groups of tombstones, ancient and grotesque, which stuck at many different angles from the coarse grass. As he turned to examine the church he noticed that a slab of stone jutted out from the wall, running along it like a bench. He sat down on it to wait as patiently as he could till the end of the service.

From inside the building came the drone of collective voices saying the Lord's Prayer, and soon after he heard the sound of the congregation rising. Suspense began to weigh on him, so he got up and wandered about, reading epitaphs with a half-mind that scarcely took in their significance. Then the organ began, and the words of the hymn carried him back to the house in the orchard.

"Jerusalem the golden," sang the voices; and as these words the two tall orange lilies by the doorstep rose before Joshua, who stood still, staring at the inner vision.

He awoke from his abstraction to see a black figure emerge quickly from the porch.

She was coming towards him, her eyes blind with tears. No doubt something in the service had upset her and she had fled, unable to control herself. Joshua was standing in the shade of a tree, but with the light of the blazing noon on her wet eyes she seemed not to see him.

He walked quickly forward and stood in her path.

"It's me," he said simply.

She stopped, drawing a long, quivering breath.

"I'm here," said Joshua. "It's me. I saw you from the engine."

Then he took her hand and led her to the stone bench. She went with him, unresisting.

He had not supposed that she was so pretty, for though her eyes were swollen and her face blurred and marked by weeping, these things could not obliterate her good looks. But Joshua scarcely gave that a thought, nor did he realize for a moment how extraordinary his behavior might seem to her, considering that he was a stranger. The only thought in his mind was that she was in trouble and that, for some perfectly unexplained but imperative reason, she would cling to him. Her sobs slackened as he sat silent with his cap pushed back from his brow and his hand closed round hers, as if it were the most natural thing in the world; behind their backs,

on the inner side of the church wall, the sermon had begun and the parson's solitary tones were in monotonous possession.

She looked up at the young fireman with the confiding simplicity of a child.

"It were the hymn," she said at last, "was about Jerusalem, and I thought—I remembered—the Lights o' Jerusalem by the doortstep. I've seen them there all my life, but there'll be no more o' them for me, soon."

"You be going away, then?" asked Joshua.

She nodded.

"Father's dead," she continued. "He'd never left his bed for four years. I minded him. He couldn't see nothing but from the window where his bed were. But the interest he'd take! He'd call me in from the garden and ask how it was all looking, and how the birds were building, and about the currants and the flowers and the apples. He could tell the shape of every tree, though he hadn't seen them for so long. And he liked the trains too. He could just see you where he was lying, an' no more, when the train went by the white post on the bank. It made him feel a kind of cheery-like to know you were coming. 'Twenty past eleven, Winnie,' he'd say to me. 'It's time for the engine.'

"Then he knew me," said the young man reflectively. "Strange that I never thought of anyone else being behind the windows. I only thought about you and the Lights of Jerusalem when we came round the bend."

Inside the church the parson's voice had stopped, and a general stamping and rustling proclaimed the end of the sermon.

"I must go. They'll be coming out, and I don't want to meet them," said the girl, rising quickly.

"I'm coming with you," said Joshua.

They walked back hurriedly to the cottage, for the dispersed congregation was almost treading on their heels; and she told him, with a primness that was in odd contrast with their unconventional attitude, that she

did not want the neighbors to see her with a stranger so soon after the funeral. The road was empty, and they went along side by side talking as though they had known each other for years. He learned she was to leave her home at the end of the week and take service with the wife of a small innkeeper in Hereford.

"You must be going, or they'll see you," said she, as they stopped by the orchard.

They stood for a minute without speaking.

"I'll look for you going by to-morrow," said the girl; "there'll be only a few days more now."

"But I'll be near you in Hereford," said he.

Her face brightened.

"My dear," said Joshua suddenly, "mind you this. I mayn't be the sort o' feller that's likely to please a girl, but I'm a man that'll wait—and I'm to be made a driver next year. You can't tell what it'll be like at the inn. Maybe you'll be happy, maybe not. But in any case I'm waiting. An' the first day you say 'Come,' I'll come for you. It's funny, but it seems somehow as if you belonged to me. Could you like me, do you think?"

"Oh, I do," she answered simply. "But you must be going. I hear them talking on the road."

They clasped hands, and he left her. But at the end of the garden he came back.

"Oh, Winnie!" cried the man who would wait, "you won't let it be long?"

"No," she said shyly.

"Promise," said Joshua.

"I promise."

Then he turned away, stepped through the hedge, and ran up the side of the embankment. At the top he stood, holding up his cap. She was smiling at him between the Lights of Jerusalem.

When his slim figure had vanished down the line she went into the house and, sitting down, hid her face in her hands.

"But not to cry."

The Unfettered Mind

I THINK it was Robert Louis Stevenson who recommended that walking tours should be undertaken alone, to better cultivate a freedom of mind, so that it would be open to all impressions, "as a pipe for any wind to play upon."

There is no store so inviting, no office so alluring as the uncertainties of a quiet country lane, or the irregular course of a trout stream.

The true way to enjoy a vacation is first to surrender the notion of a definite programme or itinerary—let definite objects of accomplishment remain behind, locked in the office safe, where they properly belong.

Of all the forlorn, lonesome objects to be pitied, it's one of those dutiful tourists with a note-book, keeping a double entry system of hotels, routes and historic places to be seen—and if perchance he misses one object, his physical and mental systems are both out of balance.

Have only a vague sort of notion where you are going, or what you intend to do.

Change your mind at a turn of the road, or, having found a safe retreat in some quiet inn, remain content, realizing that little pleasure can be found in restless moving.

One seldom has a chance to enjoy the quieting influence of shadows in an office, where it is either day-light or electric light continuously.

But out in the open country, where a fleecy cloud adds a deeper tone of green to some hillside, or a bit of sunshine stealthily flits across a forest pathway, betraying to your eye some timid bird or flower, then the mind becomes receptive to quieting and helpful impressions.

The man whose mind eliminates all thoughts of life other than business success is dangerously near losing most of the pleasure there is in living.

It is because we are as yet unacquainted with the policy of conservation, and it applies to the man in business as well as to the farmer.

We desire something broader and more humane, a greater diversity that permits us to see life from many viewpoints and at many angles.

The old bachelor was telling us the other evening how all of his early home training had in view the enjoyment of life hereafter, and now that he had reached his sixty-seventh year, he had commenced to realize that perhaps his good mother had made a mistake—he should have been enjoying life right along—in fact, he very much doubted whether the fish would bite any quicker, the breezes be any cooler, or the swimming any better in the next life than it was right now.

So many a business man gets well along in years before he really realizes how profligate Nature is in her gifts; he has lived constantly in the future, instead of the present, and if he reaches that time when he thinks he can actually afford to break away from business, he finds that the mind is like the exhausted soil—it refuses to be revived by Nature's impressions, as he had hoped.

The unfettered mind is likewise the imaginative mind, and to-day it is the imaginative, creative mind that succeeds in business.

As you look around your store or office to-day, has it the same atmosphere, the same earmarks that it had ten, fifteen or twenty years ago?

Then it is time to get out.

But don't make the mistake that the necessary inspiration for improvement can be gained by attending a market or a convention.

An exchange of ideas is all right, and speeches are all right, but even more important is to get *all* pre-conceived notions about business out of your mind by a complete relaxation and change of thought.

Then, when you return, there will be both spontaneity and activity in mind and body—they will act in accord, instead of one being willing and the other weak.

—*Globe-Wernicke Doing.*

The Rails that Wrecked the Government

Describing the weary wanderings of a shipload of steel rails from Scotland, which, after wrecking a Government, have done duty on many a Canadian railroad.

By B. B. Cooke

THEY hit the old Premier over the head with a ship load of steel rails, and he died, politically—naturally. The Conservatives of Canada, figuratively speaking, dropped the said ship-load of rails down upon the head of the Hon. Alexander MacKenzie's administration, which began in 1874, but which ended, thus sadly, in 1878. It was crushing. They wrecked a government with it. They won the country with it—or a part of the country, at least, and they thought they had made that certain said ship-load of steel rails, famous forever and ever; and it might have been so had the public not been given subsequently other things, and more material things to remember.

This is merely the story of those rails. As a rule there is little romance about such ordinary affairs. In themselves, rails are uninteresting, save in this one instance, and perhaps one or two others, which we do not know at present, and which therefore do not matter. This, then, is a story of mere rails. Their political significance is neither here nor there, but since the Liberals are again in power in Ottawa they cannot resent the story, nor can the Conservatives who paved with them the path for the National Policy.

They were dumped first, thirty-three years ago or more, on the bank

of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Lachine Rapids. They had come from Sheffield, England, in a little fat ship with a single-screw. To-day they are doing duty out near the Rocky Mountains, which goes to show that although their purchase helped embarrass the government, and although the public declared it a bad investment, they have outlasted thousands of tons of other rails which perhaps to-day could be purchased more cheaply, but which in the seventies would not have been put on the market by conscientious producers. These had been ordered for a part of the C.P.R. In fact, they had been purchased before they were needed, so much so that they lay patiently in the sun, the wind and the rain at the Lachine Rapids, and the rumour grew, despite the fact that the purchase price had been reasonable enough, that the Premier of Canada, Honorable Alexander MacKenzie, had allowed those rails to be secured in order to further the financial interests of a relative, one Charles MacKenzie, who was said to have been connected with the firm of Cooper, Fairman & Company, rail contractors for the Government. The story may have been true. It may have been untrue, but either for the reason it ascribed or for some other reason, the ship-load of rails continued to repose where the vessel had left them, and continued to furnish the Conserva-

ties with the accusation against the Government that the rails had been bought unwisely.

They rusted. Warm-blooded Torontians made pilgrimages to the rail-pile and scraped off little bags of rust. Some, it is said, wore the little sacks as a charm against the Devil, and others, more practical-minded, loaned it as snuff to their Liberal fellow-citizens so that they might sneeze and wake to the error of their ways.

But in the meantime, the cargo was moved away. In those days of less complete communication it was a mystery for a time where the rails had gone. Certain citizens finally discovered them at Kingston and after that, after long rests and rusting intervals at each stopping-place, they were seen successively at the northeastern end of the Welland Canal, at its southwestern end, and eventually on the banks of the Kaministiquia River, at Fort William. At each place they were made the object of Conservative pilgrimages, as to a shrine. At each place new bags of rust were collected and new protestations from the cause of Liberalism were made. Mr. David Creighton, who is now the Assistant Receiving General for Canada, but who was then in Owen Sound, wrote a pamphlet concerning them. It was, subsequently, reprinted and distributed all over the country by the Montreal Gazette. It contained merely the facts, which, however, were turned to excellent account by the Tory generals. The public was taught to ask "What does the Government mean by spending our money on rails which cannot be used? Why were they purchased ahead of time? Why are they left to rust on the banks of the Kaministiquia River?" On the other hand the Mackenzie administration was taught the torture of nagging. It lay awake nights, and counted,—steel rails, steel rails that walked ; tall and wore bandages like Marley's ghost,—steel rails that showed the rust eating into their sides and that cried out for justice and a decent burial.

And yet they have proved an excellent bargain. They are in service to-day. For in time they were used. Having assisted in the defeat of the Liberal administration, along with it at slight question of Protection, they were put to work on the C.P.R. and have rendered unexcelled service. In the official history of the Canadian Pacific as set forth by Sir Sanford Fleming, there occur minute entries, every here and there in the record of contracts, referring to the transferring of certain rails, always the same rails. They were laid first between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, it is said. After that, it is recorded, that they were "loaned" to the Canada Atlantic and used there for a time. But in every case they had to be replaced eventually by heavier rails and were transferred elsewhere. The record of these transfers are contained in the list of C.P.R. contracts. From the Canada Atlantic the rails went to a section of line just beyond Winnipeg. From there they were moved to the line from Calgary to Edmonton. But only this past summer a railwayman, passing over that line, remarked to his companion on the end of the private car, that the historic steel had been removed; and upon enquiry it was learned that the lighter rails had been removed to be replaced by heavier steel. But they had not been discarded; instead they had been transferred to a new line near the foothills, where the traffic was lighter. And now, there they lie,—nice old rails, historic old rails. They wrecked Mackenzie, or helped to wreck him, thirty-three years ago, yet despite all the deterioration the Conservatives had marked in them and prophesied for them, there they lie near the foothills, wrecking nothing, but carrying passengers safely every day; still subject to the tender caresses of the section gangs and growing old and mellow under the wheels that carry immigrants, and railroadmen and politicians and others, alike to glory or

A Westerner's First Visit to the Theatre

The Extraordinary Behaviour of a Wealthy Scotch-Canadian at a Theatrical Performance in Winnipeg

By C. B. Lucas

THE curtain lumbered up slowly, their sallow glow in expectation.

The kerosene footlights cast up the stringy orchestra carried on its conversation with the Muse in a lower tone of voice as the feet and then the skirt and finally the be-wigged head of the heroine was revealed under the edge of the soaring curtain to the audience.

Down in the front seat, among the crowd, in the old Winnipeg City Hall, three pair of broad shoulders leaned forward and three necks were craned in order that the trio might not miss the opening words of the play or the slightest move on the part of the heroine. One of the three leaned forward farther than the other two. His eyes beheld for the first time a world portrayed within a world. His ears for the first time were tickled by the blandishments of an orchestra, and he waited eagerly, like a boy. His name was McLeod, and he was Highland Scotch. He had lived from his sixteenth to his fifty-sixth year in what was then the wilderness of western Canada.

This is merely an incident concerning a man who saw a play for the first time. Thousands of men—those who have not been initiated as children—have perhaps had the same ex-

perience, and this, the experience of McLeod, would not be remarkable had it not been McLeod, or a man of McLeod's type that went through it. Other men feeling as he did would have manifested it in different ways. McLeod had his own way.

As a lad of sixteen years he had been consigned from the nearest port to Mr. Donald Smith, of the Hudson's Bay Company. He had come to Canada by what was then "the back door." He had crossed the Isthmus of Panama and, taking ship on its western side, had sailed to Vancouver. He had worked hard in the new country. He had grown as large as a Buffalo and as strong. At twenty he knew nothing of the world of cities; his world was the then unpopulated prairie and Rocky Mountains. His Monarch was the Hudson's Bay Company. In the back of his head he probably had some faint recollection of the smoky Scottish hills, and his tongue still curled lovingly around the Gaelic. To him the earth seemed peopled with fellow pioneers who played at nothing, pretended nothing and knew nothing at all about "play-acting."

At the time of the Canadian Pacific Railway's construction across the plains, certain railway contractors found their way from the East and

happened upon McLeod, who was just then busy operating a line of freight wagons into the interior of the country. He and they became friends and so it happened that with them he travelled into Winnipeg to see "the World." They had taken him to the theatre and had seated him between them.

The villain and the heroine occupied the stage. The climax of grief was about due to arrive. The man in the dyed whiskers was trying to escape his honorable engagements. He was talking to the girl. Little by little she was beginning to see what he meant and with the denouement was to come the climax and the end of the scene. The perfidy would be revealed, and the lady would weep.

Meanwhile McLeod leaned forward. He had forgotten that it was a mere play. He was, he felt, witnessing a real story in life. He was interested in the Scotch girl who was being treated so shamefully by the villain. His wrath grew, and when finally, the climax came and the villain was about to depart, the Scotchman reached suddenly for a weapon

with which to avenge the girl, but his hand found nothing.

"Mac an diabhl!" he cried,—which, being interpreted, means Son of the Devil. "Mac an diabhl!" and reaching down he pulled off his heavy top-boot and brandished it over the heads of the audience toward the stage.

They rescued him in time. He did not throw the boot. But he might have thrown it had his two companions not held his arms. He left the theatre disgruntled and for awhile threatened to wait for the villain outside the stage door.

He is used to theatres now. He is now one of the West's rich men. He has a great house and a wife and children. He is the dictator of a Board of Trade and arbiter of the destiny of many a section of land, and the wheat thereon. But in the old days, as a Hudson's Bay man, he would have argued with you that such land could not be made to grow good wheat. But that was before his emancipation, in the time when he could not easily understand how the histrionic villain might be the sainted father of a large family off the stage.

The Test of To-day

There is no hardship ahead of us in life that may not be made easier by our doing the hard thing of to-day with unflinching faithfulness. And every hardship that lies ahead will be the harder to meet by any failure of ours in to-day's test. This day's testing and trial are sure to be severe. It probably seems unfairly so. It may be the hardest we have ever yet known. It is sure to seem dull, and unattractive, and utterly lacking in those elements of picturesqueness or

heroism or adventure that seem to mark the achievements of the world's great victors. But that is what makes it hard to the point of being worth while. And here is another reason for taking up its challenge manfully: "For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off." How we ought to rejoice that there is something close at hand that is big enough to test us but not big enough to break us?—*Great Thoughts.*



LOD CHIEF BARON CHRISTOPHER PÁLLES
Ireland's Grand Old Man

Ireland's Grand Old Man

By

The Editor of Green Bag

SOME years ago Mr. Justice Gran-

tham was on circuit in Liverpool, happening to have some leisure crossed to Dublin and visited the Four Courts there. This English judge might have learned something from Irish wit and wisdom. He, however, wrote a letter to the *Times*, not to express his admiration for his learned brethren, but his surprise at their having so little to do. Comment is unnecessary. Ireland is not a commercial country, and the legal business of all Ireland is small in amount when compared with the legal business of London alone. It is not the amount of Irish litigation, but the intellectual output of bench and bar in

Ireland, which is so remarkable. Great as have been the services of Ireland to the British Army, those services have been excelled by her services to English law as administered both in England and Ireland. Lord Russell, of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, began his career as a solicitor in Belfast.

The late Lord FitzGibbon (the friend of Lord Randolph Churchill), an Irish judge, was one of the wisest and wittiest of men. The House of Lords (as final court of appeal) is composed of the Lord High Chancellor (Lord Loreburn) and of four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary,—Lords Macnaghten, Atkinson, Collins and

Shaw. Three of them are Irishmen, and if Lord Lornburn is a Scotchman, as Lord Shaw undoubtedly is, England is unrepresented in its final court of appeal.

Lord Collins, late Master of the Rolls in England, is the son of an Irish K.C. Lord Macnaghten is generally recognized as the judge whose law and whose language are equally sound and clear. Although Lord Macnaghten is descended from Sir Alexander Macnaghten, who fell fighting for James IV. of Scotland on the field of Flodden, his family has since become Irish, and he is an Antrim man.

Lord Atkinson was a member of the Irish bar, and an Irish M.P., before he became a Lord of Appeal. It is not, however, with these eminent Irishmen that the present article deals but with another Irish lawyer, who is the greatest judge that has ever sat in an Irish court of justice.

Where two or three Irish lawyers are gathered together, and any question arises as to who is the greatest living Irish legal luminary, there can be no doubt as to the name that will unanimously be given. It will be that of the Right Hon. Christopher Pálles, Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer in Ireland since 1874. Prior to his appointment he had filled the posts of Solicitor and Attorney General for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's government (1872-74). This appointment was therefore a political appointment. If you had searched over the British Empire, you could not have found a man better fitted than he is for the highest judicial office. He is a man worthy in all respects to have sat, as the third member of an ideal court of justice, with Massfield and with Marshall. The most critical would have found it difficult to decide which of these three men was *primum inter pares*.

Chief Baron Pálles is a Catholic, and was a Liberal. He was never a Home Ruler. It is not fitting for a British or Irish judge to have any politics. Only poor lawyers remain

politicians on the bench. When the Chief Baron mounted the bench, his politics (sane and sensible as they were for a practising barrister) dropped off him, like the mantle of the prophet. We believe that the well-known moderation and reasonableness of the Chief Baron's views had something to do with his being selected for the honorary degree of D.C.L. by the University of Cambridge. Pálles, although a Catholic, is a loyal Trinity College (Dublin) man. As the title of Chief Baron has been abolished by statute, he is "the law of the Barons." With one possible exception, he is the most distinguished judge on the British bench. When at Trinity College, he took the degree equal to that of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. He is *par excellence* a mathematician, like those excellent Lord Justices Romer and Stirling (whom we have lost from the English Court of Appeal), and Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton (whom we happily have still with us, in the Court of Appeal), all of whom were Senior Wranglers. How has Chief Baron Pálles acquired his gift of eloquent English? If an Englishman is judicially eloquent, he has probably acquired his aptitude by years devoted to translating Latin at sight into idiomatic English. It was thus that the first William Pitt taught the second William Pitt how to address the House of Commons. The explanation for the Chief Baron's mastery of English is that he is an Irishman. It is natural for him to express his argument in luminous and forcible English.

It is one of life's little ironies that the least deserving are so often promoted to the higher place. Mr. Justice Buller served under Lord Chief Justice Kenyon. It is commonly reported that before Lord Salisbury's government in 1886 rewarded their then Irish Attorney-General by making him permanent head of the Irish judicial system, they consulted the Chief Baron as to whether he objected to the appointment, and, with that

forgetfulness of his own merits which some great men possess, the Chief Baron did not demur. As a consequence of his modesty, Sir Peter O'Brien became the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

Not that the redoubtable "Peter the Packer" (a nickname Sir Peter acquired from his alleged skill in "packing" juries, when he was a law officer of the Crown) is an ordinary man. Far from it. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Justice O'Brien, who tried the Phoenix Park assassins of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish with bursts of eloquence that would have been called extraordinary in any country but Ireland. Lord O'Brien has no small share of his late uncle's wit and fire, but his merits are intel-

lectual and personal, rather than judicial. The Chief Justice and the Chief Baron rarely sit together in the same court, though they are both *ex-officio* members of the Irish Court of Appeal. Sir Peter has become Lord O'Brien of Kilmeny, while Christopher Pálles has received no further honor from the Crown, save that he has been sworn in a member of the Privy Council both in England and Ireland (a coveted distinction). We have called him a great man, and would apply him the words spoken of another great English lawyer, who never reached the bench: "If a lawyer can be a great man, Christopher Pálles is a great man; for we do not know anything that a lawyer can do which he cannot do."

Discreet Loafing

Great Thoughts

No one has spoken a better word for discreet loafing than Stevenson in his delightful "Apology for Idlers." "Extreme busyness," he says, "whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." The great workers have preserved their capacity for great loafing. Luther's life was full of toil, but held in mental and spiritual balance by periods of recreation; when, throwing dull care away, he romped with his children. The companions, on his holidays, of great-souled and serious-minded Henry Drummond, report him as an accomplished and graceful idler. It was when the throng was pressing him, when there was sick to be healed and sinners to be saved that the Master said to his disciples, worn by their

toil, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while."

The emphasis in our time is laid upon the life of action rather than that of meditation. Men are under a sort of nervous compulsion of accomplishing results. Unless they are doing something they feel themselves to be wasting time. It may be one reason why, although we are continually producing more captains of industry, there is a dearth of poets or of prophets. The world is overwhelmingly with us. We are too busy to

Have sight of Protests rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath-ed horn.

The cultivation of a large, free, kind of leisure in which the sweeter voices may speak to us and the finer visions be revealed is a part of our Christian privilege in vacation days.

The New Recruit

A Tale of the Boy Scouts

By
W. Pett Ridge

THE boy looked up and down the street anxiously, stood on tiptoe to see the time by the church clock, and clicked his tongue to indicate annoyance. From the side street that communicated with the main road, where a notice promised that electric tram-cars would stop if required, a matronly woman came carrying a baby on one arm; a heavy round tin box, held by the other hand, banged against her knees. All signs of irritation slipped from the boy's features; he ran across.

"What you mean?" demanded the woman, stopping to answer his question. "What are you driving at? What's the idea of making the offer? Come on; let's hear from you."

"I simply suggested it," he explained deferentially, "seeing that you were overburdened and that I had nothing particular to do."

"If I'd got a third hand," she said with heat. "I'd use it to box your ears. Do you think for a single moment that I should trust a child of mine to a mere boy like you?"

"That was my idea, ma'am."

"Now I consider the matter over," remarked the woman, looking at him interestedly. "I can begin to see daylight. You're one of these kidnappers, that's what you are. You're one of the lot that steal a poor woman's only child and pass it off as one of your

own. I've read about your set in the Sunday papers. It's all right, dearie," she went on, addressing the infant. "The ugly little boy shan't touch you. You're safe with your mamsey-pumsey."

The boy, catching sight of the baby's face, felt compelled to make some statements in his own defence; he added some criticisms on the child's appearance. The woman set down the box and started to run; age and weight were in his favor, and he was out in Upper Street and across the road, hidden by passing traffic, in something like record time. There he walked Highbury way, looking about him. An old woman was bringing shutters out of a laundry shop, and he asked if he could lend a hand; she accepted the offer graciously, but the board slipped as she took it, and in sending him off she bewailed the fact that her one special and particular and favorite corn should always be the object of the world's clumsy attention. He turned down Cross Street.

"What you a-gazing at?" inquired the young man, defiantly. "Can't I be trying to undo the wire of my own area gate but what you must needs fix your eyes on me?"

"Thought perhaps I could help," he said.

"If I can't untwist it," said the other, "it's a very sure thing you won't

be able to. Run along home, and ask your mother to remind you to say your prayers."

"If I can assist you in any way—"

"I'll assist you," he said, with truculence, "if you don't be off and leave me in peace. Wait a minute, though. Perhaps, after all, you might be able to make yourself useful for once. There's no one about; do you think you could get over these railings for me—I'd do it myself, only I had a fall not long since and hurt me ankle—get over these railings and slip down there and open the door and find something that will break this thick wire."

"Why not go in at the front door?"

"A fair question," admitted the young man. "I don't go in at the front door because I haven't got the key. My people went off to Walton-on-Naze this afternoon. Do you know Walton-on-Naze? A pity! Go there whenever you get a chance. Rare bracing place for a slip of a boy like you. As I was saying, they went off yesterday—"

"Yesterday or this afternoon?"

"What on earth," the youth, angrily, "has it go to do with you when they went? They've gone; that's good enough for your purpose. And they ought to have sent me the key and they didn't. Now, then, if you've quite finished talking over you get, and look sharp about it."

The boy required help, and this was readily given; he stood on the top ready to jump down when a bass voice close to them inquired what was being done. "Sergeant," explained the young man promptly, "this little chap tells me he lives here, and, neighborly like, I've been telling him to get in because the gate's fastened. Whether he's telling the truth or not, Heaven only knows; all I can tell you is that he tells me he—." The statement began repeating with emphasis, the constable put questions to the boy; put more questions to the young man; decided, at the end, that it looked extremely fishy, declared he could not bring himself to believe either. His

recommendation that they should make themselves scarce with all despatch was accepted.

The boy had reached his own street, desolate and perturbed, when he found himself attracted by an elderly figure endeavoring to mark the wall with a piece of chalk. He crossed to gain more complete information, and the old gentleman asked him rather indistinctly whether this was Harrow Street. Yes, Harrow Street it was. Then why wasn't the name up? The name was recorded, answered the boy, on the other side of the way. The bemused old man said this was not good enough; the name ought to be on this side.

"Don't you trouble about that, Mr. Emslie; I'll see you home if you like."

The other urged that, first of all, they should see everything was correct and in order. A slave to accuracy, for the moment, he insisted on completing his task of chalking the title of the street on the wall so that he might feel certain this was Harrow Street, and the inscription finished, tumbled into the boy's arms and said sleepily, "Goo' night all, Go' bless you, don't be late in the morning." It was only with considerable trouble and great determination that the boy succeeded in lugger him along; no one else was about to assist, and the old gentleman here and there collapsed in the manner of a half-filled sack, and had to be lifted and staken, and once more dragged. The door of No. 8 was open; the boy, nervously himself for a last effort, headed his charge into the passage, propped him against an aged hat-stand, opened the door of the room and looking in saw that the only occupant was fast asleep on the bed with one of her arms hanging down at the side, her straight grey hair on the pillow. He brought Mr. Emslie in, and with a sigh of relief dragged him into the armchair.

A boy with a home-made model aeroplane that seemed willing to do everything but fly, engaged his attention in the roadway, and the two gave time to the task of discussing the rea-

sons of its failure. There ensued some argument in regard to the correct pronunciation of the names of certain foreign experts, and in the tussle the model was broken, and the two parted on the worst possible terms. Consequently, the boy entered his mother's house slightly out of temper, his attitude one of reserve. Called to supper, he ate this quietly, responding without superfluous words to the inquiry whether there was anything fresh on the newspaper placards.

"Lay I know something you've forgotten to do," said his mother, rallyingly.

"Then you must be cleverer than what I am."

"You've forgotten," she went on, "clean forgotten one of the principal

rules that you agreed to obey when I let you join the Boy Scouts."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to explain."

She did so, and he answered composedly that the one good turn for each day had been duly performed; he gave the case of Mr. Emile with full details.

"And you took him to No. 8, did you?"

"An hour or so ago. Isn't that good enough to be reckoned?"

"Quite!" she agreed. "Only that, as a matter of fact, the poor old gentleman's proper number is eighteen!"

He considered the question in unlacing his boots. "Another time," he said, thoughtfully, "I'd better look out for an opportunity a bit earlier in the day!"

Grasp the Whole of Life

Let there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe

May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays

That shine from countless sources.
Tear away

The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself

And high as heaven....Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars

And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant

Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their

peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament

Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.—*Amor.*

The conditions of conquest are easy. We have but to toil awhile, endure awhile, believe always, and never turn back.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

What's left undone to-day,
To-morrow will not do;

Waste not a day in vain digression
With resolute, courageous trust,
Seize every possible impression,
And make it firmly your possession;
You'll then work on because you must.—*Goethe.*

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man

Commands all light, all influence,
all fate;

Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,

Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—*Bauson and Fletcher.*

Is Canada in Danger of Invasion?

The Oriental Menace

By

L. W. MAKOVSKI.

It would be amusing were it not pathetic to read some of the numerous articles in the American papers regarding the wonderful opening in Manchuria for American trade. With an overweening self-confidence, which is based on ignorance, and which in the United States passes muster as courage, the American people are told time and again that the trade of Manchuria and incidentally of China can be pocketed by their merchants if only Washington preserves a stiff-necked attitude in face of Japanese aggression. Columns are written on the wonderful diplomacy of Secretary Knox, the necessity for American participation in this or that loan, the enmity that China has for Japan and the friendliness the former has for everything American. Now and again a western paper will scare its readers by asserting that Japan is deliberately preparing for war with the United States. Latterly the idea that Japan should make a special treaty with Russia has been stigmatized as a deliberate blow at American interests, while at other times figures are given showing the value of Japanese imports from the United States and the commercial preponderance of the two nations in the Pacific.

It is easy to distinguish from the tenor of these very variegated articles

that America is anxious to fathom the future of the Pacific and has no definite policy to pursue but trusts largely to chance to extricate her from a position which is gradually becoming untenable. By taking over the Philippines from Spain and annexing the Hawaiian Islands she light-heartedly plunged into an Imperial policy without in the least reckoning its cost. At that time American statesmen deluded themselves into imagining that the future of the Pacific lay in their hands, and ignored the cloud on the north western horizon which was then no bigger than a man's hand. The Russo-Japanese war and the Anglo-Japanese treaty suddenly brought the cloud into the clear sky of American diplomacy and ever since then her statesmen have had to play a game in which bluffs were called with unflinching regularity and Japan held hands which proved winners all the time. In all her dealings with other nations America had found bluff a fine basis for negotiation and it annoys and irritates her to be called upon to put down her hand when it consists of nothing but a four blusher.

The magnificent reception accorded the American battleship fleet on its arrival in Japan was considered a hopeful sign, until it was discovered that Japan was unfeignedly glad to be

able to judge of its weakness first hand. The "melancholy spectacle" of sixteen battleships escorted by a fleet of British colliers must have excited the risibility of the Japanese, who, however, were far too courteous to allow their smiles to be seen. From the commercial point of view the failure of the Hill Line of steamers, trading from Seattle to Japan, to make a living, and the slow progress, if it can be called progress, of the Pacific Mail has tallied with the quick and profitable development of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. A series of articles entitled the "Valor of Ignorance," written by General Homer Lea, in Harper's Weekly, exposed the terrible weakness of America on the Pacific coast and drew much criticism on the patriotism of their author, though no expert has ever been able to dispute their logic. But the constantly reiterated expressions of friendship for America emanating from Japan and the pooh-poohing of war scares have served as a sop to America's pride in spite of the fact that the sop is thrown by Japan and can be withheld at any time.

Some three and a half years ago it was confidently asserted throughout Canada that America would act with Canada in resisting the influx of Japanese coolie labor. It was a natural assertion seeing that much of the trouble arising from that influx was engineered by American labor organizations on the Pacific coast. If Canada could be drawn into the game it was supposed that Great Britain would stand by Canada, and Japan would not act against the interests of her ally. For the time being the move met with success and Japan made arrangements limiting the emigration from her shores to the Pacific coasts of North America. This limitation was hailed as a triumph for Canada in spite of the fact that it might have been obvious, to any but those gifted with the most childlike faith, that such an arrangement would not have been possible but for the relationship of Canada to the British Empire, and

consequently to the value of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. In the last year this relationship has been emphasized by the agitation regarding a Canadian navy which, with a fine disregard for the advice of the British Admiralty regarding the definition of a fleet unit, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided shall be nothing but an expensive toy. To any student of the question, who is not blinded by purely domestic considerations, the crux of the naval question as far as Canada is concerned lies in its value to the Pacific coast. In other words a Canadian navy that could not combine with Australia and New Zealand and which was cut off by the Pacific ocean from the British base at Singapore must remain, unless of great strength, a mere spectator of events that would most vitally concern not only Canada but the Empire. The insistence of the Conservative party in advocating a cash contribution to the British navy was valueless owing to the fact that its leaders were either afraid or ignorant of the true situation. The only reason for Canada contributing a Dreadnought, or even two, was owing to the defencelessness of the Pacific coast and the necessity of uniting with Australia and New Zealand in preparing for the future, which as surely as the sun rises must one day be faced courageously.

There is absolutely nothing unfriendly to Japan in making such preparation. Japan is making, as best she can, provision for events that nature is forcing upon her, and that other nations should make similar provision entitles them to her respect rather than to her unfriendliness. Both Canada and America speak of the future of China as something which will lead to a vast expansion of international trade. Japan is fully aware of this and undoubtedly would gladly work with America and Canada and share with them the profits of such expansion were she not forced to remember that neither Canada nor America admit that she is on an equal plane with them. The white race looks on itself as something half di-



ESQUIMAUT HARBOUR
Canada's Naval Headquarters in British Columbia

vine, predestined by a benign Providence to exploit the vast riches of the Orient, and Japan can hardly be blamed for stigmatizing its divinity as something very human and very objectionable, when it carries with it the proviso that the white race may interfere in the Orient but that the Orient shall not interfere in the Occident.

Laying aside, however, for the moment all question of race it may be possible to examine the subject from the economic viewpoint and thus, to some extent, elucidate what is after all the most serious problem of the next decade. To begin with it will be as well to examine the situation geographically.

If Japan be taken as the centre of a circle with a line to the Hawaii Islands as a radius the circumference of the circle thus drawn will enclose the Bering Sea, all the Aleutian Isles, and the tip of the Alaskan peninsula in the north, Samoa, Fiji and the Philippines and the greater part of Australia in the south and south-west. This would be for practical purposes a radius of about 3,500 miles.

If Vancouver be taken as the centre of a similar circle the 3,500 mile radius would make a circumference that would enclose the Bering Sea, Alaska and Hawaii.

The circumferences thus drawn will show at once the position of Japan and its relation to the Pacific ocean. Tactically speaking, with the exception of Hawaii, the Pacific coast of America is still farther than the Pacific coast of Canada from the points mentioned as being enclosed by the circumference, based on Japan as a centre.

The Pacific coast of the white races, that is the territory inhabited and colonized by them to the practical exclusion of colored people is as follows.

	Sq. Miles.	Pop.
California	158,350	1,485,053
Washington ...	69,180	518,103
Oregon	94,550	413,566
Alaska	590,804	30,507*

U.S. Total ... 912,004 2,447,229

*Alaska has a total population of about 90,000, of whom about 30,000 are whites.

	Sq. Miles.	Pop.
British Columbia	383,000	300,000
Australia	3,972,573	3,707,443
New Zealand	104,751	815,862
U.S. and British Total	4,373,228	7,330,534

The above figures are taken from the last American census in 1902 with the exception of the British Colonies which are as nearly up-to-date as possible. In round figures Australia and New Zealand may be reckoned as containing 5,000,000 people.

The Philippine Islands contain 148,000 square miles, and have a native population of about 7,000,000, of whom a large part are Chinese.

Hawaii contains 6,538 square miles, with a population of 133,747, of whom no less than 61,000 are Japanese and 25,000 Chinese.

Both these territories are under the military control of America.

To sum up, the white races possess, exclusive of Hawaii and the Philippines, which may be reckoned as held by the sword, 4,373,228 square miles, bordering on the Pacific ocean, inhabited by about 7,500,000 people.

Japan contains 147,055 square miles and is inhabited by about 50,000,000 people, over half of whom are males.

China proper contains 1,532,420 square miles, and is inhabited by over 407,253,000 people.

From the Japanese point of view, therefore, the white race dominate about 27 times as much territory, with a population one-seventh as great as their own, and the greatest part of that territory comes well within the radii of their tactical positions in the Pacific. Truly, the position is extraordinary when looked at from the eastern point of view.

The economical point of view is still more extraordinary when it is realized that the white races refuse the Japanese emigrant admission to

these enormously wealthy and sparsely-populated areas, giving as their reason for such refusal that the Japanese emigrant lowers the standard of living. Even if the area of Australia be reduced by one-half, owing to the interior being incapable of supporting human life (which, by the way, is doubtful, if racial characteristics be taken into account), economically the problem is unaffected thereby. For with Japan it would be perfectly reasonable to reckon China and even India as being excluded from these lands which are held by the white race and closed to the colored.

Briefly, then, we are face to face with a problem which has for its basis the well-defined policy of excluding from very much under-populated areas the natural trend of emigration from over-populated and over-cultivated lands. In the under-populated areas lie untouched immense natural resources, which, if used properly, would add very greatly to the wealth of countries, which are, when compared to the wealth of the white man's lands, poverty stricken. There is no doubt whatever that the Hindus, Chinamen and Japanese could produce enormous wealth, both agricultural and mineral, from these areas, which would add tremendously to their industrial growth and make them very serious competitors to the domination of European and American manufacturers.

As long as the colored races were content to remain in a state of what we called barbarism, the problem was not serious, but to-day Japan is admitted to the comity of nations as a first-class power, and there is no denying that her civilization is fully equal, if not superior in many ways, to that of the white man. Japan is no longer content; the Japanese merchant and statesman has proved himself able and willing to compete with the white man and to defeat him in peace as well as war, and the Japanese nation to a man has learnt the value of western methods of business and industrialism and have applied to their own

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country the methods of the Occident. The Japanese system of education is every whit as good as the German, which is putting it on the highest plane possible, and the spirit of the nation is a model for all the rest of the world to marvel at. There is no denying these facts, the question is how is the white race going to face the future? Supposing for one moment the races changed places, would the white race allow the colored to exclude it from the immense natural resources of which the colored made no use? There can be but one answer to that question, and it is, NO.

English statesmen have for years foreseen this natural development and in every way possible have endeavored to anticipate the inevitable. They have tried to turn Indian emigration into East Africa, and are to-day encouraging the Hindu settler more than the white. Why? For the simple reason that they have realized long ago that Providence has set apart certain lands for certain races, and that to expect the white man to develop countries situated as is East Africa, is like making use of horses to do dog's work.

But we in Canada shut our eyes to anything unpleasant. We refuse to study any problem that does not have for its solution the adding of so many dollars and cents to our personal coffers. The man who is engaged in the lumber business has no time to take thought of the agricultural, except as it touches his own particular market; the man that manufactures boots in the east does not care a shoe lace whether a white man or colored buys those shoes in British Columbia; all he cares about is the number of shoes he can sell. The laboring man of the west does not care about anything at all except to get as much money as possible for the work he does. He anxiously watches the Provincial Governments to see that nothing is done to increase competition, and thus decrease the power of his unions. It is all very natural and quite understandable. The dollar-mark is our standard of civilization.

Yet here is a problem which is most formidable, and one that must be faced within the next few years. In 1915 the Anglo-Japanese treaty expires and it is extremely doubtful if Japan will renew it. It is extremely doubtful if any nation situated as Japan is would renew it under the circumstances, for it is the one thing that stands between her and these sparsely-populated lands, which she, with cheap labor, could make immensely profitable. The plain fact is, that the wealth of these lands developed by Oriental labor would flow into the coffers of Japan, instead of into the pockets of individuals who are exploiting them very largely for their own personal profit. I refer particularly to Alaska, which hangs like a ripe apple just nicely within reach of Japan. It is a very good example of the whole.

Alaska is immensely wealthy in natural resources, which are being developed by American capitalists. Copper, coal, iron, gold, exist in practically unlimited quantities, and even agriculture can be carried on at a profit. The white man demands a high wage to work in Alaska, and the raw material which he sends out to the world is thereby more costly than it would be were it worked by cheap labor. Supposing Japan were anxious to buy Alaska coal, she would have to pay about two-thirds as much again as she would have to supposing that coal were mined by her own labor. That is the problem, and sooner or later it must be solved. I admit that I have stated it very roughly, but when it is realized that exactly the same argument may be applied to all the white man's territory bordering on the Pacific, a very fair estimate may be made of the economical side of the whole question.

The argument that cheap Oriental labor would reduce the standard of living on the Pacific coast is a perfectly natural and a perfectly right one, but if it is to be used effectively, then some method must be adopted by which it can be made effective. It is no good stating a bald fact which is

obvious to the most near-sighted, and take no steps to follow it to its natural conclusion. If the Anti-Asiatic League of America and Canada were honest they would follow up their argument by demanding that absolutely efficient means of protection were devised to enforce their dictum on the Orient. But do they do anything of the kind? Not they! In the same breath as they pass resolutions affirming their unalterable determination to exclude Orientals from the Pacific coast they pass more resolutions destroying the building of a Canadian navy, and any cash contribution to the British navy, which, alone, to-day stands between them and the Orient. Furthermore, in admirable imitation of the ostrich, they add to the above by declaring their love of peace and state they are unalterably opposed to all militarism. In other words, they fling defiance in the face of the Orient with one hand and with the other publish their weakness to all the world. There is not a single politician in British Columbia to-day who dare face an audience of working men and tell them the truth to their faces, any more than there is a single official of the trades unions who will dare argue the matter on the platform. All parties in Canada are only too willing to let sleeping dogs lie. They declare that there is no danger, as if all the declarations in the world could set aside the logical outcome of a policy. Did any single politician rise in his place at Ottawa and mention the Orient during the naval debate? Did any one even hint that it was the Pacific and not the Atlantic that needed defence? Instead, they spoke of patriotism, of loyalty, and a thousand and one things that sounded beautiful, but were merely words, words, words. The only possible excuse for this want of spirit was want of knowledge, and yet these are the men that intelligent Canadian electors look to for guidance. God help Canada when her sons do not dare to speak their minds for fear they may embarrass their party.

The most astounding thing about the whole matter was the apathy of British Columbia herself. Here again was a conspiracy of silence. Perhaps the Provincial Government was anxious not to embarrass the Dominion Government for fear the latter would not grant certain Indian lands to the province, which came within the scope of their negotiations with the Canadian Northern Railway; or the Provincial Government were hopeful of getting something else from Ottawa; or a wholesale grocer, a fishmonger or candlestick maker represented the political spirit of the Liberal party, and to their dictum we how in silence. That is the sort of stuff of which statesmen are made. This or that man wanted a contract, a judgeship, or some other Dominion Government appointment. Real estate was booming, everybody was making money, what was to be gained by kicking. Public spirit! Pshaw! The dollar marks the level of public spirit.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his speeches on the Oriental question, with which he dealt fully, both in Vancouver and Victoria, during his tour of the west, spoke plausibly, but not logically. He emphasized the fact that owing to Canada being part of the British Empire, it was impossible to absolutely exclude Japanese immigration, and thereby gave the impression that his hands were tied in dealing with the matter. He also stated, on his responsibility as leader of the Dominion Government, that Japan had held faithfully to her agreement not to allow more than 400 emigrants a year to enter Canada. It is said in Vancouver that considerably over this number have come in, but for the sake of argument the figures will do as well as any other. The point is that however limited the immigration, the labor organizations are not satisfied, and, further, that the arrangement is purely temporary and dependent on the goodwill of Japan. The Anti-Asiatic League desire total exclusion of the Japanese and a head tax of \$1,000 on all Chinamen entering the country.



THE CANADIAN CRUISER "RAINBOW"

Now on its way to the Pacific Coast as the nucleus of a Pacific Fleet.

There was absolutely nothing new in what Sir Wilfrid Laurier said. He uttered a few of the usual platitudes, but did not attempt to drive home the only logical conclusion that if one country wishes to make legislation inimical to another, it must have something more than mere words with which to back up that legislation. He spoke of the opportunities for trade, leaving Vancouver for Oriental ports. All of which may be perfectly true, but entails friendly relations with the Orient, and does not allow for special discrimination. Furthermore, if there are such vast opportunities for trade, it is obvious that these opportunities would be enhanced to an immense extent were labor on the Pacific coast cheap enough to allow of production at a cost that would enable the Orient to buy at a reasonable price. The obvious truth that to enhance the cost of production is to limit the possibility of markets never appears to have been taken into account.

Economically, then, the fundamental problem of immensely wealthy and practically undeveloped lands with a very limited population, excluding the remarkably efficient population of comparatively poor and largely overpopulated areas from any participation in the benefits of these undeveloped areas remains the same. Dr. Hodgkinson, the well-known historian, after a year's residence in Australia, has written a striking article, in which he states that the crying need of Australia is a population of 25,000,000, not only for the purposes of development, but also as a natural barrier against the pressure that the Oriental races are bound to exercise sooner or later. He might have applied the same argument to the Pacific coast of this continent. It must be remembered that both Australia and New Zealand are morally in a better position than Canada, as they have contributed to the British navy, and the labor governments in both countries have poss-

ed bills for the training of every able-bodied man in the use of arms. If Canada had done the same it might have been said that the nation realized its responsibilities and was determined to be honest and make provision for the future.

"But," the anti-militarists would cry, "you are pre-supposing the necessity of war." I am pre-supposing nothing of the kind. There is such a thing as Pacific penetration, and the pressure that might be exercised by a few million Orientals in their anxiety to find room and the raw materials necessary to their further development might be none the less sure because it was not backed by force of arms.

I have been assured over and over again that Japan's whole energies are centered on Manchuria, and that her emigration must move into Korea and Manchuria. I confess that is an argument that does not appeal to me any more than that Canadians must emigrate to Great Britain. The area of Korea is 70,000 square miles, and its population 10,000,000. Furthermore, Koreans can live as cheaply, if not cheaper, than the Japanese, and consequently there is no need for cheap labor. With regard to Manchuria, the same argument may be used, with the addition that Japan's commonsense policy would be to treat Manchuria very much as England treats Egypt, and I have never yet heard that British emigration to Egypt can be either profitable or possible. Manchuria is a safety valve for China, and Japan's policy seems to be to develop it by means of the Chinese themselves, and thereby build up a nation between herself and Russia. In pursuance of this policy Japan makes a treaty with Russia which seems to be a commonsense policy to pursue, as it leaves her free on the Pacific for some years to come. The mistake we make is in imagining that Japan is blind to her obvious advantages, though why we should credit a nation like Japan with less perspicuity than we have ourselves is a puzzle I have long ago given up try-

ing to solve. The truth is that we are afraid to face this question from a commonsense point of view, and the very fact that we are afraid will lead to disaster. Fear is generally the cause of war.

Some so-called Socialists believe that the whole danger of the Oriental question lies in its commercial aspect, and that once the nations give up manufacturing for profit there will be no danger of war, because there will be no new markets to conquer. That would be a very comfortable doctrine if the whole world were Socialist, and also if all populations remained stationary. Unfortunately, this is not a question of commercial competition as yet, but it is already a case of pressure of population. That all labor organizations are affiliated and that the industrial workers of the world are all on the side of peace has absolutely nothing to do with the case. If the white laborer welcomed the yellow or brown laborer as a brother on terms of equality, and admitted his right to labor in the same markets, and expressed a willingness to lower his own standard of living to that of his new relation, the argument might have some force, as it would allow for the natural escape of populations from over-crowded areas. But the Socialist is no more honest in this matter than the politician. Just because he has arrived, in his own mind, at a point which he fondly imagines will cure all evils, and because he forgets to go one step further and take into consideration that the essential motive power of humanity is competition, and that if competition be eliminated the human race will come to a standstill through inertia, there is no reason for him assuming that the Oriental, with his age-long study of philosophy, has not seen the fallacy of that argument just as soon as Occidental pressure awakened him. In fact, strange as it may seem, China to-day is awakening from centuries of a kind of socialism practised for some two thousand years before Christ.

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*The laws of China determine the individual's share in the possession of the soil and the taxes to be paid to the state; they regulate the buying and selling of merchandise and determine measures, weights and market prices; they regulate all life and activity, moral conduct, as well as the forms of social convention, for they lay down laws concerning the behavior of men towards men, and of men towards animals, and concerning the duties of parents towards the aged'. . . All subjects are equal from their birth; there are no hereditary classes, no castes. According to old laws,' says Wutke, 'the state is the sole owner of the soil and gives possession to the individual only by way of loan.'"

It seems, therefore, as if the white race were gradually adopting as its own an economic theory which for thousands of years has atrophied all development in the Orient, just at the very time that the Oriental is awakening to the fact that the secret of western development has been the continuous struggle for existence, in other words, competition. History is apparently repeating itself.

The Socialist solution of the problem may therefore be set aside as worthless.

As has been said, the present method of solving the problem pre-supposes that the Oriental will always allow the white man to dictate a policy of exclusion, and yet at the same time demand the right of trade. In other words, it pre-supposes that the white race of the Pacific will always be strong enough to force their will on the Oriental, or that the Oriental will always be so friendly to them that he will allow himself to be placed in an inferior position. It is obvious that neither supposition will bear the light of examination. As far as force is concerned, it is now admitted that even America is no match for Japan, owing to want of organization and an adequate army. A nation of 80,000,000 with a standing army of 50,000,

of which not more than 35,000 could take the field and keep it for a month, is hardly a match for the nation that brought Russia to its knees, and of which every male is trained to arms from childhood. Furthermore, the national spirit of America has become so poisoned by money that it cannot compare in any degree with the national spirit of Japan. It is extremely doubtful if America, with the whole of her fleet stationed on the Pacific coast, could guard that coast against an invasion by Japan, and it is obvious that at the declaration of war, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska must fall directly into the hands of an aggressive and magnificently-organized nation.

As for Canada, Australia and New Zealand, their strength lies in the shadow of Great Britain's naval strength, and in unity. If, and under present conditions, it has been shown that force is the only logical solution, if war must be the outcome, then it is obvious that strong naval force at Singapore can alone hold Japan in check. That force would have to be sought out and destroyed before Japan could move troops across the seas. This is the point that Canada in her naval policy has refused to recognize. She has chosen the policy of hesitation and patchwork, for fear, farsight, lest a contribution should "smack of servitude." Her policy is to build up a navy of her own, and meanwhile allow Great Britain to assume the whole responsibility of her defence. It takes about two and a half years to arm and equip a Dreadnaught, and five years from the 13th of August, 1916, the Anglo-Japanese treaty expires. We have five years in which to build, equip and man a navy which can be of some moral use when the crisis arrives, for whether the outcome be war or peace depends very largely on our preparedness for war on that date. We can hardly blame Japan if she takes advantage of our want of foresight. That would hardly be an unfriendly act, it would be simply common-sense. I really believe Japan wants peace

and means to keep it by every means in her power. As Baron Kinuchi explained to the business men of Vancouver, Japan has never made war, she has always been forced to it.

The sooner we recognize that the policy of Asiatic exclusion, combined with the present naval policy of the Dominion Government, is the surest method of forcing war on Japan the better. America is in exactly the same position. She is forcing war on Japan by her attempts to bluff Japan out of Chinese markets and excluding Oriental emigration from her coasts, while she takes no steps towards instilling into her people a spirit that will face some national sacrifice.

The deduction is plain. Either we must prepare for war by uniting with Australia and New Zealand, and, under the guidance of the British Admiralty, make our preparation so effective as to render it extremely improbable that any success can attend an attack, or else we must prepare to admit, at least Japan, on equal terms to the benefits of our undeveloped resources.

Such a deduction may be considered by some unreasonable, but is it not perfectly logical? It is all very well theorizing, but the time is past when theories solve international problems. Efficiency and preparation alone are the means of anticipating and guarding against misfortune. The ostrich that tucks its head in the sand never yet saved its feathers from the hunter. The whole problem is one that bristles with hard, plain facts, and it is useless to add to its difficulties by tacking on a mass of theories regarding religion, an absence for war, the spread of civilization and so forth.

It must be remembered that it is the white races that are putting the colored races in an inferior position, and that as long as they do so no amount of religion or peace influences will stave off the primeval struggle for race equality. When the colored races looked on and treated the white men as inferiors, and refused to admit traders into their countries, the white

men by "force-majeur" insisted on such admittance being given. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and it is hardly wise to imagine that we can change that old adage because it does not happen to suit us at the moment.

I have endeavored to show the serious nature of this problem by emphasising its economical aspect which I deem to be far the most important and by far the most dangerous, merely because of our utter helplessness in the face of a perfectly natural phenomena. Naturalists assert that the huge ungainly animals of the prehistoric periods ceased to exist as soon as their cost of living became too high for the regions which they inhabited to support them. The enervating effect of luxury, on the masses of this continent especially, has as its counterpart a highly intricate system of existence which has become enormously costly. It is impossible for the white man on the Pacific coast to-day to live as the Oriental races can live. He has not the hardihood or the education. His necessities are luxuries to the Oriental and he cannot now learn to do without that which he has been accustomed. That is the basis of the problem and the danger.

I am also convinced that it is absurd to expect a highly efficient nation like Japan to remain debarred from a natural expansion and that the spectacle of 50,000,000 people sitting on a rock bound island of 150,000 square miles for all eternity, is ridiculous. I have shown that this expansion is not likely to be attracted westwards, and that the only natural outlet for this swarming multitude of trained soldiers, with a spirit that will carry them anywhere, is into countries which belong to other nations and are sparsely occupied by them. It is well known that China is fast developing under the sway of these islanders and that the problem of disposing of her surplus population is also likely to become a very complicated one at no very distant date. The danger has to be faced whether we like it or not



Esquissot Dry Dock

and it will become greater or less just in exactly the same proportion as we face it with fear or courage. A courageous policy from now on will save Canada and America as well as Australia and New Zealand from untold humiliation, misery and expense.

A continuance of the ostrich-like policy we are now pursuing can do nothing but lead to our eternal undoing.

In order to find some means of escape from a position that is rapidly becoming untenable, it would be as well to glance at the nations interested in its solution. First of all there stands the British Empire, whose alliance with Japan has up to the present helped very largely to keep peace in the Pacific. Secondly, there is the United States, whose policy has hitherto been built on opportunism and bluff, and whose possessions are practically untenable even to-day. Thirdly, there is Germany, whose

position in the Samoa Islands would be jeopardised by a too dominant Japan, and in greater or less degree follow France, Portugal and Holland. Russia has interests in the north, but her influence in the Pacific is over and her hands will be fully occupied with the problem of holding back Chinese emigration westwards in the days to come, and watching German influence in the Balkans.

If Great Britain's hands were free from European complications she could so strengthen her squadron at Singapore as to render any aggressiveness on the part of Japan bad policy, and it is unlikely that Japan will deliberately embark on any bad policy. She will be guided largely by circumstances, and it is our business to anticipate the circumstances and endeavor to lead them into the paths of peace. To do this we have to allow for a natural expansion of Japan, and at the same time preserve

the policy of Oriental exclusion to the zones where it is now in force.

In Europe an understanding or alliance between Great Britain and Germany would remove the chief cause of apprehension and set free a certain portion of the British fleet.

In the Pacific an understanding or alliance between Great Britain and the United States would be an almost dominating influence on the side of peace. Such an understanding is, however, largely dependent on the supposition that the United States would not be dragged into any European complications; and further, Great Britain might not be anxious to complicate the position of her Dominions bordering on the Pacific coast by, in any degree, sharing the responsibility of the United States for the defense of the Philippines and Hawaii.

In adventuring herself in the above territories it seems to me that the United States has overreached herself and that were she free from their embarrassment she would be much happier. It might be infinitely less expensive for Japan to purchase these territories from the United States than to take them, and Great Britain might be willing to lend her money to do so, were the United States willing to sell. It must be recognized, however, that the temptation to take them is great unless it would complicate Japan's relations with Great Britain. Both groups of islands are the natural outposts of Japan and necessary to her complete security. Neither is capable of more development in the hands of the United States than in the hands of Japan. The latter might have, later on, to settle with China regarding the Philippines, but that is outside the range of the present discussion. The point is that in the hands of Japan they remove the chief cause for friction over territory in the Pacific.

There remains the economic question of the pressure of population. If Australia were to allow Hindu emigration to Australia north of

latitude twenty, she would be economically in a much better position, for the Hindu is peace-loving and a magnificent agriculturist, and cheap labor might do much with the help of irrigation to develop lands which are hardly suitable for white colonization. The Hindu would also render the country unfit for Japanese immigration, owing to his capability for living extremely cheap. He is also a British subject and amenable to British law.

Restrictions on Canadian Immigration should be made as light as possible and everything should be done to encourage the British settler to make his home in British Columbia which is climatically suited to his temperament. If it were possible, however, to pour 100,000 people a year into British Columbia in the next five years the problem would be very slightly altered thereby, unless at least 50 per cent. of those people showed themselves ready to make some sacrifice for their adopted country. The point that has to be insisted on again and again is the efficiency of the Japanese nation as a whole compared to the inefficiency of the white races on the Pacific coast as a whole.

Apropos of this point it might be as well to quote from the paper by Sir Alexander Banerman in the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution on the creation of the Japanese national spirit.

"In the elementary course it is laid down that the children shall be instructed by means of examples in filial piety, obedience to elders, affection and friendship, frugality, industry, modesty, fidelity and courage, and also in some of their duties towards society and the State. Here, at the very beginning of the child's education, we meet the word 'duty,' and although it has been said before, it cannot be too often repeated, that duty is the keynote of Japanese morals. The word 'rights' does not appear in the syllabus. Even when treating of the franchise, it is not

spoken of as the 'Right to vote,' but the 'Duty of voting.'

"Everyone admits that not the least important part of a nation's training is the education of its girls, and the object which the Japanese have set themselves to attain is, in their own words, to convert their girls into 'Good wives and wise mothers.' Both boys and girls are to be trained so as to 'Make them value public virtues, and foster the spirit of loyalty and patriotism.'

"The general purpose of the system is to begin by teaching the infant its duties at home and in everyday life, and as its intelligence develops to go on to more advanced social questions, keeping all the time in the foreground the dominant ideas of deference to superiors, filial piety, loyalty to the Emperor, and duty to the nation. The teaching is aided by giving examples from history of the various virtues which are to be fostered."

The creation of this spirit is a rudimentary guide to efficiency and cannot be emphasized too often, for only by such efficiency can a nation enforce restrictions against a rival.

Conditionally, on completely stopping immigration to the coast of California, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, Japan might be allowed free entrance to Alaska and the Yukon. Cheap labor would be an immense benefit to both those provinces and American and British capital would benefit enormously thereby. Furthermore, it would enable Japan to acquire at a reasonable price those raw materials of which she stands so much in need for manufacturing purposes. The danger that such emigration would gradually spread southward would undoubtedly be a real one and white labor in those provinces would naturally resent such a proposal. Yet the fact remains that some provision must be made and these provinces are to this day more populated by Indians than white men, the Indians, by the way, being evidently of the same descent as the Japanese.

I can, of course, understand such a solution of the question being hailed as impossible and absurd, yet I would point out that the great weakness of the United States lies in Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska, for the simple reason that their defense entails operations being carried on at an immense distance from any base and the organization of the United States is lamentably deficient for the carrying on of such operations. Furthermore, it is far better to make a dignified treaty than an undignified retreat. Cheap labor in Alaska and the Yukon may enable Japan to obtain the materials for her industrial development which will eventually lead her into the Chinese markets but we have to face that commercial competition one day in any case.

Moreover, it is obvious that every year brings the South American continent more and more to the fore, and that the United States will have to face most momentous problems in that region. Already Japanese emigration to Peru is assuming considerable proportions, and in Argentina, Chile and Brazil, three great nations are in their infancy. The United States may not be anxious to form an alliance with the British Empire owing to possible European complications, but Germany has ambitions in South America which may well cause the United States food for thought.

Three factors have recently arisen which strengthen the argument for an alliance between the British Empire and the United States:

1. The Russo-Japanese treaty which will probably lead to an alliance between those nations.
2. The new Japanese tariff against Great Britain.
3. The tariff agitation in Canada and the United States.

In the first case Russia in alliance with Japan can pay more attention to Germany. The Austro-German action with regard to Bosnia and Herzegovina

zegovina will not be forgotten by Russia, and she is unlikely to turn her cheek to another such blow.

In the second case Great Britain is forced to recognize that Japan intends to stand alone and to compete in the Oriental markets with all her power.

In the third there is a large and growing movement among the consumers of both Canada and the United States towards a free trade. Possibly such a movement may lead to a gradual elimination of trade barriers between the two countries and a further discussion of the possibilities of free trade within the British Empire.

It is true that at the present moment everything seems tending towards a raising of farther barriers to trade within the Empire, but it is possible that a proper understanding of the Oriental question may lead to a broader and more statesmanlike policy for eliminating artificial barriers to the growth and development of the British Empire, especially if the two great English speaking races on this continent find it to their mutual interests to work together for the benefit of the whole people rather than to stimulate certain favored industries at the expense of the whole country.

Finally, I would say this. The problem of the future is the develop-

ment of our race in peaceable competition with the Oriental. We must not only be prepared to shout our greatness in the face of other races, but emulate their example of spirit and patience. No amount of empty bragging that the twentieth century belongs to Canada will make up for a lack of national spirit. Making money is not the only thing for which we have to strive. We have to educate ourselves, not only to get a living, but also to get character. The man who brags of what he has will always succumb to the man who keeps his mouth shut and his body in training. Once instill a spirit of self-sacrifice and service to our country into our race and we may be prepared to face the future with equanimity. Without that spirit we are doomed.

Above all what we want in Canada to-day are men who can inspire us to look a little beyond our own immediate and personal interests. Men who will speak their minds and grapple with the economical and social problems of the day without fear of losing favor. We do not want men who are mere party hacks, dependent for their position and future on the favor of a political boss whose one idea of patriotism is the amount of money he can make out of pandering to this or that political party. We want men of inspiration and, above all, of courage.

The Way to Live

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then fret not over what is past and gone;
In spite of all thou mayest have lost behind,
Yet act as if thy life were just begun.
What each day wills, enough for thee to know;

What each day wills the day itself will tell.
Do thine own task, and be therewith content;
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;
Be sure that thou no mortal brother hate,
Then all besides leave to the Master Power.—*Goethe.*

Max Adler's Rules for Long Life

At a time when systems of fasting and feasting, exercise, and mental physical culture are much in the public thought, a letter written many years ago by Max Adler, once a humorist of note, deserves consideration. In the letter he tells the American people of the life he had led for the one hundred and six years previous to setting down the following:

Dear Sirs,—I made it a rule of my life to rise in the morning as soon as the first faint ray of light breaks through my chamber window, and in order to prevent the faint ray from breaking through too soon, I have the shutters carefully closed the night before by a servant, who has orders never to open them before half past ten o'clock. As soon as I rise I always jump immediately into the bathtub, no matter how cold the weather is; and then I sit there thinking and wondering if it would be better to turn the water on. And I generally think it wouldn't—if it feels cool as it runs from the spigot—and so I begin my toilet without getting wet.

"I never drink any more than one gallon of brandy at breakfast. My physician told me years ago that my constitution would not stand a greater quantity than that at one meal, so I always drink the other gallon before I sit down at the table. I used to eat half a bushel of gus-wads and a bar of castile soap at breakfast; but the practice was discontinued because the diet seemed to affect my digestion unpleasantly. After the morning meal I exercise myself carrying the piano up and down stairs three or four times.

"I did visit the lifting cure once, but I abandoned it as I grew old. I have seen the time when I could lift a thousand pounds with one hand—

that is, taking it up gradually, one pound after another. During the day I eat no animal food of any kind, unless it be three or four hundred clams, or a couple of hams; and I avoid taking anything between meals, excepting four or five watermelons, perhaps, which I carry in my pocket for lunch. I never smoked a cigar or chewed a plug of tobacco after I arrived at the age of four years. I found it was injuring my nerves, so I began to use a pipe and to chew fine-cut; but even then I limited myself to three pounds of tobacco a day.

"To this rigid temperance I attribute my remarkable health at my advanced age (I am now approaching my one hundred and sixth year), and the fact that I have never had occasion to use spectacles. Eye-glasses do for me quite as well. I find that walking suits my constitution admirably, and I generally manage to walk out to Kansas and back at least once a day when the weather is clear. I have great faith in the rule which makes health depend upon going to bed early, and I recommended the practice to all my young friends. I always retire at a very early hour, say three or four in the morning; and it is my habit to sleep upon an empty stomach whenever I can find a man who has one which he is willing to lend me. It is much more comfortable than a pillow.

"I state these facts in the hope that they may prove useful to those who are seeking a guide to health. If any one is benefited by them I shall rejoice, and I shall be amply repaid. But if the beneficent desires to give a more substantial evidence of his gratitude, I may say that I think I can place my hand upon a worthy man who would be assisted materially by a check for ten thousand dollars sent through me."



VERNON, the boss, pulled out his "kerchief.

The Mammoth Tusk

A Tale of British Columbia

By William A. Bryce

VERNON the boss pulled out his "kerchief and his watch as he strode along to where St. Elco was spraying fruit trees with an enormous metal syringe. The boss's "ticker" as he himself called it, was the 24-hour timepiece they use out west, and he wore it, as most men wear watches in the "dry belt" of British Columbia, swathed in a hand-kerchief to protect it from dust.

"Fourteen o'clock, St. Elco, my tuff!" he cried cheerily. "Belay all—that is to say, cease fire! No more spraying to-day. The flume's dry as

a whistle. Must be a leak somewhere up yonder in the woods. A murrain on't, as Shakespeare says. A hundred degrees in the shade, the flume dry, and the lake two miles off! And they call this a wet season—one downpour and two showers in six months. Who wouldn't sell a Columbian fruit farm and go to sea?"

"I wouldn't," came in positive tones from the young fellow as he laid down his syringe and rose to stretch himself. "The sea? Not for me, thanks. I had enough coming over. I'd rather rest easy under my own or someone

else's fig tree—rather study arboriculture and pomology under you, boss, if you don't mind."

Charlie St. Elco was just an ordinary young Britisher, dressed in the garments of the country—grey flannel shirt and trousers, cowboy hat, thick boots and canvas overalls. A leather belt with a pruning knife in a sheath proclaimed his avocation. His face was not without a touch of the sadness and sentimentality of the Celt, and not improved by the fact that it was pitted with tiny red blotches where the black fly had bitten him.

"*Charau à son goût*," said the elder man with a laugh that showed he was not ill-pleased at the answer. "Eh, you're six months out, you've sampled most of the work of the farm—denuded hard work—and you say that? Well, well! You've got sand, St. Elco. There's not much you can't do, from hoeing carrots to clearing land and picking cherries. You're an out and out Canook, and that's something very different to the Kebangisighed city clerk of six months back—eh, my tulip?"

The tulip reddened under his tan. "I was a bit green then, boss, and that's a fact."

"Well!" laughed the jovial boss, "you're full-blown now. You'll soon be quite capable of managing your own little ten-acre lot, and I shall be sorry to lose you. Come along. We'll strike for to-day, though we ought to be spraying like Trojans. Hang that flume! Must go up the woods and put it right, by hook or by crook."

"By the way," he said a few minutes later, as they went up the wide wooden stairway into the ranch, "seen any signs of that harum-scarum daughter of mine this afternoon? I wonder where she's got to?"

Charlie shook his head.

Vernon's orchard occupied a wide and lovely valley, surrounded by ranges of mountains as far as the eye could reach—and hundreds of miles farther. From the brow of the hill one could see the Selkirk Range, adjoining the Rocky Mountains; and all

around lay a wild and picturesque country—a country that will always remain wild, defying the taming advance of civilization—a country shaggy with woods that seem to life.

St. Elco's ten-acre orchard was a couple of leagues distant over the brow of the "rise." He was working hard at Vernon's, trying to earn the purchase money, five hundred pounds, which he had arranged to pay in installments; but it was an uphill fight for a needy young fellow with no capital, and the company who were exploiting this part of the fruitful "dry belt" threatened to sell the lot over his head if he did not pay promptly.

It was tiresome to be so young and so poor, and he heartily wished his "learning" time was over, so that he could start in his own ranch. But as things were going he could not hope to do this inside a couple of years.

Thinking of this, Vernon's "learner" cantered over the ridge that sultry afternoon. He had a few hours at his disposal; the sun was burning hot, the woods looked inviting, and a distant gleam of the Okanagan Lake called him northward like a lure.

The sturdy young fellow made a pleasant picture as he rode under the fresh green leaves. The horse shone glossy brown where the sun struck its flank, and the rider, tucked out in a gay red scarf that struck a salient note amid the encircling leafage, sat gracefully poised in his saddle, sitting down, cowboy fashion, but quite upright, and holding the reins loosely in the left hand, high up, level with the chest.

There was little or no trail, and the horse wound a sinuous way round huge fallen trunks, and forced a passage through tall, thickly-bunched raspberry canes, its hoofs crashing noisily at times over littered branches and matted undergrowth, but more often leaving soundless on carpet-like mast or loose, crumbly soil.

Presently they broke through an ancient copse of trees into a clearing

where a broad rift in the encircling woodage gave an outlook upon the lofty peaks of the Range. They were more than a hundred miles away—those mountains—but in the clear air they looked nearer than ten, and it was a grand sight to see them, swathed in fleecy scarfs of mist, towering up so clearly in the stillness of the perfect day. A magnificent scene, but—

"Lonesome," said Vernon's "learner" with a sigh.

he wished he were still laboring among the cherry trees, with the overpowering sun scorching the back of his neck. Some bitter lines from *Locksley Hall* mingled with his reflections:

"I . . . must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

"Dash it all—dash it all! I'll go and see what's the matter with the



She had fallen upon a ledge-like outcropping of rock, less than six feet down the cliff.

Below, in a gorge, the merest trickle of water marked the course of what had been a month before a dashing, frothing stream.

"Dried up," St. Elco muttered, turning in his saddle, "dried up, like the flume—dash it."

He had become obsessed by the uneasy, listless feeling that comes over hard-working men who suddenly find themselves with nothing to do. He took unkindly to idleness. He wished the flume had not dried up;

flame. Must have something to do, or I'll go crazy."

Though barely twenty-five, St. Elco had "a past." He had done little harm away back there in the old country—certainly nothing to be very much ashamed of—but he had done little good. There were times when those sickening spectres—wasted opportunity and abject failure—laid chilly fingers on him.

Thank God that there are countries like Canada and British Columbia for

men like these, where, if you would eat, you must help yourself, fetch your rations raw from wood and stream, gather your own faggots and light your own fire, bustle around and arrange and prepare everything!

"Come, Robin—snap!" he cried, with something like an oath, as he swung his horse aside and crashed through an ocean of breast-high fern.

A moment later he pulled up with an abruptness that cost him his seat and sent him sprawling on the animal's neck.

"The fair Emily's hat, as I'm a sinner!" he muttered excitedly as, recovering himself, he reached out his riding crop and lifted a large straw-brimmed hat with trimmings of pale blue from an overhanging bough.

He had dismounted, tethered his horse, and was standing with the hat in his hand, rubbing a red smear on his cheek where a branch had smote him, when the drumming of hoofs and a clear, musical cry heralded a mounted figure which, dashing out of a wood at the foot of a steep slope on the left, came careering along at a neck-break pace. It was Vernon's daughter, a young girl of about twenty, hatless, her dark hair streaming about her, her riding-skirt blown aside, and two vivid spots of color on her warm-tinted face.

The young man's eyes grew keen and bright as he watched her. "Emily Vernon on the randian! What's the young helcat up to now?"

The ground to the right fell sheer, almost vertically, into a gash in the hillside. In that gash, or ravine, the flume from Vernon's ranch wound along, a great wooden tube, like a sinuous snake. The slope to the left, where Charlie St. Elco stood, canted downwards to where a fringe of undergrowth marked the edge of the ravine, and then, at a less acute angle, dropped away to the wood from which the girl had emerged.

Even an Italian cavalryman would have hesitated to tackle such a "snell brac," but the girl, seeing St. Elco on the crest, charged it full pelt, and came

floundering up, hailing the young fellow with a resounding view-halloo!

"By Jove! why didn't old Vernon call her Diana? Emily, forsooth! She's Diana Vernon to a 't'."

He watched her with fascinated eyes and parted lips.

Some time in the late fall a fire had swept the bluff. It had been the scene of a big *build*. There was charcoal underfoot, and fine, featherly ashes, and near St. Elco rose a monstrous blackened trunk, tottering on the brow of the slope, quite lifeless and with only a few charred stumps for limbs.

Had Charlie's attention not been fixed on Emily Vernon, he would never have ventured within such a danger zone, for trees like this are liable to fall at any moment. But he had eyes for one object only—the young Diana.

"Ca' canay there, Miss Vernon!" he shouted. "You'll break the knees of your nag, sure as a gun!"

"No fear!" came the cheery response. "Take a lot to break Bobby's knees. I say—that my hat you've got there!"

Charlie was about to repeat the admonition, when, with a whip-like crack and without the least warning, the huge blackened trunk at his elbow tilted over, hung quivering for a second or two, and, missing him by a hair-breadth, crashed like a thunderbolt down the slope.

"Good God!"

Gaspings, deafened, and half-blinded amidst a stifling cloud of dust, it was some moments ere St. Elco regained his eyesight. When he did so he stood for a time as if petrified, gazing down the bluff. He had heard a shriek, and now looked in vain for the girl and her horse. All that could be seen was a deep trench ploughed by the fallen tree down the hillside, and a pearly cloud of dust rising from the spot where the blackened trunk had dashed over into the ravine.

Complete silence had followed the catastrophe. Charlie stared about him, scarcely breathing. Then a groan burst from him as he realized the



Vernon was considerably surprised to see his daughter along across the front of his "learner's" saddle.

significance of that deeply-ploughed trench. The huge trunk, in hurtling down, had dashed into horse and girl and swept them into the ravine.

He raced down the slope. His distraction was such that he blundered through a clump of the horrible devil's-club-thorn without feeling in the least its venomous stings. The dust stung his eyes like caustic; and almost bereft of sight he would have gone headlong into the ravine had not something gripped him above the left ankle on the very verge of the cliff.

A sharp, spike-like object had pierced one leg of his canvas overalls. It was yellow and smooth and horn-like, and protruded from the clayey subsoil in which it was firmly rooted. The monstrous charred tree-trunk had swept away the clump of brushwood and the ton of gravel under which it had lain buried for centuries. It held him fast, and saved him a fall of sixty feet, but it sent him sprawling down the face of the declivity, and held him suspended, upside down, like the immortal Baloo in "Rob Roy."

The shock racked every nerve in his

body. Involuntarily he flung out his arms to save himself. They embraced something warm and yielding, whilst in his ear a low voice moaned:

"Charlie!"

"Diana!" In his perturbation he called her Diana. She had fallen upon a ledge-like outcropping of rock less than six feet down the cliff.

The cloud of dust had settled, so that he saw her clearly. Her white face and affrighted eyes were close where he hung.

"Lift me up, Charlie," she muttered feebly. "You said I'd break Bobby's knees, but I've broken my own, I'm afraid. . . . Where's Bobby?"

"Lie still, my dear," he said, brokenly. Then sternly—"Don't move. I'll have you up in a jiffy."

But it took him more than fifteen minutes of the most desperate exertion to raise himself to the cliff-top, and quite half an hour to bring up the girl. She had swooned twice or thrice in the interim, though she was quite conscious when he set her down on a pile of dust. She had broken a leg, but this did not seem to trouble

her so much as her little tip-tilted Irish nose, which was not broken, but which bled profusely.

"Oh, bother," she said whimsically whilst he set her broken limb in a rude splint. "It's so unbecoming to have one's claret tapped like this. Have you a key I could put down my back?" Then, with tears in her eyes, she repeated: "Where's Bobby?"

"Oh—er—Bobby's gone home," he answered weakly, for he had seen the horse lying at the bottom of the ravine, near the flume, a mangled mass, with all the life knocked out of it.

He felt that he must divert her attention from that unpleasant subject. "D'y know what you is?" he said with his Glasgow accent, pointing to the yellow, horn-like object that had caught in his overalls and saved him from the fate of Bobby. "Looks like a huge tooth, doesn't it? I wonder what it is?"

"What a queer thing!" said she; "it's like an elephant's tusk. . . . But there was another matter of greater import than all the elephant's tusks in the world. "Why did you call me Diana down there?" she asked with a sidelong look as he lifted and bore her off in his strong arms. "I heard you."

Charlie's explanation was slightly involved, but he had finished to their mutual satisfaction when the boss who had come out prospecting for the leak in the flume, met them hurrying home through the woods.

Vernon was considerably surprised to see his daughter slung across the front of his "learner's" saddle, with that happy young man's arms round her. He was still more surprised when Emily, now slightly delirious in addition to being dirty and dishevelled, greeted him thus:

"I say, Dad! my nose is bleeding like one o'clock; we've found such a queer thing like an elephant's tusk; my right leg's fractured, and I'm engaged to Charlie St. Elce!"

Charlie always said that it was the tusk that brought him the luck. It turned out to be a *Stegomastodon*, an archaeological point of view. It was the canine tooth of a prehistoric monster, and he sold it to one of the Canadian museums for £260—not a very large sum, but sufficient to pay most of the remaining instalments for his ten-acre lot and enable him to marry Emily.

Last time I saw them their first child was cutting his first tooth, and making as much row as if it were a second Mammoth Tusk. *

Concentration

Great Thoughts

No one can ever do great things who cannot shut out from his thoughts everything in the universe except the single thing upon which, for the time being, he needs to concentrate. A terrible concentration is the price of power. Dr. John Douglas Adam puts the other side of this truth when he says: "The psychology of weakness is the double thought. The man who cannot marshal his thoughts at will, and hold

them single in any direction, is a weak man." "Unstable in all his ways," James called the double-minded man. Only he who can say, "This one thing I do," can do great things in any field. Let us strive, struggle, agonize if need be, to think single upon every line of thought that we take up—if it is worth taking up at all. There is no mind and character discipline in the world quite equal to this.



LORD STAFFORD.

Photo L. L. Hirsch.



AN INTERESTING GROUP AT DUNROBIN CASTLE.
Lord Garrison, Lord Stafford, the Duchess of Sutherland and Miss Gresham

The Heir to Many Fair Canadian Acres

By

Jean Milne

OF the million and a quarter acres of land appertaining to the estate of the Duke of Sutherland, not a few are located in the Dominion of Canada. This circumstance serves to create an interest in this country in the young nobleman, only recently come of age, who will in the usual course of affairs become its head.

And another circumstance also leads Canadians to take more than a passing interest in the Sutherland family and that is the fact that so many of the earlier settlers in Canada came from Sutherlandshire. Indeed, one county in Ontario—Oxford—was almost entirely settled by Sutherland Highlanders. While in other parts of Canada many of the old-e-



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

Photo: Russell & Sons.

Established families can trace their descent back to natives of the famous Scottish county. In fact, the men of Sutherland have been great colonizers and have gone to almost all parts of the British Empire.

In August of this year the Duke of Sutherland returned to the British Isles from an extensive tour in Canada where he added to his many but somewhat barren acres by acquiring further agricultural land interests in the more fertile soil of the western prairies adjoining the irrigation tract of the Canadian Pacific Railway near Calgary in Alberta. Following on the lines of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Duke of Sutherland intends to provide "ready made farms" for those hardy and hard working farmers on his Sutherlandshire estates who, through persevering and determined enough to attempt it, cannot get fertility and therefore a living out of rock and who will flourish and become prosperous farmers away out West. As a small Canadian farmer said when congratulated on his cattle:

"We farmers ain't so darned badly off these days!"

The Duchess of Sutherland was Lady Millicent Fanny St. Claire-Erskine, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn and is so pretty and youthful looking that it seems impossible to realize that she has celebrated her silver wedding. Lord Stafford was born in 1888, nearly four years after his parents' marriage. The Duchess is not only a brilliant leader of society and a pretty woman but her interests are widespread and her energy for good works is remarkable; it is stated, on good authority that she is taking a great interest in the selection of emigrants who will become settlers on the Duke's newly acquired estate in Western Canada.

Perhaps the most notable and enjoyable entertainment of this past depressing season was the garden party given by the Duchess at Stafford House in aid of the Scottish Home Industries of which Association she is president. Owing to the death, which occurred recently, of Lady Westmorland, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, Dunrobin has not seen its usual gay parties this summer.

Canadians always appreciate the old English and Scottish homes and Dunrobin Castle is a particularly beautiful and interesting specimen. The lawns are very large, very well kept and stretch almost down to the sea. The reception rooms are exquisitely furnished and the Duchess's boudoir is always full of flowers and contains interesting souvenirs of interesting people and other times. The late beloved King and Queen Alexandra stayed at Dunrobin some time ago, as did the late Queen Victoria. The State apartments are magnificent and give a wonderful view of the sea. The Duchess of Sutherland is, like all her family, a keen sportswoman. The late Lady Westmorland was an ex-

pert angler and once landed a salmon weighing 22 lbs. There is a golf links attached to the Castle and likewise a private railway station for the convenience of the family and their guests. The Duke himself is a fully qualified engineer and drives his own engine on the private railway at Dunrobin.

Lord Stafford, it would seem, has the right to inherit from his parents those attributes which are even of more value than acres—brains, energy and a desire to improve the condition of land and people wherever and whenever possible. He has seen some useful soldiering with Lovat's Scouts in South Africa.

Don't Know the Simple Life

From Success Magazine

ONE of the most unfortunate things about living in a large city is its tendency to create false idea of what constitutes real pleasure. Take the average New Yorker, for example; he has totally incapacitated himself for simple, quiet, homely pleasures. He must plunge into excitement. He must see exciting plays, or go to big shows with powerful scenic effects, or to light, flippant vaudeville — something that will tickle the senses for the minute—that will stimulate. There must be something exciting about it to give him any pleasure.

There are thousands of people in New York who would think it a great bore to sit down to quiet parlor games or home amusements of any kind. I know old New Yorkers who say they are homesick the moment they leave the city. They must be in the swim of excitement where they can hear the roar of the great city all the time. Their lives are set to a rapid pace in everything. The country seems dull and stupid to them. They don't know the joys of the simple life.

City life unfitts a great many people for living anywhere else, especially in small communities. It dulls their taste for the quiet evening at home, the reading of good books, the family discussions, the home story-telling. They have become used to the city pace, attuned to the city life, and nothing else is stimulating enough to satisfy them. They don't know how to slow down.

What many of these people call amusement is simply a nightmare when it comes to realities. What many young men in cities call having a good time is most demoralizing in its effect. It leaves behind nothing but regret and the loss of self-respect. It stimulates for the moment, feeds an exhilaration to the nervous system, only to be followed by the "blues" or disgust the next day.

What a pity we should lose our old-time taste for the simple, uplifting, refined, old-time pleasures—pleasures which give real recreation, which lubricate the whole system and give elasticity to the mind, but which leave no reaction behind.



"WHAT?" SAID FLAHERTY, "A BANK ROBBERY?"

Flaherty's Promotion

By

Burton E. Stevenson

Illustrated by Stan Murray

LIEUTENANT DENNIS FLAHERTY sat in his chair and yawned. Then he stretched his great arms high into the air, and his great legs out before him, and wriggled. He had inside him an uncomfortable, stuffed feeling. For Lieutenant Flaherty had long contracted the habit of eating more than was good for him, and the consequence was not only an increasing embonpoint, but a habitual torpor, as of a gorged python. When he had been a patrolman, these

effects were less marked, since exercise and fresh air aided digestion. Even as sergeant he had had to move around a good deal. But since his promotion to the lieutenancy, his duties had consisted largely of sitting in a chair and looking wise. So his girth increased and his mental agility diminished, until there were times when his brain seemed scarcely to work at all.

It had cost Flaherty six hundred dollars to be made a sergeant, and

twelve hundred to secure the lieutenantcy. He didn't fully understand the workings of the game—indeed, he considered it none of his business—but he knew that twenty-five hundred more would be needed before he could get a captaincy. Who got the money, he didn't know, but that was the price. He looked upon it as an investment, and a good one. Oh, yes, he had read newspaper denunciations of "the system," just as he had read denunciations of many other things. Them newspapers fellers had to have somethin' to fill up with, and the world seemed to wag along pretty much as it had always done.

So, since the hour of gaining the lieutenantcy, Flaherty had set himself to save the sum needed to secure the next promotion. And this was about to be accomplished. He had eighteen hundred dollars, scraped together from the unfortunates of his district, and the wardmen, who dealt with the powers that be, had offered to take his note for the remaining seven hundred. So Flaherty was happy. He knew that, as captain, it wouldn't take him long to raise the money to pay that note, and then he could begin saving for the next degree. He had visions of the day when, as inspector, he would be in receipt of that more comfortable income which, it was well known, inspectors always enjoyed.

Now, don't, in the innocence of your hearts, go to condemning Flaherty. He was no moral leper; he was an honest and generous, if somewhat thick-headed, Irishman. We are all the products of our environment, and Flaherty was the product of his, no more to be blamed for obliquity of vision than is the cannibal who eats his fallen foe. In fact, Flaherty was a better man than some. He had risked his life in places where others had held back; his hand was always in his pocket, and if the money he gave away had really been earned by others, why, bow many of us earn the money we call ours?

Can you see him sitting there, with his round body, and florid face, and

big black mustache, and black close-cropped hair growing low on neck and forehead; with the little good-natured creases at the corners of his eyes, and the great stretch of jowl that hung above the collar? He tipped the scales at two hundred and ninety pounds, and that was one reason he was fonder of sitting than he used to be.

Well, there sat Flaherty at his station that July afternoon, when in unto him entered a slim, nervous, prosperous-looking individual whom he had never seen before. And this is where our story begins.

"Lieutenant Flaherty?" asked the stranger.

"The same," said Flaherty.

"My name is Jones," continued the stranger, and handed Flaherty a card. "Of the American Vitagraph Company. We want your assistance."

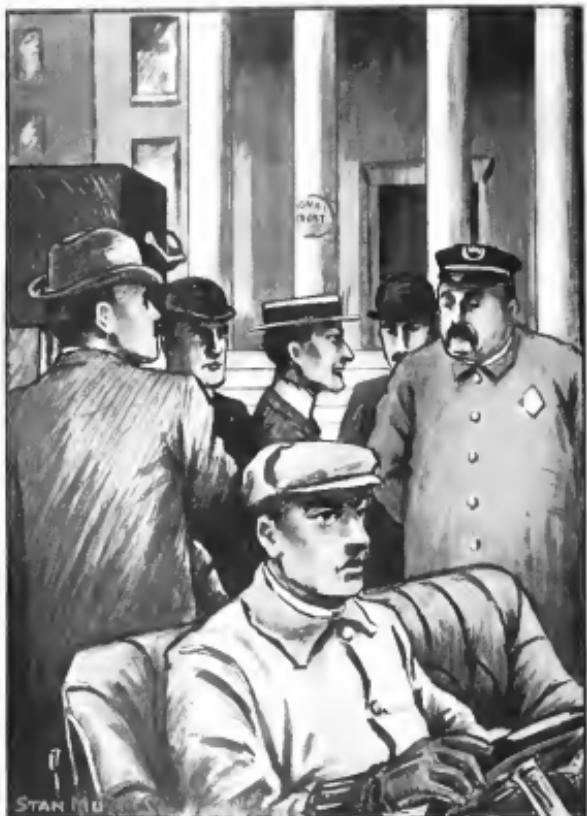
Flaherty had a dim idea that it was new patent medicine, and that a testimonial was required for insertion in the newspapers, together with his photograph, in uniform. He had been exploited in this way before, once in company with Mrs. Flaherty and the children. It had tickled them to have their pictures in the papers. Besides, it paid.

"Set down," said he, and waved toward a chair. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones. Now, what kin I do for you?"

"Well," said Jones, sitting down and settling back in his chair and carefully crossing his legs, as if they were fragile and might break, "you know we're a big concern—the biggest in the country. We've got 'em all beat when it comes to lifelikeness and sensation. But we've got to keep hustling, for some of the others are pretty close to our heels. The younger generation, you know."

Flaherty didn't know, but he nodded. He had learned long since the folly of asking questions. They only displayed one's ignorance.

"What we want to engineer now," added Jones, "is a bank robbery."



ONE OF THEM HAD A BIG MOVING PICTURE CAMERA MOUNTED AND WAS ADJUSTING IT.

"What?" said Flaherty, sitting up. "A bank robbery!"

"Yes; the real thing, you know; hold-up, murder of faithful employee, get-away, and final capture. You can fake the interior scenes all right, but we've got to take the exterior on the street. We thought of the National Trust. It has an imposing facade."

The last word was Greek to Flaherty, and the idea flashed through his head that he was talking to a lunatic. The stranger's eyes were certainly preternaturally bright.

"Go on," he said.

"The trouble with these street scenes is to keep back the crowds, especially in New York. You know this is the worst rubber-neck town in the world. We carry our own people, who know just what to do, and if the crowd breaks in, it spoils everything. The success of the whole thing depends on the effect. We rehearse the whole thing in advance, work out every detail. I don't imagine the scene at the National will take over four or five minutes. We want to show the thieves running out and down the steps and hopping into their autos. We're going to have a pursuit by the police, and a running fight, but that can be done out in the country somewhere, with nobody around to bother. You can't imagine how critical the people who go to see these moving-picture shows are getting to be."

Flaherty heaved a sigh of relief and mopped his face with his handkerchief. At last he understood.

"Mighty hot in here," he said, "Not a breath of air. Let's go across the street an' git somethin' cool."

Mr. Jones assented and they crossed the street to the Imperial Cafe, where two tall glasses, in which ice clinked and mint floated, were soon set before them.

"Nice place," said Jones, looking around. "First time I was ever in it."

"Yes," agreed Flaherty, "and does

a good business." He had often thought that, if he were not in the police and on the highway to promotion, he would like to conduct such a place as this—a nice, clean, law-abiding place, with a steady custom. "Now," he added, as he pushed back his glass, "go on with the story."

So Mr. Jones told in detail of the plans of the Vitagraph Company for a wonderful new picture, which would catch and hold the multitude by the impressiveness of its detail. It was to show a bank robbery, the robbery of the biggest trust company in New York. The robbers would dash up in their automobiles, enter the building, overpower the clerks, hand-cuff them to the railings, perhaps shoot one or two as examples to the others, grab the trays of money standing about and empty them into the suit-cases they had brought with them, enter the safe and fill their suit-cases with the currency stored there; then they would dash back to their cars, and a wild ride would follow through the streets and out into the country, with the police in hot pursuit. At last the robbers would be brought to bay, some would be killed, and the rest captured and led back by the police in triumph, while the stolen money was restored to the vaults of the trust company, greatly to the relief of its president, who was just preparing to commit suicide.

"That last don't sound hardly natural," objected Flaherty. "He'd be more apt to cap out what was left an' like out for Canada. You don't know them presidents."

Mr. Jones admitted that his acquaintance with the presidents of trust companies was not extensive; but the important thing with moving pictures was not so much a slavish adherence to the truth, as the introduction of certain homely elements which touched the heart of the multitude. They had thought they might show the president rewarding the widow and children of the old and trusted employee who had lost his life in defense of the company's millions. Perhaps

they would do that yet; meanwhile, suppose we have the glasses replemished?

Flaherty agreed.

"Of course, you know," he said, "you couldn't really pull off a thing like that. All the teller's got to do is to touch a button at his elbow an' send in an alarm that'll be about a hundred men on the scene inside o' three minutes."

"It's the teller who does that, is it?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Yes; you the payin'-teller. He's in a little cage right at the left as you go in. An' even if he didn't git to do that, a crowd o' men runnin' down the steps would be nabbed by somebody. There's always a special officer on duty at the door, an' a patrolman on the block."

Mr. Jones nodded and rattled the ice around in his glass reflectively.

"Oh, well," he said, at last, "it's just like the stage. A lot of things happen in real life. All the people ask is to be amused and excited. Just so it's pulled off in good shape—that's all they want."

"That's your lookout," said Flaherty. "What is it you want me to do?"

"We want you to take a detail of six or eight men down to the National Trust and hold the crowd back on either side, while we take the picture of the get-away. It won't take over five or six minutes, so that traffic won't be impeded. Anybody who's in a hurry can cross over."

Flaherty looked at his companion.

"What is there in it for me?" he asked.

"How will two hundred do?"

"Make it two-fifty. I'll have to give the men a fiver apiece."

"All right," agreed Jones. "I guess we can afford it. If the film turns out all right, it'll be a gold mine. Of course, if it don't turn out right, we'll expect you to give us another chance. Something happens, once in a while, to spoil the film, and then we have to take it over again."

"That's all right," said Flaherty. "When do you want to do it?"

"Suppose we say to-morrow morning. We've got the film all ready up to this point, and we're anxious to get it out. The fact is," he added, leaning across the table and speaking in a lower tone, "we've got a tip that Pathé Frères are working up a big film along these lines, and we want to beat them to it."

"To-morrow mornin', then," said Flaherty, "What time?"

"Nine-thirty's the best time. There won't be so many people around as later in the day."

"That'll suit," agreed Flaherty. "I'll have the men there on the dot."

"Good!" said Jones, and got out his pocket-book. "Here's the two-fifty," and he counted out five fifty-dollar bills.

"Thanks," said Flaherty, and slipped the bills into his pocket. "Have somethin' more?"

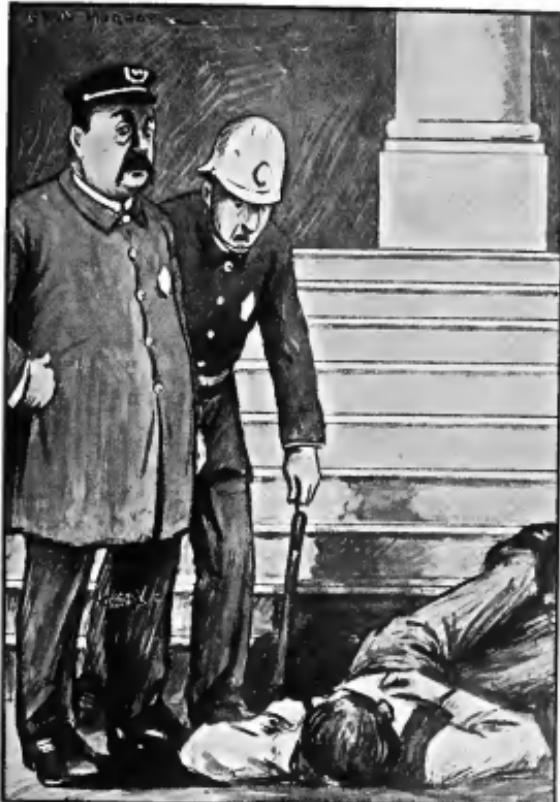
"No," said Jones, rising. "I've got to be gettin' along. I've got a lot of details to attend to."

"Good-by till to-morrow, then," said Flaherty, and they shook hands and parted.

Flaherty stopped to purchase and light a black cigar. Then he returned to his chair at the station, and fell into a pleasant reverie, as he watched the smoke circle upwards. He would take eight patrolmen and give them five dollars apiece. That made forty dollars. Taking out another ten to be spent in celebration, left two hundred. He would have to borrow only five hundred. Captain—then inspector—it wouldn't take long! And, smiling a satisfied smile, his chin sank lower and lower upon his breast, his cigar dropped from his fingers, and he peacefully slept the remainder of the afternoon away.

II.

PROMPTLY at nine-thirty the next morning, Lieutenant Flaherty marched his detail of eight men down the avenue to the National Trust. He found two automobiles drawn up by the curb before the building. One of



"WHY, THAT'S DIRON THE WATCHMAN," SAID THE PATROLMAN IN HIS FACECLIVED.

them had a big moving-picture camera mounted over the dash, and the operator was busy adjusting it. Six or eight men lolled in the tonneaus, among them Jones, who sprang out as he saw Flaherty and his men approach.

"Everything's ready," he said, and Flaherty noticed again how bright his eyes were.

"All right," said Flaherty, and his men began to push back the crowd which had collected in a minute. "How much space will you need?"

"Oh, about fifty feet. And keep a lane clear, so that the cars can get away."

"All right," said Flaherty again, and threw a line across the pavement on either side of the building.

The patrolman on the block came running up to investigate, and Flaherty explained the situation. Then, as the cars backed around and headed uptown, the crowd saw the picture machine and understood, too. Some moved on, but the greater part tarried, grinning expectantly, to see what would happen.

"I guess that's all right, said Flaherty.

Jones looked over the preparations with a critical eye.

"Yes," he said; "but be sure nobody breaks through."

"Oh, nobody'll git' through," Flaherty assured him. "Don't you worry about that."

"All right," said Jones, and nodded to the men in the cars.

The operator of the picture-machine began to turn the crank; the men jumped out, each with a suit-case, and, with Jones at their head, charged up the steps of the building. An instant later, the great doors swung shut behind them.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes passed, while the crowd watched the entrance, still grinning expectantly. A depositor hurried up and protested loudly at being detained for such foolishness.

"Just a minute more," said Flaherty soothingly. "Just a minute more."

"I don't feel just right, some way," remarked the patrolman, watching the entrance anxiously.

And then the doors swung open and Jones appeared at the top of the steps, his men behind him, suit-cases in hand.

There was a sudden shout from the crowd, and Flaherty's men held it back with difficulty. The motors in the cars were humming, and Flaherty saw that a wild-eyed man, with a broken hand-cuff dangling from one arm, was following the make-believe robbers down the steps.

"Thieves!" he screamed. "Thieves! Stop them, officer!"

His face was white and agonized as he turned it to where Flaherty stood immobile.

"Thieves!" he screamed again. "Good actor," said Flaherty to himself. "But what's the use of him yellin' so? That won't show in the picture."

And then, as the patrolman, who was young and inexperienced, mopped the sweat from his face, the rearmost of the robbers, feeling the pursuer at his heels, paused, turned, levelled a revolver, and fired.

The pursuer stopped for an instant rigidly on tiptoe, half-way down the steps, then crumpled and rolled limply to the bottom and lay there on his face.

The crowd cheered.

"Great!" said Flaherty. "Astonishin' how them actors kin fall like that without hurtin' themselves."

The patrolman did not answer, only mopped his face again.

But the robbers were in their cars and off like a shot through the lane that had been cleared for them, the man at the machine in the rear car turning the crank frantically. And the passers-by understood and smiled and made way.

Flaherty watched them until they were out of sight, then, as he turned, he saw that the limp figure still lay where it had fallen at the foot of the steps. Flaherty bent over and shook his shoulder.

"All right, old sport," he said. "It's all over. You kin come to, now."

The still figure did not respond, and, with a sudden tightening of the heart, Flaherty turned it over. Blood was slowly oozing from an ugly hole in the forehead. The man was dead.

"Why, that's Dixon, the watchman," said the patrolman, his face livid, and a sudden frightened stillness fell upon the crowd.

Flaherty felt his throat constrict and go dry as he sprang up the steps and hurled himself through the door.

A groan burst from him as he saw what lay inside.

Prow on the marble floor, where a bullet had stretched him in the first instant, lay the payeng-teller; while a dozen pale and frightened men were neatly handcuffed to the railings. The money-trays were empty and the doors of the great vault stood open.

The robbery had been accomplished just as Jones had outlined it the day before. And as he bent above the body of the teller, slain before he had had a chance to touch that button at

his elbow, Flaherty groaned again. For he felt that the blood of the murdered man was on his head.

III.

The cars were found, an hour later, in the garage from which they had been rented. Their drivers reported that they had stopped at Times Square and that all but one of the men had got out and walked quietly away. The man who remained had come on to the garage, paid for the rental of the cars, said he would send for the camera, and disappeared in the crowd outside. That was the end of them. The camera proved to be only a box with a crank to it, and a cheap lens in front.

And Flaherty? Oh, Flaherty is now the proprietor of the Imperial Cafe. You may see him there any day. He's not as fat as he was, and he looks considerably older. They tell me he is subject to fits of melancholia.

The "I Don't Know" Employee

SOME employees never seem to know anything definitely. No matter what you ask them, unless it is something their work makes them perfectly familiar with, they will say "I don't know."

They can not tell you the commonest things in their own neighborhood, the names of streets or the location of well-known firms. They don't know how to do this; they don't know how to do that. They don't know because they don't observe; they don't go about the world with their eyes open.

They don't see things. They don't think; they just mull.

Other employees seem to be able always to answer your question. They can tell you almost anything you ask them, because they have used their brains. They have observed; they have kept their eyes and ears open; they have reflected; they have drawn conclusions.

The "I don't know" employee is not a climber in his vocation; he is a perpetual clerk, because people who fill important positions must use their grey matter.

A Strange Tip

By

W. Hastings Webting

THE Hon. Robert Norman Beans-yngton-Brome, familiarly known as "Beans" to his immediate friends, third son of the late lamented Lord Stranways, and only surviving brother of the present Lord, stood alone in the paddock at Ascot, intently figuring at his gold monogrammed betting book. From the serious frown on his naturally good natured freckled face, it was not difficult to conclude that the result of his calculations was far from pleasant. Indeed, the Hon. Robert, to use a familiar phrase, was "up against it." A monotonous succession of losers, which should have won easily, threatened the young sportsman with a very bad time on settling day.

"Only a miracle, or a lucky plunge on the last race can save the situation," he muttered, slowly closing the book, "both equally unlikely to come off, so far as I'm concerned; the Fates are against me."

"Beans, by all that's beautiful!" exclaimed a cheery voice at his side, "How are you old chap?"

The Hon. Robert turned to see the soldierly figure and handsome face of his best friend, Captain William Courtney, of His Majesty's—the Dragon Guards.

With unaffected pleasure, he grasped the Captain's outstretched hand and shook it heartily. "Well! 'pon my word, Billie, where in the name of Heaven do you spring from! I thought you were roasting in India."

"I was, and that's a jolly long way removed from Heaven, just now, old chap. Had a touch of fever, got six months' leave, which by the same token is nearly up, and here I am! By Jove! it's great to be home. How goes the battle, Beans?"

"Rotten, old fellow—how goes it with you? You look pretty fit for an invalid."

"O! I'm enjoying robust health, and having a ripping time. What do you think! Saw old Drivers, at the station. Of course you know old Drivers? Used to train for my Guvnor. Seemed actually glad to see me, marked my card for the first and third race, with a 'double star' for the last. The first two won, and I'm going for the 'cigars' on the last—what?"

"Bally for you, Bill! Glad to hear somebody is finding them. But what, in the name of all that's glorious, did the wily Driver tip you for the last?"

"Climatic and further stated in a mysterious whisper accompanied by a particularly knowing wink—"If Don Antonio wins the 'third' you can have a little extra on Climatic."

"You're an angel in disguise, Bill. I may get out of this beastly mess, after all. Let's get back to the Ring—I see they're clearing the course for the last race."

The two friends hurried back to "Tattersalls" and forcing their way through the struggling crowd, managed to attract the attention of Jack

Cooper, the Leviathan Knight of the pencil.

"What price Climatic?" inquired the Hon. Robert.

"Seven to you, Sir," replied the bookmaker.

"To a hundred, twice," nodded the Hon. Robert—"You're in, I suppose?" turning to his friend.

"Rather," replied the Captain, "go for the 'cigars,' Beans. I'm with you to the limit."

The Hon. Robert moved on and backed Climatic down to 5 to 1, when the stirring shout of "They're off!" signalled the horses were running, and suspended further investments. So the two friends made the best of their way to a place of vantage, and watched with keen interest the result of the momentous race.

With field glasses glued to their eyes, they quickly distinguished the well-known colors of the noble owner of Climatic, "green and yellow." She was well placed and going easily. At the turn her little jockey, one of the most successful lightweights in England, let her out a little, and she promptly went to the head of affairs, taking a nice position on the rails.

"Climatic wins! Even money Climatic! Climatic for a thousand!" yelled the Bookies.

"O! it's a regular walkover!" observed the Hon. Robert, in tones of suppressed delight.

"All over, bar shouting!" observed Captain Courtney, "and by Gad!—what a win!"

The horses were now racing for home, Climatic with a comfortable lead of a couple of lengths. It was then her young pilot turned in triumph to watch the useless struggle of his straining opponents. Alas! it was his own undoing! The filly changed her stride and stumbled. Caught by surprise, the boy lost his balance and horse and rider fell heavily to the ground with a sickening thud.

It was all over, a wretched outsider had beat the favorite a head, and

another sad story was added to the annals of a Black Ascot.

The Hon. Robert carefully placed his glasses back in their case, while his grey-blue eyes looked bravely round at Captain Courtney, who stood watching poor Climatic being led limping away in the distance.

"Well, that about settles it, Bill," said the Hon. Robert, as they slowly followed the crowd hurrying to catch a train for town.

"Did you ever know such rotten luck—what?" exclaimed the still dazed Captain, when they at last secured seats in the crowded train.

"Glorious uncertainty of the turf, Bill!"

"Righto! what's the good of worrying! I let's go to the Club, and make a night of it—what?"

"You're on," replied the Hon. Robert, "we will forget the past in one glorious night—then to-morrow I Well, it's chaos and Canada for me!"

"Bad as all that, old chap? I'm sorry, can I do anything for you?"

"No, thanks, Billie. Just a question of selling out my few effects—drab my little balance, and settling up."

"After that?"

"The deluge! I shall have to touch poor old Stranways again, altho' goodness knows, with poor crops and increased rents, he has about all he can do to keep things going. However, he is good for a bit, especially when he hears I'm cutting the festive 'turf,' and clearing out for Canada. He's fearfully strong on emigration just now, and simply bursting with facts and figures—the glorious possibilities of the Great Northwest, etc., etc."

"Not a bad idea—but beastly cold climate—eh?"

"Not so cold as London, to a man that's broke," observed the Hon. Robert, seriously. "There's simply nothing to do, but follow Stranways's advice—he's been at me again lately. But you know how hard it is for a fellow to break away from this sort of thing. Besides, there's Sam—she

won't understand the situation, and how can I expect her to wait for a 'down-and-outer' like myself?"

"Lady Sara is young," said the Captain, sympathetically. "She would be the first to stand by you. Give her a chance, you'll see; or I'm jolly well mistaken in my guess."

"Well, a truce to worry," exclaimed the Hon. Robert, more blithely. "We still have our evening, let the morrow bring forth what it may. Ah! here we are at last!"

The train reached its terminus and the young men hailed a taxi, and were soon lost in the surging traffic of London Town.

The first thing the Hon. Robert did, when he awoke next morning, was to order his man, Bury, to mix a stiff brandy and soda, which, followed by a cold tub, helped materially in preparing him for the unpleasant duties of the day. He surprised his brother, Lord Stranways, by his early appearance, and himself still more, by the comparatively lucid statement of his affairs, considering that he and the Captain, had only parted a few hours before, in a state of convivial happiness and blissful indifference to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—or such a mere detail as common cash.

His Lordship listened to the confessions of his younger brother with sympathetic interest—especially in reference to emigration.

"Excellent idea, Beans, splendid country, great opportunities. Should have gone there myself years ago, if the Guyvne had given the word. Tell you what I'll do; I'll have Coutis place £200 to your credit at the Bank of Montreal. This, with the little you can save from the wreck should give you a start. I'd like to do more, but you know the condition of affairs here—absolutely impossible!"

The Hon. Robert thanked his brother and they parted as ever, the best of friends, although they had little in common, and really saw very little of one another.

What with selling out, settling accounts and preparing for the journey, the Hon. Robert put in his last few days in England very busily.

The hardest thing of all was explaining matters, and bidding farewell to Lady Sara Bayville.

"Oh! Bob," she exclaimed, after he had recounted his plans and ambitions. "What a bore! the Leathers were going to invite us both for a perfectly ripping house party at their place in Scotland next month." Then more seriously, "I'm awfully sorry, Bob, but it won't make any difference to me, you know! I'll wait ever such a long time, and you will make lots of money, won't you? and come back soon? And, I say, Bob, do be a careful boy, won't you, and not get scalped by the Indians."

"I'll take care of that," said the Hon. Robert, with a laugh, "although, from what I hear, there are other Indians than the noble Reds, who may be hunting for my scalp over there."

"Well, good-bye, Sara." He pressed her fondly to his heart, while their young lips met in a last fond farewell.

"Good-bye, Bob, and—good luck!"

He noted the little break in her voice, and it helped him through many a cheerless hour in the days to come.

Bob sailed the following afternoon on the good ship, *Florentine*. He had booked his passage in the name of Robert Brome, and as Robert Brome he determined to win the smile of fickle fortune entirely on the result of his own efforts.

The wooing of fickle fortune proved more difficult than even he imagined. Gold did not grow on the streets of Montreal, and he drifted from one place to another, from one thing to another, till nearly two empty years passed before a favoring wind wafted him to the little town in western Ontario, which we may call Brownsville. Here he got a job working on a farm owned by Thomas Gibson, who ran a general store, a farm, a saw-mill, etc., and dealt in anything from a thimble to a timber limit, if he thought there was money in it.

Bob soon made good with the shrewd old man, who put him in full charge of the farm, to work on half shares. This life suited Bob to a turn, he worked with his brains, as well as his hands. He dug right in, rose with the sun and retired early. Labored with a cheerful optimism, and success crowned his efforts.

Letters from the Old Country gradually ceased to arrive, except at rare intervals. He heard occasionally from his brother, once in a great while from Lady Sara, and Courtney. His brother he knew had married the widow of a wealthy brewer, while Captain Courtney was still in India, accumulating medals and contracting a liver. As for Lady Sara, the description of her doings only seemed to prove how utterly vain it was for him to ever hope or expect such a beautiful butterfly of fashion to be the bride of a hard-working Canadian farmer.

Soliloquising alone one evening in the early Fall, smoking his cherished briar, Bob's thoughts gradually wandered back to days of the past. Days of happy childhood spent at Castle Stranways, in the midst of the Chiltern Hills, splendid even in decay. On through Eton, then Oxford, careless happy-go-lucky days of early manhood round town. Racing, shooting, yachting, bridge, etc. The good fellows he knew so well, chief among them Billie Courtney, one of the very best. Dearer still, his first meeting with Lady Sara at her father's hunting box Leicestershire. The dutiful attention, next the mild flirtation and happy stolen walks in the moonlight. Then the first awakening of love's young dream. Slowly it all passed, a succession of moving pictures, before his yearning vision.

How he longed once more to see the old friends, the old home, to dine once more at his favorite club, and indulge in an English sole, served in that incomparable style for which the chef was famous. A draught of good English ale, from its native pewter—nectar of the gods, indeed! But

above all to see Sara once more. Would she know him? He pictured her surprise at his rugged sunburnt appearance, the queer cut of his country clothes. How she would smile, and in fancy he could see the dainty dimples peeping in and out on her pretty face. But of course, he would get a new wardrobe from Smither & Jones, before he presented himself.

"Hello! Beans, my boy—what luck?" exclaimed a well-remembered voice at his elbow.

Surprised beyond measure, he looked up and beheld the like form and handsome face of Captain William Courtney. His eyes were glowing with pathetic pleasure, his once bronzed countenance, unnaturally pale and serene.

"Billie, by all that's wonderful! What happy fortune brought you here?" And Bob started to his feet.

"Sit down, old man, don't move, I'm only here for a few minutes" said the Captain in strange low tones. "You remember Climatic?"

Bob nodded in a half stupor, his straining eyes fixed on those of his friend.

"Back her for the Blankshire, she is going to win. Driver says so, and Driver knows."

"But Billie, old boy, you look so queer—are you ill—is anything wrong?"

"No thanks, I'm quite all right now, you know" replied the Captain with a ghost of his old smile, "but don't forget, Beans—Climatic is a certainty! And I say, Beans, spit a bottle of the 'boy' with me if it comes off. Good-bye, old chap!"

"Hang Climatic! Bill, sit down like a good fellow, and tell me about yourself!" cried Bob, again rising and stepping towards his friend. But the Captain was no longer there, he had faded away as mysteriously as he came, and the room remained silent and in darkness.

Bob quickly struck a match. He lit the lamp and gazed around, in

everything was in order, not a thing disturbed.

"Well, by Jove! if that doesn't beat the deuce" he muttered, "I've been dreaming! The more realistic things I ever knew—Would have been a hundred Bill was here. Yet Bill never looked quite so queer in all his life—strange things dreams. Well, I guess I had better turn in now for good, and forget it."

But he didn't forget. Next morning the dream returned to Bob with renewed vividness. He couldn't get it out of his mind. "Climatic" forsooth, but she has been relegated to a hansom cab, or the bonyard long before this. Still, just for the fun of the thing, I'll run down to the Village and get an English paper. It's the 15th to-day—the Blankshire is generally run about the 27th. Probably I can find the entries, or betting quotations—that will settle it."

Bob saddled his mare, and cantered over to Brownville, about three miles distant, and succeeded in getting a fairly late issue of "Lloyd's Weekly." With strangely trembling hands, he searched through the sheets till at length he discovered a paragraph headed latest betting on the "Blankshire Handicap," and there, with a start, he read at the bottom of the quotations—"Climatic, 50 to 1 offered."

"Well, I'm ——!" he ejaculated in surprise "she's certainly in it all right, altho' they don't seem to be running over themselves to back her. However, this paper is two weeks old, and conditions have likely changed since then."

He returned to the farm, but his heart was not in his work, try as he would, and by the time old Gibson drove over on his daily visit Bob had arrived at a determination.

After greetings and some casual conversation Bob blurted out "I say, Mr. Gibson, can I get away for a month, I want to make a flying trip to England."

"Why, of course, my boy," said the old man taken somewhat by surprise. "Coming back?"

"Oh yes," said Bob, "I'll be back, never fear. Everything in pretty good shape. Giles will take hold while I'm away."

"When do you start?"

"I find the Bostonia sails on the 18th, and I want to make Liverpool by the 26th at the latest. She can just do it."

"Good enough," said the old man, who was rather fond of Bob in his dry old way. "You'll have to get a hustle on if you want to make Montreal by the 18th."

"Oh! I can do it easily," said Bob, who thanked his worthy employer, and prepared for his trip.

After packing a few necessary things in an old suit case, Bob drew a biggish sum in crisp Bank of England ten pound notes, and left that night on the International Limited for Montreal; there he boarded the Bostonia, and sailed early next morning for England, home and beauty.

It was a most uninteresting trip, very few passengers and prevailing fogs all the way across. One can imagine, therefore, with what pleasure Bob sighted land at last, and finally placed foot on British soil the night of the 26th.

"Pretty close call at that" reflected he, as with his bag in hand, he made his way to the London & North Western Hotel.

Buying two or three of the evening papers, he retired to his room, and before turning in, read all the news available in reference to the classic "Blankshire," scheduled for the following day.

In the betting Climatic was quoted still at 50 to 1 "taken and offered." She was also on the list of probable starters, although her jockey's name was not mentioned.

One scribe writing from the scene of action, referring to different candidates said, "Among the lighter weights Climatic must be considered,

were one sure she had quite recovered from the severe injury she sustained as a two-year-old. Since then, however, she has seldom run in public and then unsuccessfully in very moderate company."

"Not awfully encouraging" reflected Bob, "Still there is one gleam of hope, one oasis in the desert—old Driver still trains her, and if she's good enough for him to keep, she can't be absolutely worthless. Then there's dear old Bill's supernatural tip. Well, here's for bed—to-morrow will prove all things!"

Bob rose early next morning and took the first train for "Blankshire," which landed him in that historic old town about noon, in time for lunch at the Rutland. After an excellent cold collation, Bob strolled leisurely up to the course and wandered round reviewing old scenes, watching the various horses parading in the paddock. He encountered many well-remembered faces, of casual acquaintances, trainers, toots, bookmakers, jockeys and all the varied mixtures of mankind that go to make up the great racing fraternity. Of course, no one recognized Bob Broome in his weird, country-cut garments, as the erstwhile, fashionable, well-groomed man about town. But little did he care for that; it caused a smile, for he was there for a purpose, and the outcome of that purpose was all that interested him at that moment.

The course was being cleared for the first event, which Bob watched with the keen interest of the true sportsman, for he loved horses. He saw the second race won by the favorite which carried the good King's Royal colors. The victory created an ovation and proved how fondly His Majesty rested in the hearts of his subjects.

Then Bob returned to the paddock, and after a diligent search, discovered Climatic, looking wonderfully fit, in the course of saddling, under the superintendence of the astute Driver

himself. He examined her critically; she seemed full of life, and her bay coat shone like satin.

"Good enough," concluded Bob. "She's here, she's well, and I'm going to see the bally thing through to the limit—come what may!"

Having reached this conclusion, Bob returned to Tattersalls, where specialisation was in full force. The bookies were offering 5 to 2 the Field, 4 to 1 Tipster, 6 to 1 Merrytrip, 6 to 1 Lonia, too to 14 Gildersleeve, and so on, while Climatic with two or three other horses was offered at 50 to 1. The odds were tempting, but still Bob held on, and turned to watch the parade, for the contestants, a field of twenty-six, were now passing the stands. Very beautifully they looked, trained to perfection, stepping proudly before their critics, with a seeming knowledge of their great importance and responsibilities.

Climatic was ridden by a young apprentice from the Driver stables, a bright, likely looking lad. As for the mare, she walked sedately, but looked fit to run for her life. The horses turned slowly, and then cantered sharply past on their way to the starting post.

Once more pandemonium broke loose, and wagering was carried on at feverish heat. The betting rings presented one seething mass of struggling humanity.

"Ere!" shouted a stentorian voice, "I'll lay 66 to 1 Ballinger, 66 to 1 Turnover, 66 to 1 Climatic." It was old Ben Morton and Bob knew him well as a sound man. Pushing his way to the front he shouted through the din "Climatic to a hundred!"

"What name?" briskly inquired old Ben, who thought he half recognized the face of an old client.

"Cash" replied Bob, passing ten crisp notes into the Bookie's capacious hand.

"Like it again, Sir?" inquired the obliging Ben, scintling a Juggins.

Bob hesitated. Suddenly the vision of Courtney appeared before him.

and once more he seemed to hear the echo of his voice saying, "Climatic is a certainty!"

"Yes, to five hundred!" cried Bob on the spur of the moment, handing Ben the balance of his precious wad, receiving a ticket in exchange.

Bob turned quickly to look for his old friend, almost expecting to see him in the immediate crowd—but not a sign of Courtney could he discover. "Well! if that doesn't beat the deuce, I'm a Rotterdam Dutchman!" he muttered, edging his way through the mass of packed humanity. "Jove! I'm in for it now, right up to the hilt. Five hundred of the best, well! I'm either inspired, or a fit subject for a lunatic asylum."

Once more he heard that thrilling shout "They're off," and he secured the best place possible to watch the great struggle for the "Blankshire." The course was a straight one, about one mile in length, but he could see little of the race till half the distance had been covered. At last he distinguished the well remembered colors of Climatic, bringing up the rear.

On they came, a glorious mass of flashing colors, while the thundering ring of hoofs and shouts of the excited multitude filled the air. The jockeys were now hard at it, whip and spur, tooth and nail.

"The favorite wins! The favorite for a hundred!" yells the crowd. "No, the favorite's beat! It's Tipster! Tipster, come along Tipster!"

"Here! What's that in green and yellow on the right?" shouts the voice of a well known hacker.

"Climatic! Climatic! Climatic! Thousand to one on Climatic" roars the ring, and Climatic it was. She came out like a streak at the distance, shot by the leaders, and won in a romp by two lengths.

Bob stepped quietly down from the stand, and waited the final cry "All right." It came at last, as he knew it would. Of course it was all right—she made no mistake this time. Her little pilot rode to orders and took no

chances. The "Gratwick" stables had brought off another great coup, and that silent old veteran, Williams Driver, bidding his time patiently, had added another great victory to his splendid record, incidentally scoring his third "Blankshire."

Bob walked over to Ben Morton and with strange pleasure gave the old man his real name.

"Well, well!" chuckled the worthy Ben, "Glad to see you again, sir. Rather thought your face looked sort of familiar, like! Hope to see you often, sir; maybe you'd like me to settle, eh?"

"No," replied Bob, "You might let me have a hundred and send me your cheque for the balance, or my Cooties."

Bob did not wait for the final events, but drove to the station and took the first train for Town. He arrived at St. Pancras about 8 o'clock, hailed a taxi and drove direct to the "Cavalry Club" to find out, if possible, whether Captain Courtney was in town by chance.

The hall porter was a new man, and did not know Captain Courtney but would inquire.

"Pardon me," said a short, erect gentleman, with a deeply lined brown face, and a grizzled grey moustache, "did you inquire for Captain Courtney of the—th Dragoons?"

"Yes," replied Bob, raising his hat, "Captain Courtney was an old friend and I am particularly anxious to know whether he is in town, or where his regiment is stationed. My name is Brome."

"I am Colonel Grey, Mr. Brome, and regret exceedingly to say poor Courtney was assassinated in India—found dead in his tent. Most mysterious thing. It is feared Courtney suffered for the faults of others. His native orderly disappeared—probably a political crime."

"When was the crime committed?" Inquired Bob, infinitely distressed.

"Cable despatch says the night of the 14th."

A STRANGE TIP

"Thank you, sir," said Bob, with bowed head and saddened heart. "Poor old Bill—By Jove it's too bad!"

"Another victim to the vacillating policy of our precious government," said the Colonel, turning to re-enter his Club, while Bob raised his hat and walked slowly away in deep thought.

He secured a room at a small private hotel in Jermyn Street, frequented often by him in his undergraduate days, and where he had pressed his suit case from Liverpool.

When he entered the old familiar coffee room he could hardly imagine so many years had elapsed. Everything looked exactly as he remembered it in the days gone by, even to old Thomas, the waiter, who stood at his side, rubbing expectant hands, a paternal smile on his rubicund features.

The sad news of Courtney's death had entirely robbed Bob of any particular desire for food, but he glanced through the menu and ordered a light repast. From the wine card he selected a reliable brand of vintage champagne—a pint bottle and two glasses.

"Poor old Bill; he asked me to split a bottle of the "boy" with him if Climatic won—Maybe his spirit is hovering round now. I'd give all I possess if he were only here."

Slowly he filled his glass, and standing up, he leaned across the table, and reverently clinked the empty glass. "Here's to you, dear old Bill," he said solemnly, with subdued emotion—"you were always one of the best—God bless you!"

The following month, Lady Saca Bayville and the Hon. Robert Norman Beanyngeon-Brome were married by special license, at a quiet wedding in Hanover Square. Only the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony in consequence of the recent decease of the bride's father, the late Baron Bayville, of Lynne.

The honeymoon was spent at Castle Stranways, loaned the young couple by Lord Stranways, the groom's brother. There they spent a month of unclouded happiness, returning to Canada later in the year.

A more perfect or better run farm does not exist in Western Ontario than "The River Farm," owned by Robert Brome, and its interior arrangements and ménage are equally attractive, thanks to the excellent taste and charming personality of Mrs. Brome.

As for Mr. Robert William Courtney Brome, Junior, he is certainly the most wonderful baby in the world, and if you do not believe me, you can ask his unprejudiced mother, and I'm sure she will quickly convince you the truth of this statement.

In conclusion I might add, Robert Brome has never set foot on a race-course since the running of that sensational "Blankshire," or made another wager on a horse. In fact his interest in racing is a thing of the past and it is only with extreme reluctance, even now, that he refers to the mysterious visitation of his poor murdered friend and the great coup which resulted from "A Strange Tip."

While experience is the dependable thing, we must have fancy and hope as well, or we make little progress. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," said the apostle of the sure thing.—Frank A. Mussey.

Important Articles of the Month

Milwaukee, a Socialist City

MILWAUKEE, an orderly and prosperous middle western city of 400,000 inhabitants, has placed in the hands of the local Socialist organization, known as the Social Democratic Party, with a Socialist mayor, council and board of supervisors. The Socialist government was inaugurated on April 9. What this government is accomplishing in Milwaukee is told by Charles Edward Russell, who was commissioned by *Success Magazine* to study the question.

Nevertheless, in the opinion of the community, they have begun to make good. After three months of so much control as conditions allow, there seems to be no question about that. Indeed, were not these observations might be made on the general result in which the once despised Socialists are now held? Many men that is to say enforce the Socialist faith told me that the Socialists were perfectly honest; they were visionaries, no doubt, and they could never do what they had planned to do, but they were honest. The able opposition press, taking over the daily records, has found much to commend and little to blame in the new administration. Pre-election visions of incompetence, like the fantastic prophecies of riot, bloodshed and anarchy, are now average citizens' jests. On trial, Milwaukee's like an Socialist Municipal business has flowered on with exceeding smoothness; the city has never been safer nor more orderly, its credit has not been impaired. Observers generally admit that good men have filled the offices. No one has pretended decreased efficiency anywhere; in some directions the work is better done; in all, the ma-

tention is manifest to have it well done. This is not the comment of a casual visitor. I am repeating what was told me by non-Socialist residents. A few of them said that what Milwaukee really needed, of course, was a straight Republican administration, or a straight Democratic (according to the preference of the speaker); but since Providence had not sent such a blessing, the present condition was well enough and meantime the Socialists might show what they could.

Even the most hostile admit that the Socialists have already done some good things in Milwaukee.

The most straightforward out the city's finances. They have separated the receipts from bond receipts. They found in use methods of accounting that are totally discredited in all modern business houses. Such old style letter-files as were used by Andrew Jackson and Jefferson Davis had been discarded. Some department offices had no inventories to furnish to their successors. The new administration began to introduce new systems. Hereafter "when a citizen wants to know how and where certain funds are going, it will not be necessary to send to New York or Chicago for a commission of accountants as has been frequently the case in the past."

Property accountability is being established and the council has arranged to install a cost-keeping system so that hereafter any citizen can know at any time what is the cost of every square yard of pavement, every foot of sewer, every item in every other improvement.

This in itself will probably work the death of contractors and in any event it will make clear at a glance the exact profit that every contractor will reap from his job. All "sangs" have been abolished in the public service. No more sinecures are maintained for political henchmen, and not one place is given out

as a reward for political service. All the city employees work eight hours a day—except the mayor and the department heads. They work from ten to fourteen, as the case may be. Unnecessary offices have been eliminated. The Department of Public Works had been administered by a band of three men; the new administration dismissed two of these and made one do the work. It found a city gas inspector and a city chemist, each drawing a salary and each devoting part of his time to private business. The Socialists consolidated these offices and made the incumbent devote all his time to the city. They found in the city clerk's office an officer called the license and chattel mortgage clerk. He did not seem to have much to do, so they dispensed with his services. They found another called the inspector of bridges, whose functions seemed to be largely ornamental, as they dispensed with him also. They went through the departments, cutting out the easy jobs and reducing expenses.

Mr. Russell shows how the spoils idea has been absolutely rejected and efficiency has been made the only test. The saloons have been made to live up to a certain standard. Schoolhouses are being turned into social centres for the people. Experts have been employed to look after the health department and other public utility departments.

The whole community seems satisfied with the administration, with the exception of the Socialists themselves. Owing to the control of the State Legislature, they are hampered in many directions.

With all its advantages and attractions nevertheless, Milwaukee is going the way of the typical American industrial centre, and it was this tendency that the Socialists sought to reform. A large and rapidly growing part of the working population exists as a rule badly housed in administrative regions and without prospects except of toil and sleep. There were good schools, but not enough of them, and at one time only four per cent of the public school pupils went beyond the grammar grades. Because of the extremes of partisan politics, great vital problems like water supply and sewage disposal were shifted from one administration to another. Everybody knew they ought to be met and nobody cared to meet them. With the city grew and grew, a coherent plan to beautify it and direct its growth was lacking. The poor worked long hours,

got little pay, found scant enjoyment in life and were at the mercy of chance or caprice. Sometimes, in the winter, thousands of men were without work. Nobody seemed to care much about these matters. Government was a director large for the benefit of a well-to-do class, the proletarian who were, claimed to say, a numerically inconsiderable part of the community. Except for philanthropic experiments, the poor shifted for themselves. Most intelligent persons knew quite well, and, if asked, would admit that the effect of prevailing conditions would be disastrous upon the generations to come. It was evident that bad housing and unsanitary surroundings, unbreathing toil and monotonous lives, would produce in time a population morally inferior and physically defective. But while everybody knew this, nobody in authority seemed to care very much about it. Other purposes were neglected to further the political fortunes of individuals, and this was achieved by serving the contractors and increasing the vice interests, with which the corporation interests looted hands.

The corporations had at all times much to do about the affairs. When they wanted a new railway they got it by importing fraudulent voters, by giving liberally to campaign funds, and by controlling or corrupting public officers, they exercised the final power in politics. They disfigured the city, ruined the sit of some regions, killed citizens on the vested railroad lines, spread disease and furnished inferior service at high prices. Everybody knew these things, but no administration would deal with them because of the great power of the corporations in politics and business.

In other words, Milwaukee was just like every other great city in America.

The Socialists desired to change all this; their conception of government was that it should be conducted for the good of the people and not as part of the political game. They held seriously and consistently to the idea of John Weller's motto that "All for the good you can do to all the people you can."

Here are things they proposed to achieve for Milwaukee as declared in their city's platform:

Home rule.
Public ownership of public utilities.
A municipal terminal and municipal wharves.
Equal and just taxation.
Public slaughterhouses; public markets; public cold storage.
Public improvement by the city; no contract system.

Municipal quarry; wood and coal yards; ice plant; work for the municipality.

Extension of the city limits; sanitary houses, factories and schools; playgrounds for children.

Dispensaries, four hospitals.

Public comfort stations.

Sewage and garbage disposal.

Small parks; shade trees; the abolition of slum neighborhoods; a municipal lodging house to abate the tramp nuisance.

School extensions; free text books; free concerts in the parks; social centers.

Free treatment for all city employees; no dismissals without public trial.

Now, the Socialists would agree that these proposals are sane, reasonable and for the public advantage. In fact, many of them were copied into the platforms of the local Republican and Democratic parties.

But the Socialists, having a mandate from the community to carry out these improvements, found the mandate nullified by the legal swaddling clothes in which the city was bound up.

For home rule and the public ownership of public utilities they must beseach the Legislature. The street railroad monopoly had a franchise for twenty-five years. The gas monopoly had a franchise for twenty years. The administration attempted to build a municipal electric lighting plant that would save money and release the city from another monopoly, but somebody had recourse to the handy injunction and the courts made it permanent. They tried to build a hospital for contagious diseases (already authorized by popular vote and a thing most sorely needed) and were blocked by the non-Socialistic minority in the Common Council. The bond issue required a vote of three-fourths of the council, and while the Socialists had a fair majority they did not have three-fourths.

The municipal terminal, municipal wharves, public slaughter-house, cold storage plant, dispensaries, sewage disposal and other good things they found to be blocked either by the charter, by the necessity for legislative sanction, or by the condition of the city finances.

Parasitic, Physical and Mental Culture

The commonly held idea that training in mathematics, Latin, Greek, etc., builds up a general fund of energy and skill that is a source of strength to the individual, no matter what calling he may pursue in after life, receives very severe criticism from Dr. George E. Dawson in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Dr. Dawson bases his conclusion that such development is hurtful rather than beneficial, from the basic fact that nature will not tolerate a functionless organ. To develop the brain in one direction and then to allow this part of the brain to become atrophied through disuse is bound to work harm.

In the evolution of life, wherever any organic structure has fallen into disuse, it has forthwith come under the law of atrophy and elimination. Until this law of atrophy and elimination is satisfied, the useless organ is a drain upon the vitality of the organism as a whole. It gives no equivalent for the support it derives from the life of which it is a

part. In other words, it is parasitic. As a parasitic organ, moreover, it not only uses up energy that should go to the other organs that have a vital function to perform, but it also tends to become diseased and thus to impair the health of the entire organism.

There are numerous illustrations in the human body of the disease and atrophy of organs, as well as of the incomplete elimination and disease of such organs. Thus there are many muscular structures such as those of the puma, ocelot, and the platypus myoides, that are at present functionless and far on the way to complete atrophy. These useless organs are comparatively harmless, though in strict truth, they must be nourished at the expense of the rest of the physical life. There are other functionless organs, however, that are not so harmless. Such is the vermiform appendix, in man a useless and retrogressive structure, which is apt to become the seat of serious disease. Such also are various functionless ducts, as, for example, the paravomeron, which frequently become the seats of tumors more or less malignant and destructive of life.

All these useless and, in a sense, parasitic organs of the human body, which

modern research in the fields of physical anthropology, anatomy and embryology has brought to light and explained, point to laws of development that have a profound significance for every department of effort in which the control and improvement of man's life is an object.

In the department of physical science it has been contended for generations that certain courses of discipline will give a fund of physical energy that may be available for all the demands of subsequent life.

But here the accumulated observations and inductions of science have begun to suggest troublesome questions. Is this more or less artificious muscular development of body and soul? It has been observed by physiologists that very frequently athletic types of manhood have weak hearts, weak lungs and weak vital organs generally. Often their health and efficiency in later life are poor; and, in one or two cases, they break down prematurely. These observations have set both medical men and teachers of physical culture to thinking, and we are now being told that there is danger of overdeveloping the muscular system; that overdeveloped muscles impose a severe drain upon the rest of the organism; and that all muscular development, unless it is utilized, becomes a tax upon bodily energy, and may give rise to disease. Only very recently a naval officer, who was an athlete while in the naval academy, is reported as having failed to make the required test of physical fitness; and his physician attributes his failure to his earlier muscular development in excess of the needs of his later life. That is to say, his vitality was reduced through parasitic muscular culture.

All this suggests that we can not store up a fund of physical energy through specially devised forms of physical training. Indeed, the term "general culture" as applied to the organic life is probably a misnomer. The culture we get from gymnastic training and from the athletic field is mainly spiritual in character, and is applicable mainly, or solely, to the types of physical activity that constitute the training. Hence the energy derived from such culture does not become available for the organism as a whole, but is limited to the special organs that have been trained; and unless these organs continue to perform the functions for which they were trained, they become useless and a detriment to the organism. Functionless physical structures derived through the artificial exercises of any form of physical culture thus fall under the general biological law of atrophy, with all

its attendant consequences of waste and disease. The only really economical form of physical culture, biologically speaking, is the culture derived through performing activities associated with the natural, that is to say, fundamental and long-established functions of life. These are, generally, the apprenticeship productive activities of manhood and womanhood, each performed under normal conditions of stimulus and environment.

Turning to the culture of the mind, Dr. Dawson finds an analogous situation there. Experimental psychology has shown that human experience is mediated by specialized nervous organs and that the culture desired therefore is special, and not general, in character.

It is clear, that those educators who will subject an adolescent girl to five or six years of severe training in higher mathematics and science, will be perceptibly challenged as to why they do it. They should be asked to show, in terms more scientific and modern than most of the vague opinions one commonly hears about "culture," just how the fund of power that is supposed to be generated by mathematical study, is in fact generated, and how it becomes available throughout the girl's subsequent life. So, too, these same educators should be asked to give reason why they compel an adolescent boy to spend five or more years upon the study of Latin before they will accredit him as being educated. What is there in this comparatively immense expenditure of time and energy upon Latin that will develop organic functions continuously available for the boy's mental efficiency and usefulness in the world? How does nervous mechanism, with its infinitely complex system of nerves and connecting fibers, function through and for the study of the Latin language, become adapted for all other mental processes? In short, it is time to read a new and compelling significance into the old query of instructive common sense as to what is the value of the so-called culture that is doled out to our children in the secondary schools and colleges.

What is the effect upon the girl's life of having to support an elaborate nervous mechanism for dealing with mathematical symbols and dead concepts which she never has occasion to use? What is the effect upon the boy's life of having to support a nervous mechanism for declaiming Latin verbs, and construing Latin sentences, which he never has occasion

to use? May not these unused nervous organs become parasitic upon the nervous vitality, just as the unused muscles of the athlete become parasitic upon the general organic vitality? It may seem to some little less than fantastic to suggest such a result. And yet, if we believe that life is a biological unit, and

that the laws controlling it are identical in nature and operation, there is no escaping this conclusion. Moreover, there are many peculiarities in the nervous and psychic constitutions of a considerable number of educated men and women that await a plausible theory to account for them.

False Teeth and False Hopes

That the possession of a set of false teeth may tend to shorten one's life is a thesis, maintained by Dr. J. C. Bayles in the *Independent*. According to the writer, "A battle royal between the physicians and dentists" may be expected to follow an investigation of this master now being made under the auspices of some of the chief medical societies.

The question under investigation is the influence of artificial teeth upon health and longevity. This demands a wide range of observation. Even with good care and conservative dentistry, it is unusual to keep natural teeth comfortable and useful beyond the age of fifty. The reengagement of the mouth with certain substitutes, as for most people who are thus reported, a practical rejuvenation. Primarily, the teeth greatly improved in appearance. The hollows in the cheeks are filled out, the mouth closes only as far as it should, and ugly gaps are made slightly. Nine in ten of these he meets are frank enough to say "Why you look ten years younger!" Among other agreeable sensations, the possessor of a new set of artificial teeth that sit fairly well rejoices in the conviction that he "Can eat anything"—which may ordinarily be interpreted to mean that, as opportunity offers, he will eat everything. Then the trouble begins. The appetites of youth assert themselves and the teeth are helpless. Solid meats which, without teeth, could be eaten only when stewed soft or minced, once more appeal as substantial steaks and gorgonzola roasts, and are relished the more because of the long deprivation, recalled with impatience. People thus rejuvenated are very apt to eat a great deal too much and to include in their dietary many things they had better avoid. As a rule, the evil effects of such excesses are not immediately observed. The first symptoms of overeating are

likely to be stimulation. The victim of self-indulgence thinks he is building up his body and health by a sumptuous diet; as a matter of fact, he is raising his steam pressure with the safety-valve locked, congesting his fire-pot with obstructive clinkers, and banking ashes up to the grate-bars. That he "never felt better in his life" is possibly true; but he probably does not know that every competent physician would recognize in the steady gain in his waist measure a danger signal of the most alarming kind. Soon an unexpected trouble begins, so insidiously that it is not clearly recognized. The plate which holds the upper teeth gradually loses its original fit. This is not because it changes shape, but because the denture does. All living tissue resents pressure and resists it. To have a new plate made is often as this happens is costly, and for most people quite out of the question. So they tolerate the discomfort as long as it can be borne, and during this period it is much easier to neglect adequate mastication than to practice self-denial. The results are soon seen in acute indigestion, inflammations of the intestinal tract, constipation, malnutrition, perhaps appendicitis, and other serious and possibly fatal consequences. That a great multitude is killed every year by the excesses rendered possible by artificial dentition can not be doubted."

Up to a certain point, Dr. Bayles concedes, dentistry and dental surgery are of great benefit to the human race. Not the possession, but the abuse of teeth menaces health and life. Beyond the age of fifty, prudence and moderation in eating are not less necessary after one can bite hard or tough substances than before. "Old age" begins much sooner with some than with others. Sometimes it is seen in children; frequently in young persons.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES OF THE MONTH

It is accompanied and characterized by impairment of the structure and functions of the body, more or less rapid according to circumstances. The writer goes on:

The lessened capacity of the stomach and its decreased muscular and nervous energy impose not only moderation in eating and drinking, but dependence upon foods easily digested and quickly assimilated, with avoidance from those which are found to be attended with evil results. The gastric juices and intestines, which are present in smaller quantity than in youth and are less energetic in action, and in the absence of and variable nutrition of the elderly and old the usefulness of the teeth steadily diminishes. This is shown by the fact that a vast majority of those who eat very old age do without them.

The foods to be avoided are then indicated, and some sound advice is given on the restraint of appetites. We read:

Even for one in as vigorous health as is possible after fifty or fifty-five, very little meat is needed and it should be in the form imposing least effort in mastication and assimilation. Milk and eggs are the best of the animal foods, and most vegetables require thorough

cooking. With the decline of physical and mental activity which characterizes declining years, there is a decreasing demand for what are deemed "heavy" foods. It does not follow, however, that the desire for improper and too abundant foods increases when they become dangerous, or that years always bring wisdom in matters of diet. That artificial teeth favor such immoderation is undoubted truth, and the conclusion is indicated that new teeth in old mouths are like the new wine in old bottles of the parable. It is to be regretted that artificial dentition as often attempts to imprudent, growing out of forgetfulness of the fact that one may look ten years and feel twenty years younger without having set back the hands of the dial one point.

In this fatiguing trifling with chronology lies the danger of false teeth, especially in the case of those who have so far advanced in years decay that they have no other use for a double equipment of teeth than to deceive others and, still worse, deceive themselves. It is not the fault of the dentist that artificial teeth are abused; a dereliction of duty on his part is found in his failure to warn his patient's that, after sixty, teeth are surely useful as ornaments and will so remain until surgery has found a way to substitute new artificial viscera for organs worn out or incapacitated.

Picturesque Tales of Porcupine

Of the new El Dorado in Northern Ontario, Edwin Morris writes entertainingly in *Pearson's Magazine*. He gives some readable stories of the discovery of the Porcupine Camp and of the earlier adventures of one Bill Woodsen in the same region.

There is about as much uncertainty with regard to who first discovered gold in Porcupine as there is with regard to who discovered America. George Bannerman, however, appears to be the Columbus of the occasion. Bannerman, an old prospector, in July, 1906, scraped the moss from a bit of the surface of a projecting rock and saw wet flakes of shining gold staring up at him from the quartz. But the first great discovery

was made by a gang of prospectors headed by Jack Wilson. Wilson, or one of his associates—no two reports on this point are alike—found the great "Dome" that bears Wilson's name. The "Dome" is a ridge of rock, 550 feet long, 40 to 80 feet wide, 20 to 30 feet above ground, and no one yet knows how deep, that is heavily laden with gold. Pull the moss from it anywhere and there is gold. Three shafts have gone down 100 feet and still there is gold, with the bottom of the rock yet to be reached.

Nothing in the history of the gold-mining belt better illustrates the eccentricities of gold-miners than the discovery of the "Dome." The discovering party consisted of three men, headed by Jack Wilson. The expedition was financed by

a Chicago man named Edwards, who was engaged in the manufacture of lighting fixtures. Edwards was to put up all the money in return for a half interest in anything that might be discovered. Wilson was to have a quarter interest, and each of the other two an eighth.

For several weeks they prospected, first to the east of Porcupine Lake, in Whitsunday township, then to the west, in Tisdale township. They found gold and staked some claims. But the great "Dome," although they camped, some of the time, within sight of it, almost escaped them. It was finally discovered, according to the story that is generally believed, only because one of Wilson's substitutes stumbled across it. He was not a miner, knowing nothing about geology, but did know enough to sample of moss. Also, he had eyes. When the moss was off, he could not help seeing the gold. The great ridge that was henceforth to be known as the "Wilson Dome" had been found. Stakes were driven and claim laid to the huge boulders.

Now comes the first amazing feature of the discovery of the "Dome." The discoverers, it would appear, knew little about gold mining. At any rate, none was a mining engineer, or even an experienced prospector for gold. Nobody knew whether the find was of great value. Apparently, none of them had the slightest conception of what the great rock was worth. At any rate, Wilson's two substitutes, who wanted money, sold half interests in their "eighths" for \$1,000 each. Each was thus left with a sixteenth interest in the mine.

The man who, according to this story, actually discovered the "Dome" had a passion for diamonds. During the preceding winter he had hopped across the aisle of a railway car and feverishly clasped the hand of a man who were a big magistrate. The passenger was about ready to "knock his block off," as one of the miners explained when he realized that the man who was gazing so intently at the ring only wanted to look at it. So, when the discoverer of the "Dome" received the \$1,000 for which he exchanged half of his interest in the mine, he at once put himself in communication with a Toronto jewelry firm, which took his \$1,000 and sent him two soft-travelers, big enough to choke a chicken.

"After that," said a miner, "he was

a great sight in the bush, with his big rings. He was the only man north of Cobalt who wore diamonds."

Another good story is related of the way "Bill" Davidson, an old prospector, met with a piece of ill-luck, merely because a fat porcupine chanced to cross his path.

"Bill" was prospecting in Tisdale township—the heart of what has since been proved to be the gold country. Believing that the high spots were most likely to contain gold, he had climbed trees to see which spots were the highest. He had gone to the spot that seemed to be the most favorable, and begun staking off his claims. With swinging stride he was measuring off the distances—100 steps, 1,320 feet, the length of a claim. For every 100 steps he crooked a finger on a hand. He had crooked three fingers, and had but another 100 paces to go when a porcupine crossed his path.

"Bill" stopped both walking and counting and drew his gun. He could not resist, because the stomach had countermanded all orders of the brain. With a single shot he dropped the porcupine. But when he resumed counting, instead of crooking three fingers, he crooked two. As a result, he staked, on the last claim, 100 paces more than the law allowed. If he had not stopped to shoot the porcupine, and thus lost count, he would have staked an additional claim, because he knew that all the ground included within his incorrect stakings looked good.

A few days later Ben Hollinger came along and beginning at a point somewhat beyond where Davidson had stopped staking, staked claims back toward Davidson's property. When the Ontario mining officials had figured the matter out, it was found that the two adjoining claims of Davidson and Hollinger overlapped. In other words, it was discovered that Davidson's last claim was unlawfully long.

Of course, Hollinger's lawful claim stood, as against Davidson's unlawful claim, and "Bill" had to give up part of his last claim. Moreover, he gave it up cheerfully. Perhaps he gave it up more cheerfully than he would have given it, if he had known how rich it was in gold. Maybe not. At any rate, the 100 paces of land that Bill didn't get con-

tinued what has since become known as the "Hollinger vein," with enough gold in it to buy beans for some time.

But what is said to be the best tale of all relates to Bill Woodney. The winter before Porcupine was discovered, Bill was in Cobalt. He was given a rich piece of gold quartz by a widow, whose husband had found it near Lake Abitibi.

Her husband and two other men whom she named had found the vein. They had not staked their claims and registered them with the government at Toronto, because such registration would have been a notification to the world that they had found gold in the region. Winter was near when the discovery was made and they wanted to return in the spring, prospect the country thoroughly, and stake out everything in sight.

During the following winter, the husband of the woman who was so soon to become a widow was seriously injured in a mill. In a few days, he realized that death was near. He sent for the two prospectors who had accompanied him to Lake Abitibi. They came.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I've got to die. I can't get back with you in the spring to stake the claims. I want you to promise me that if I die you will give the old woman a third of what we found last year."

The men promised. The wife heard them. But she didn't believe them. Something in the way they said they would make her believe they wouldn't. So, after her husband died, she told her friend "Bill" Woodney about it. She wanted to know what she could do.

"You needn't do anything," said Bill, "I'll do it for you."

The widow had told Bill who the men were. He knew them. He knew where they were working. Bill hired out in the same place. In the course of a few weeks, one of them told him that they were going to quit at a certain time in the spring and take a long canoe and hunting trip in the country far to the north.

That was good enough clue for Bill. Two weeks before the announced time for the men to start, Woodney quit his job, packed his kit and started for Lake Abitibi himself. Get a map of Upper Canada and you will see how rivers and

lakes are so interlaced that, by occasionally carrying a canoe a short distance, one can go, in summer, almost anywhere. Woodney knew the river by which they would enter the lake. His plan was to beat them to the lake entrance, hide in the bush at the opening until they came along, and then follow them—at a safe distance, of course.

When he reached the lake, he drew his canoe from the water, hid it in the "push," as Canadians call a forest, and prepared to wait. Bill wasn't exactly nervous, but he knew he should not be reckless. His life, if he were found, would quite likely go out rather suddenly. His old companions of the winter time would know he was following them. So, he built no fire, and ate concentrated food tablets, and such other provisions as he could prepare without making smoke.

On the eighth day of his vigil, he saw the sight that he waited so long to see. Down the placid river came two canoes, cutting their ways through the cool waters and leaving fatigued Indians in the rear. Bill hardly dared to breathe as they were going by. He didn't dare move until sometime afterward. But when the canoes were mere specks in the lake, Woodney crawled from the brush, put his canoe in the water, loaded it with his provisions, axes and so on, and set out for the chase.

Late in the afternoon, Bill saw the two specks disappear in what seemed to be an inlet. He kept in the offing until dusk, paddled what he believed to be a safe distance past the point where the men disappeared, and then landed. A mile back from the lake was a high hill. Bill made for it. He knew he could best see from the hill, what was going on. He knew the men would build fires. From the hill, he might see the fires in the daytime, and thus know precisely where the men were. From the hill, he could hardly fail to see the fires at night.

The first night, there was no fire, but the next day Bill saw a blue spiral of smoke curling from the bushes back of the lake. His business was to watch the men, day by day and night by night, and when their fires no longer burned, and realize that they had gone, go down to the place where they had been, find their staked claims, and stake others all around them.

For five days and nights, the fires burned. Then there was no more fire, day or night. Evidently, the men had gone. Bill wanted to be sure, so he waited three more days. Then he went down to the lake where his canoe was hidden, put it into the water, took pains to observe that there was on the lake no sign of human life, then slowly paddled his way along the shore, looking for the inlet.

He found it. From the lake, it looked like a crooked finger of water, perhaps twenty rods long, not more than 100 yards wide at the opening, and tapering down to a point. As silently as only a Canadian woodsman knows how to paddle a canoe, Woodney turned his craft into the inlet and began the ascent. Dewey slept into Manila Bay no more carefully than Bill crept up this arm of the lake. He felt no danger, perhaps—why should he, the men were away—but everything seemed to make it fitting that he should be quiet. Nature herself was quiet. The fathomless silences of the far North were about him. Besides, he had waited long and traveled far to reach this day and place. Within the hour, he might see the vein, whence came the widow's quartz.

Bill was paddling as quietly as he could when, at the "knuckle" of the water-finger—a point where the inlet was not more than 50 feet wide—he suddenly saw on the left bank—the two prospectors! The next instant, one of the men threw an ax at Bill's canoe that all but cut it in two and sank it as quickly as a mine could sink a battleship.

Woodney doesn't know yet why he is alive. He seemed to have no chance to live. It was two against one and the one was in the water. So were his food, his weapons and his tools. If he were not murdered during the next second, it seemed certain that he would starve during the next month. Not that he thought out all of these things while he was sinking. He thought out nothing. All he did was to act first and think afterward. A few strokes with his hands and a few kicks with his feet put him against the bank. No rabbit ever took a trill faster than Bill took in the brush. He didn't stop at the bank, like a dog, to shake himself. Probably he didn't know he was wet. All he knew was that he wanted to get away, and he ran because he couldn't fly.

Bill needed no wings. His legs answered every purpose. When he stopped running, he again seemed to be alone in the northland. He could not see the lake; nor the inlet; nor the hill from which he had watched the first at night. Brush, brush, trees, trees—everywhere. They seemed like friends, too. Life-preservers—every one of them. Stretched under a hush, he lay stiller than he ever set in a canoe. A crackling twig might betray him to his pursuers, if they were near. He lay this way until nearly sundown. And the next thing he knew, it was morning.

Sleep, and a little time to dull the edge of memory, make brave men of us all. Bill hardly needed the restorative, yet they helped him. When he awoke, he arose. He didn't know where he was, except that he was somewhere west of the lake, so he looked at the shadows. He knew the lake was in the opposite direction from which the shadows pointed. He had no particular reason for wanting to go toward the lake, but he started. The forest seemed like a race-track when Bill sprinted in; it seemed like a cage, now that he was going out. But fate guided Bill's feet, and before nightfall, he was again at his old watchtower—the top of the hill.

Home is sweet, even if there is nothing in it—and the top of the hill looked good to Bill. Now that hunger was beginning to bore holes through his abdomen, it even seemed pleasantly tantalizing to look at the spot where, a few days before, he had eaten real food. And while Woodney, looking even a piece of twine, was cheerfully trying to figure out how he could make a quail-trap, right came on and he saw—

The campfire, down by the inlet!

The rest of this story can be told in short sentences. Hunger, within the next forty-eight hours, drove Woodney into the very camp of the men who would have slain him. He crept up to them, late at night, and stole their food. He could not steal much at a time, but he stole enough to keep him alive. He stole, not once, but three times. The next time he went to steal, they were not there. They had packed up camp and gone, bag and baggage. He took his life in his hands the next day and went down to see the claims they had staked. He didn't find a stick, or a sign of a claim. He couldn't even find anything himself

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that seemed worth claiming. The men had been crafty, he reasoned. They had not camped near where they meant to strike. Perhaps after spying him in the inlet, and throwing the axe at him, they had decided not to strike anything until the next summer. He could only surmise. He could be certain only that the men had disappeared, that his trip had come to nothing, and that he was 300 miles from Cobalt, with nothing to get home on but his feet.

"Dad" Cook is said to have looked somewhat thin and mussed up when he returned to Etah. Woodney says Cook was fat and well dressed, in comparison

with the way he (Woodney) looked when he returned to Cobalt. In thirty-six days, he had only seven quail, which he trapped Indian-fashion, and a handful of berries now and then.

The prospectors never returned. Whether they were upset and drowned in one of the many rapids; whether they fell to fighting and killed each other, no one knows. Nor have they ever filed a claim to ore-bodies along Lake Abitibi. The mine that the widow hoped would make her rich is lost again, and the only proof that it ever existed is the heavy rock, fishes with yellow, that her husband brought home to her.

A Marriage on Scientific Principles

The great astronomer, Simon Newcomb, who died last year, is the subject of an interesting sketch by his sister, Dr. Sara Newcomb Merrick in *McClure's Magazine*. Apart from the fact of Newcomb's Canadian origin, the romance surrounding his father's marriage in New Brunswick will appeal strongly to Canadians, because of its unique features. John Newcomb, the father, as a youth was an extraordinary character, being immersed in studies of nature and human life.

At the age of twenty-four, John Newcomb, the youth of analytic mind, stood before his mirror and thus soliloquized:

"I am twenty-four years old, and it is time I began to look for a wife. Combe and Gall both say that twenty-five is the best age for marriage. I must marry a young woman whose temperament shall be unlike mine, and unlike in such a way as shall make me harmonious, one being the complement of the other. The difference in temperament is shown by the difference in physical form. I am a little above the median height, five feet nine, so she may be of medium height. I am inclined to be slender, with sloping shoulders—she should be rather square in the shoulders and stocky of build. My muscles are long and slim, and my hands

slender, with slim fingers; therefore she should present the opposite.

"Face and head: I have rather a large mouth, a square chin and jaw, a face inclined to be large—she must have a rather round face with plump cheeks. My nose is long, with bony portions prominent, somewhat like the Roman nose, but broader and with full nostrils—she must have a rather short nose, even with little upthrust, and lacking in bony development.

"My eyes are deep-set—hers must be full and prominent. My eyebrows are straight—hers must be arched. The hair grows low over my forehead—her forehead must be high. My forehead projects over my eyes, and slopes back somewhat, making what is termed the pinealcephalic head—hers must be full and round in the upper portion, making the literary and history-loving head. My head is inclined to be narrow between the ears and high in the crown—hers must be broad between the ears and highest over the ears, from which point there should be a smooth slope to the back of the head. My neck head is full, showing strong love for children and great affection—hers should be somewhat less. Because my hair is dark and strong of growth, rather coarse, in fact, hers should be fine and, if possible, curling or easily curled. In color my face is inclined to be florid—hers must be more delicate, while still showing the line of

health. The color of my eyes is gray-blue; but—I'm not so sure here, I think color of eyes and hair is not of so much consequence. Mentally I am slow of thought and speech—my wife must be quick and ready with an answer. She should be now about nineteen years old. Where is the young woman?

"Such a woman and I would be congenial, harmonious, and therefore happy. Our children would be an improvement upon ourselves, more harmoniously formed in both body and mind. They would have good physique and strong constitutions that would carry them through the vicissitudes of life to the hundredth milestone as the years go. Now, where is the young woman? I must look around for her. Another thing, though: she should be a good housekeeper, neat and thrifty. I will do my best to furnish the means for the housekeeping, but I am not constituted for a farmer; I must be a teacher. I have taught several winters already, and I think I can always make a living at the work."

With this prospect in view, he studied more assiduously than ever. Early rising was the rule, but he could not sleep. Waiting till the silence of the house assured him of safety from discovery, he would stand downstairs in his socks, gently uncover the logs to a blaze, stretch out upon the floor, and open his beloved book. Here he would read and dream of the possibilities of the human race when each individual had learned how to choose his mate in a scientific manner. Let us not smile at his visions, but await the outcome of his dreams.

Newcomb set out on his quest, tramping bravely along, with eyes open to everything around him. He was accustomed to stop at farmhouses for refreshment and if there were marriageable daughters he watched them carefully.

Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor; at another the house was not neatly kept; at a third there was scolding or fault-finding, a want of harmony—and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow

margie she missed her fate. All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking-pans, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading-trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse, because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. "Want of thrift," decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on.

Undiscouraged, he continued his journey until at the close of a perfect summer day, his footsteps drew near to the village of Moncton, New Brunswick. The first building to greet him was not a dwelling, as he knew from its form. Yet it was lighted, and the melody of a familiar hymn greeted his ear. He had happened upon a prayer meeting in the Baptist meeting-house.

He stepped in unobtrusively and took a seat near the door. His attention was at once attracted to a young woman in the upper part of the room who presided at the melodeon. He saw that she was easily the leader among the half dozen persons forming the choir, although she was younger than most of them. They deferred to her and followed her lead as they sang the psalms and hymns of the time. Her capable hands fingered the keys of the instrument with firm and assured touch.

Our pilgrim's eyes did little roving; for was he not analyzing the young woman at the melodeon? She was of medium height and rather square build. The face was a perfect oval, with broad, high forehead, round and full in the upper portion. The brows were arched, and shaded brown, soft eyes that looked black in the dim light. There was plenty of breadth between these eyes to assure broad view and sound judgment. The nose was highest at the center and rounded smoothly to the back. The hair was a golden brown and fell in soft coils over her shoulders. The skin was white and delicate, but her cheek glowed with the rosy hue of perfect health.

In less than ten minutes the young man declared to himself, "There's my wife!"

No need to wait and see how she could keep house, or whether she fed dough to

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the horses; her whole bearing and personal appearance were sufficiently convincing. Added to all the rest, he knew, from the expression of the face and the contour of the chin and mouth, that here was his temperamental complement. Mischief could flash from those soft, big eyes, quick wit flow from the lips. She should be playful, but withal so dignified that no one could think her light or flippant.

After the services were concluded, Mr. Newcomb inquired of one of the young men who this girl was. "She is the eldest daughter of Squire Prince," was the reply.

Mr. Newcomb decided to remain in Moncton, make up a school, and lay siege to the heart of Squire Prince's eldest daughter, Emily. He soon learned that no teacher had been engaged for the coming season, and set himself to call upon all families with eligible children. There were five of school age in the family of Squire Prince, but that did not include his daughter Emily. Strategy and persuasion were necessary to convince the Squire that a girl of eighteen was not too old to go to school—age having more to do with the matter than attainments in those days. When Mr. Newcomb, as a last resort, mentioned that he would have a class in astronomy and ancient history, the battle was won, for the young woman was then on his side.

Reserved and dignified though these young people were, they could not find pleasure in each other's society. People who are temperamentally harmonious are always congenial. The young woman progressed rapidly in her chosen studies, and the schoolmaster thought it incumbent upon him to call at her house very frequently, to spend a long winter evening talking over the lessons of the day, and incidentally to engage her father in a discussion of some problem in government or a question in science.

A year elapsed and meanwhile Mr. Newcomb was offered and accepted the office of postmaster. The time

had now come for him to face Squire Prince and ask for the hand of his daughter.

It took courage to approach the magistrate on matrimonial business where his daughter Emily was concerned. Nearly every eligible youth in the county had been routed by the Squire's clear-cut and decisive "No." What hope, then, for the schoolmaster?

At last the time, the place, and the man were met. Newcomb's question met with the usual answer, followed by, "Do you think I would let my daughter marry a wandering school-teacher?"

The master did not rest there, for as time went on, the daughter became attorney-in-chief and pleaded her own cause with a father who loved her too well to deny her. The engagement was made public, and the time of the wedding was set for a year hence. "Now," thought the young man, "I have found my congenial mate by the rules laid down by the physiologist Combe. My put forth by the physiologist Combe. My put forth shall be an astronomer."

With this laudable end in view, he taught astronomy in his school, thoroughly filling the minds of his embryo navigators with astronomy. They went out in the evenings, throughout the year, gazing up at the constellations and repeating their names and descriptions until they would know them anywhere. To study these constellations on the other half of the globe they had maps, and the students diligently drew them and described them again and again, so that they would recognize them wherever they might be sailing. Newcomb talked astronomy with anybody who would listen to him. He gathered the people of the village together and lectured to them on astronomy and engaged them in discussions on the earth's movements. He ate, drank, talked, walked, slept, dreamed in terms of astronomy. He was steeped in astronomy.

No wonder therefore that Simon Newcomb, the first-born child of the union, should have become a great astronomer.

The Tonic Effect of Cold-Water Dips

Some useful hints about tub bathing are contained in an article in *The Script Book*, prepared by Dr. Alexander Alworth. The doctor is a firm believer in the beneficial effects of the cold-water dip, not only for the strong but the weak as well.

Most of us entertain a vague idea that we wash to get clean. As a matter of fact, if that were all, the old-fashioned tub would answer very well. But that is not all.

Modern modes of living tend far more than those of earlier days to intensify the nervous energies, to heighten the desire for food and drink of a stimulating nature, and for occupations which involve continuous strain. All this diminishes, rather than increases, physical vigor, and renders necessary popular familiarization with some methods of combating these tendencies.

Women, especially, with their more delicate nervous organisms and unmeasured enthusiasm, suffer from the causes alluded to, and are less apt than men to find incidental countervailing influences. Consequently, it is of special importance that they adopt some deliberate method of protecting themselves.

Of all such methods at command, none is at once easier of application and more efficacious than the proper use of water. Abundant experience has demonstrated the value of lower temperature baths, not only to keep the skin active, but also to put the whole system in a condition to resist fatigue, exposure, and disease-promoting influences in general.

It is the cold, and not the wetness, that accomplishes this purpose of the bath, but no other means can apply the cold so readily and effectively as water. It must be cold enough and applied in such a manner as to produce a shock, with a subsequent reaction. Both these elements are essential to the full benefit of the bath. If the shock is not felt, the bath cannot fulfill its purpose. On the other hand, if reaction is long delayed or absent, the shivering rather than injured rather than benefited.

Obviously, then, the temperature and method of the bath must be adjusted to the individual. But there are very few who cannot take a cold bath in some form or other. A popular conception of the cold bath pictures a tub full of icy water, into which the shrinking but determined bather must plunge, and in which he or she must remain for a considerable period of time.

Some devoted but ill-instructed souls have even attempted the feat, and experienced a humiliating disappointment when protesting sensibilities sent them out of the tub almost as quickly as they went in. Actually, the sensibilities were in the right—the shock had been achieved. Even the momentary plunge in really cold water is too severe for many constitutions to begin with. Such persons should modify the temperature at first, and gradually accustom the system to react to a more pronounced shock.

Another good method of modifying the rigor of the bath is to stand with the feet in warm water while plying vigorously a dripping sponge of a lower temperature. A shower may be similarly used, and baths of this kind, like the plunge bath, may be gradually reduced in temperature as the system acquires resistance.

Individuals vary widely in their reaction to the bath. Many, as has been said, cannot take an actually cold bath, and many more think they cannot. The trouble is that they have not been properly instructed how to go about it.

In the first place, cold and hot are purely relative terms, and mean nothing unless gauged by the thermometer. Properly, a cold bath is any below a temperature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of a cool bath ranges from sixty-five to seventy-five degrees; that of a warm bath from ninety-five degrees to one hundred. Anything above that may properly be termed hot.

Many men and women find it necessary to educate the system to a strictly cold bath, and this is especially true of the weak and debilitated. These, in

adopting the method just described, should begin by standing in very warm water, and in the sponge use water of eighty degrees. The latter should be gradually lowered until the really cold temperatures are reached.

But even before this goal is attained, the plunge bath may be begun. This, also may be started at eighty degrees, and the same gradual lowering be adopted. This reduction may be continued as far as the bather likes, provided the reaction never fails. This can be materially aided by energetic friction, in the bath and in the drying, with brush and rough towel. In fact, the whole process should be accomplished with despatch and vigor.

Another important point is the temperature of the room, which should be neither noticeably cold nor noticeably warm. Where facilities are at hand for a shower bath, this may be taken at a lower temperature than any other kind. The impact of the water upon the surface of the body acts as mechanical massage and secures a good and rapid reaction from water which, applied in either way, might prove injurious.

What constitutes a proper reaction? In order to answer this question it is necessary, first, to consider the immediate effects of cold applied in this way to the body. These are, in brief, a con-

traction of the blood-vessels near the surface of the body, an increased rate of respiration, a heightened rapidity and force of heart action. Following this, if reaction is adequate, the contracted blood-vessels dilate, and there is a rush of blood to the surface of the body. This is it which imparts to the skin its healthy color and to the whole body a feeling of pleasant warmth, general well-being, and elastic readiness for exercise.

The tonic effect of such baths is particularly noticeable in persons who are subjected to considerable nervous and mental strain in their daily occupations. For such, and for all who lead a sedentary life or are naturally feeble in constitution, they may prove a very useful agent against disease. It has even been indisputably demonstrated by scientific experiment, that in addition to the immediate tonic effects, these baths actually promote the building up of the body. As a matter of daily routine they are most effective when taken immediately on rising and followed by exercise.

The warm bath, on the other hand, is best taken at night. It is soothing and relaxing in its effect, calming irritated nerves and promoting sleep. In this bath, the body is immersed in water somewhere near its own temperature and remains quietly there for a short time.

Saving Fruit With an Artificial Blizzard

For thirty years the refrigerator car has been operated on practically the same principle. That is to say, perishable freight and ice have been packed in the car, in precisely the same manner as the house-wife fills her little refrigerator on the back porch. The idea is described in some detail by Walter V. Woelk in the *Technical World Magazine*.

All refrigeration has for its object the chilling and numbing of the multitudinous of bacteria and fungi present in organic matter so that they cannot multiply and cause decay by their activities, and the retarding of the syncretic processes of ripening, whether the refrigerated

stuff be fruits, vegetables, fresh meat, eggs, butter, or beer. To retard these processes in transit the freight is placed in the car at the point of origin, the loaded car is switched to the long platform, the hunkers at either end are filled with ice, every opening is hermetically sealed, and the car is sent off. The cold air in the ice-packed bankers, obeying the law of gravitation, sinks to the bottom of the car, absorbs some of the heat of the lower portion of the warm freight, rises to the top as its temperature increases until it re-enters the bankers for another circuit. Of course, air spaces have to be left in the load of freight to allow the cold air access to all parts. By this slow process of gravity circulation the perishable freight in the

car is not cooled off sufficiently to prevent decay or ripening until two, three, and sometimes four days after the start, according to the temperature of the freight at the time of loading. Even when the lower two-thirds of the carload have attained the required minimum, the upper third, especially in the center of the car farthest from the hoppers, is several degrees warmer than the minimum. Because the ice in the hoppers cannot cause this relatively high temperature in the upper part of the car, the shipment of fresh delicious fruits, of peaches, plums, apricots and cherries, of melons, grapes, berries, and sensitive vegetables, is restricted by the distance over which the upper portion of the freight can be carried with safety, thus preventing the development of the market farthest distant from the producer.

As the processes of ripening and decay proceed rapidly immediately after fruits or vegetables are picked, during the first two or three days in the permanent ice-box while the temperature is falling very slowly, the growers could not, under the old method of icing, ship fully matured staple over long distances. They had to pick their fruits and vegetables green and hard to prevent them from becoming overripe on the journey. As a result the buyer received tasteless, flavorless produce which hurt the reputation of the producing districts and the feelings of the consumer.

It was only recently that Professor Powell of the Bureau of Plant Industry pointed out that by cooling fruit artificially before placing it in the cars, it could be sent long distances and could be safely packed in a solid mass, ripening and decay being checked at once. Both the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Santa Fe Railroad, as a result have established immense pre-cooling plants.

The pre-cooling plant of the Santa Fe at San Bernardino, represents an investment of a million. It is built out of reinforced concrete, has a total length of a quarter of a mile and a maximum ice-making capacity of two hundred and fifty tons a day, with storage capacity for 30,000 tons. The arctic tempera-

tures are produced in a large room containing thirty-five miles of pipe coils through which brine with a temperature below zero is circulating, cooling the air passing over it far below the freezing point. A concrete tunnel six feet high receives the cold air which races through it at a speed of fifty miles an hour, driven by eight fans over seven feet in diameter. The concrete tunnel harboring the arctic storm runs for thirteen hundred feet alongside of a track with a capacity of thirty-two cars. The tunnel is topped by sixty-four flexible couplings, one of which is inserted into the vent opening at either end of a car when the pre-cooling begins. After the warm air has been driven out, by a preliminary blast, the music of the zero cyclone starts. At the rate of eight thousand cubic feet a minute the blast whistles through the cars, impinging against the boxes and crates, feeling with icy fingers into every nook and crevice, taking a little of the fruit's heat with it and passing out through the second pipe to return to the brine coils. At the end of the first hour the blast changes its direction and cuts the car from the other end in order to equalize the temperature throughout the load. Care must be exercised by the engineer in charge to gradually increase the temperature of the air as the fruit grows cold, unless he wants to chance the interior of the car into a real arctic scene. It is on record that three carloads of celery were frozen stiff while the temperature was close to a hundred degrees—outside the car. Inside the zero air had been turned on too long for the tender vegetables and the railroad had to pay out fifteen hundred dollars for the engineer's pre-cooling expenses.

The Southern Pacific pre-cooling plants employ an intermittent vacuum system instead of a direct blast, accomplishing about the same results in approximately the same time as the Santa Fe.

Pre-cooling is a profitable process. It saves ice, increases the weight of the paying load that can be stowed in a refrigerator car, widens the market of the producer by enabling him to ship ripe, fully flavored produce and extends the distance over which he may ship without danger of decay in the upper stratum.

Fighting Ignorance With Pictures

A somewhat unique advertising campaign was conducted last summer by the Civic Federation of Chicago, its objective being to educate the public against the improper feeding of infants. A prominent cartoonist on a leading Chicago newspaper has given freely of his time and ability to produce a striking poster that has become familiar to the residents of the congested districts.

The story of the campaign has been described by Douglas Sutherland in *The World To-Day*. Of its origin, he says,

The facts which stirred the executive committee of the Civic Federation of Chicago to inaugurate this campaign were these: During the three hot summer months of 1906, July, August and September, there were 1,570 deaths of babies under one year of age, not in total, but from diarrhoeal diseases alone. These deaths were classed by Dr. W. A. Evans, Chicago's vigilant commissioner of health, as strictly preventable, and were attributed by him to bad foods and improper drinks alone. Such a list of preventable deaths was doubly appalling, for not only did it represent a tremendous sacrifice on the altar of ignorance, of the American-born citizenship of to-morrow, but it persisted in spite of the fact that the baby-saving forces last summer were probably the most strongly organized that they ever had been up to that time. This year, with Dr. Caroline Heider, of the United Charities, in active charge of the baby welfare committee, made up of the visiting nurses, social settlements, sanatoria, the milk commission and the women's clubs, the organization is considered even stronger.

It should not be inferred that this force of tireless and efficient field-workers had lost ground, or that the diarrhoeal death-rate had made an actual gain per cent. The trouble was that the field force had not been able to make the headway desired. The field was too large for the number of workers, and it was growing. Moreover, it was an exceedingly difficult field to work.

The "spot" maps and population

charts studied together showed the deaths to be massed in the thickly settled Polish districts of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Wards, running down into the Italian and Irish-American territory in the southern end of the Seventeenth; in the Italian quarter of the West Side lying north of Twelfth Street; in the Ghetto east of Halsted and a pocket of Lithuanians centering about Union and West Eighteenth Streets; in the district bounded by West Seventeenth and West Nineteenth Streets, South Paulina Street and California Avenue, inhabited chiefly by Bohemians, with Poles, Slovaks and Hebrews thrown in for good measure; in about twelve square blocks of the southwest side, bounded by Halsted Street on the east, and included between Thirty-first and Thirty-fifth Streets; in that sorry place of existence commonly known as "Back of the Yards" and extending from the Forty-sixth Street entrance of the Union Stock Yard west to Wood Street, the inhabitants being Poles, Lithuanians and Bohemians, with some Germans and Irish-Americans; and in the South Chicago district from Eighty-third to Ninety-fifth Streets, and from the Strand to Commercial Avenue. Many deaths also were shown in the Italian district of the Twenty-second Ward on the North Side, and in the First Ward, along the "lower" part of Archer Avenue.

Of all these people, the worst death-rate was shown among the Lithuanians, the next worst, and the worst by name, the rate, among the Poles, and the next among the Italians. The Bohemians showed a fair record, attributed by some workers among them to the fact that they have a sort of racial habit of boiling the milk before putting it in the nursing-bottle. (The health officials advise warming the milk for twenty minutes, but point out that boiling makes it difficult of digestion.)

It was perfectly true that these parents were murdering their children, just as much as if they had done it in cold blood. It also was well-nigh impossible to make them realize it. If they gave their babies, who should have been satisfied with life's original mess, bread soaked in codies or in beer, overripe beans

anna, potatoes, sausage or tea, it was not with deadly intent, nor yet to save money, but merely because they liked these foods themselves and reasoned that what nourished them would nourish their children.

For the most part such parents had not been in this country long, and the great majority of them had come from the rural districts abroad, where, on the farm or in the little village, conditions of living were simple and foods were plain. The women were obliged to work, but it was in the fields and did not interfere with the care of the youngest hopeful; when his dinner time came around, the hoe or basket could be laid aside, to attend to his wants. In Chicago, if one of these women had to work, it was in a big factory and no cradle was provided to take the place of the shady tree or hedge in the old country. Consequently, the baby had to be left at home and weaned at an early age. Other diet was the result, and the easiest thing to prepare, notably, "the poor man's roast," the sausage, generally fell to the baby's lot. Even if the baby were fed from a nursing-bottle, the chances were worse than even that the milk would be left standing in the hot sun to sour, where cats might sample it, and flies and dirt pollute it; then at feeding time be put into a bottle ne'er too clean, and given to the hungry little one. Half of the time the long-taled nursing-bottle, now universally condemned by health authorities because of the impossibility of keeping it clean, would be used.

Whatever the kind of food, however, the baby generally had good cause to cry from the effects of it. This was the signal for more feeding, and the louder the cries, the greater the variety of foods and drinks which would be offered. Ice-cream and candy were favored as propitiatory delicacies. Among many ignorant parents tea was found to be a favorite drink to offer baby. Water, apparently, was never considered as a suitable beverage—at least for the very young.

The designing, lithographing and posting of the four-color posters, issued by the Committee, were done gratuitously.

From the very first the posters aroused interest. The bill-posters left behind them women standing singly and in

groups, and children in swarms, studying the picture and the text. Before they had been up many days, one of the visiting nurses reported that wherever she entered a home, the children would begin reciting the homely texts beneath the pictures.

One Italian grocer in the Grand Avenue district asked for cards to distribute among his customers, the minute the posters were put up across the street from his store, saying that there should be "literature to go with the babies."

Head Resident Thomas W. Allisons came upon a man near the Henry Booth House, reading aloud to two women from a Lithuanian poster.

"Can you read that?" he asked, stopping Mr. Allisons. The latter replied that he could not read Lithuanian, but knew what the poster meant.

"Well, it's a good, good thing," the man remarked in broken English. "I read it to this my wife here and her friend."

And so the reports come in from all sections of the city. To all appearances the campaign is "doing well"; that is, it is stimulating a more general interest and reaching more people than have been reached before. But there is need of it. This summer has been the hardest for babies of any in recent years. Literally they are dying like flies in some sections. There were 166 deaths of babies under two years old from diarrhetic diseases alone, reported over one week end in late July. The infant mortality rate is going to be very high in spite of everything.

"It pities me, the way the babies die," said one of the assistant rectors of an Italian church, shaking his head sorrowfully. "But the picture, it is fine. I will put it down in the meeting-room, where all will see it."

Final results will be hard to determine. It is doubtful if they can be told in figures this year. The effectiveness of the campaign may not appear till next year, and all we shall have to judge by this year will be the serious interest that is aroused and maintained among those people we are aiming to reach. Meantime, inquiries from cities down the state, from New York city and from New Haven, Connecticut, prove that the idea has attracted wide interest outside of Chicago.

A City Set on a Furnace

In the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, stands the city of Carbondale, beneath which a great mine fire has been burning fiercely for the past eight years. Already a number of people have perished as a result of the fire's devastation. The story of the origin of the fire and its progress is related by Henry E. Robbins, in *The Outlook*.

The great fire which began eight years ago has undermined one home, a part of which fell into the burning crater during the progress of a wedding feast. At another home (that of Henry Masters) the heat has made it impossible for the family to stay. The grass has been killed as well as the trees, and a few weeks ago the "cave" reached the front fence. The fire department immediately responded, and gave temporary relief by letting a four-inch fire-hose play into the opening day and night until it had somewhat cooled. Meanwhile the fire creeps on, and the residents of that section who have worked and saved all their lives to provide themselves with homes cannot afford to move, and when their homes are destroyed most of them will be ruined.

That other residents of Carbondale, who are but occasionally annoyed by the fumes when the wind is in the north, are only mildly interested, only goes to show that men will endure with comparative calm any injustice, provided it continues long enough for them to get used to it and the injury it works is borne by some one else. And, as might also be expected, those who are about to lose their homes are almost desperate.

The story of the fire and the fight against it is this: Two old settlers, named Watt and Scarry, who were very shrewd men and had made considerable money, bought about forty acres of coal land in the Fifth and Sixth Wards of the city. There are three veins on the property, lying one above the other and aggregating about eighteen feet of clean hard coal. From time to time coal-mining leases had been let to different parties, and slopes had been run in and timbered, and the usual pillars of coal, about thirty feet square, are supposed to have been left in the sections mined out. In 1901 Watt and Scarry leased the entire tract to the Finn Coal Company on percentage royalty. Shortly after that (according to the court records, in the summer of 1902) a man by the name of Priestly, who was walking over the then attractive land, discovered a burned place in the earth and detected the peculiar fumes that come from burning coal and overheated rocks, earth and roots. From that time on many people noticed conditions that led them to think that there was a mine fire. Slowly but surely it made headway. The heat became more intense and the area wider. During the time that the Finn Coal Company had the lease it is said to have expended thirty thousand dollars in attempts to put out the fire. Soon afterward the company became bankrupt. An earnest appeal to the owners of the land met with no response.

In 1908 John R. Cameron, a resident of that section, and a number of friends, all of whom were owners of houses, raised a considerable sum of money to bring the matter to the attention of the court. This was after they had appealed to the owners of the land, the lessers of the property, the city and the State authorities. All with one accord had made excuses, and so a suit was brought before the Court of Common Pleas of Lackawanna County, entitled "John McCabe, Henry T. Fenwick, John R. Cameron, and the City of Carbondale vs. W. A. Watt (Scarry having died) and the Finn Coal Company." The suit prayed for a permanent injunction for the abatement of the nuisance, "and a mandamus to compel the defendants to extinguish the fire. The city of Carbondale became a party to the complaint after the legal action had been begun by the other plaintiffs. This action was taken in 1908, and the Court dismissed the case so far as the owners of the

land were concerned and found for the plaintiffs, against the Finn Coal Company. The Finn Company appealed to the Supreme Court, and after a hard-fought battle the decision of the lower court was reversed. Immediately thereafter, John R. Cameron and others brought action against the city of Carbondale to compel the city to put out the fire. The Supreme Court again found for the defendants. Therefore, according to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a "maneuvrability cannot be compelled to abate a public nuisance consisting of an immense mine fire which injures the health and property of a great many citizens thereof." The defense set forth the fact that the city did not know how to put the fire out and that to put it out would cost one hundred thousand dollars, and Carbondale, being a city of the third class, could not raise so much money for that purpose. No doubt the Court found according to the law and the evidence, but those affected are not to be blamed if they entertain rather a poor opinion of "Penn-

sylvania justice." At the trial experts testified that two hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal a year had been already consumed—nearly one thousand tons a day. One would think that here lies a little home mission work in the matter of conservation of coal. For, as a matter of fact, if the fire is ever to be put out, it must be done by the Federal Government. The writer appealed to the Department of the Interior three months ago, and has a long list of petitioners to follow up the appeal. With the usual exasperating "insolence of office" and the law's delay, Secretary Ballinger's clerk wrote that the matter would be referred to the Department of Mines and Mining, and that the soon-to-be-appointed Commissioner would be urged to take up the matter at once. Who the new Commissioner may be, if he has been appointed, no one around Carbondale seems to know. Wherever he is, in Europe or at the seashore, he is not here, and the fire burns on, destroying homes and injuring the health of many worthy people.

A Visit to Edmond Rostand

A delightful bit of reminiscent biography about Rostand, the author of "Chantecler," is to be found in *McClure's Magazine*, from the pen of Ange Galdemar. This writer tells of meeting the distinguished playwright during his first success at the Comédie Française with "Les Romanesques."

As we trooped through the passages on our way out, the name of the author was passed from mouth to mouth. Rostand? Who was this M. Rostand?

"A financier," said one.

"No; he is the nephew of a financier," said another.

A few months later, I was to learn, in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room, that the author of "Les Romanesques" was, in very truth, a young man, and as little of a financier that he had determined to make a career of literature.

The Théâtre de la Renaissance was at that time under the management of the

great tragic actress. It was during a morning performance, between the acts. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was seated in front of her glass, and, while accentuating the palor of her face for the next act, an act of terror, was telling me of her plans for the future. A young man entered, dressed in light clothes. Hesitating a little, in spite of the air of assurance which his glass, screwed into one eye, gave him, he gallantly kissed the hand which the great artist held out to him. She smiled without turning her head, and invited him to take a chair.

"M. Edmond Rostand," said Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, introducing him to me.

Our eyes met in a friendly glance.

"Well, my dear poet, are you hard at work?" asked the actress, more than ever occupied with her make-up.

"Oh, yes, Madame—certainly."

The reply lacked firmness. It seemed to keep something back. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt caught the young poet's passing thought, and at once gave him a word of encouragement:

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"I will play 'La Princesse Loïs'!" he declared.

And I understood the meaning of the poet's reticence: M. Edmond Rostand had a play with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. A flesh spread over his cheeks. He was bowing his thanks, when the stage manager came to say that the curtain was going up. We took our leave. I can still see the young man kissing the hand of the tragedienne, who eased his mind with the kindly remark:

"I shall play you, my dear poet!"

Not long afterward Mme. Bernhardt fulfilled her word by playing "La Princesse Loïs," and a year later "La Samaritaine" followed under the same distinguished auspices.

We were still under the charm of those three plays, and were asking ourselves whether the poet had given us all that he had in him, when, on December 28, 1897, the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin rang with the triumphant and decisive flourish of trumpets of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

I need not describe at length that memorable evening, and the fresh surprise of the audience at this manifestation of a poetic genius which seemed to have kept so many original poetic qualities in reserve. Nor need I remind you of the frenzied applause of the audience, now definitely conquered. There was a succession of fireworks on the stage, during five acts, coupled in the auditorium with the most tumultuous enjoyment that the Parisians of my generation had ever known. The survivors of the great literary battles of yore declared that there had been no instance of so overwhelming a success since the days of Hugo, Dumas, and Sardou. Coquelin himself, confident though he felt in that part of Cyrano, which he embodied with such spirit, wit, and fire—Coquelin himself could not get over his surprise.

"I feel as if I were in a dream!" he remarked once, between acts.

The moment the curtain was lowered upon the last act, an immense shout went up through the house, in the midst of the applause:

"Author! Author!"

They wanted the author on the stage. I had left my seat in the stalls, and was going along a corridor, when I met M. Rostand, pale with delight and almost trembling, behind a bar, the door

of which he was closing, trying to slip away. He dared not take refuge in the wings, lest he should be dragged to the footlights; and, at the same time, he wanted to leave the auditorium, where he was in danger of being recognized at any moment.

We had become friends since our first meeting in Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dressing-room at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and I said:

"The best place for you is Coquelin's dressing-room."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. It is some distance from the stage, and you will be safe there. Come along."

When Coquelin entered his dressing-room, he found the author in the midst of a stream of Parisians—men of letters, journalists, artists,—who had come to congratulate the author of "Cyrano" in Coquelin's own room. Coquelin stood on the threshold, exulting.

"Have I won the right to take part in the general rejoicing?" he asked in clarion tones.

The author made way before the comedian, who was on the point of protesting, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a newspaper who entered the room. Everybody hushed and stood aside to let this latest arrival pass. He was a thin, spare little man, with a face framed in gray whiskers, with no pronounced characteristics, but with an air of mingled mildness and dignity that impress the most indifferent. He went up to Coquelin and shook hands with him, and then, turning to M. Rostand, who huffed, he said:

"M. Rostand, I congratulate you on your beautiful work and on its great success. In the name of the Government of the Republic, I create you a knight of the Legion of Honor."

It was M. Meléne, the Prime Minister. The next day I saw M. Rostand at his home.

"What an evening!" he said, giving me his hand. And, with a smile: "Did you see me in the first act?"

"No; where were you?"

"On the stage."

"How do you mean—on the stage?"

"Yes, among the lords of the court. I was dressed as one of Louis the Thirteenth's nobles. I was moving about and putting life into my interpreters."

After the triumph of "Cyrano," Rost-

tant withdrew from the public eye—though not from public interest—until the production of "L'Aigle" in March, 1868. This added new laurels to those the poet had already won, as well as another name to the list of Mme. Rosenthal's achievements. Soon, unfortunately, a severe illness required his departure from the Parisian climate and the restless life of the French capital. And so with Mme. Rosenthal—"the most constant, ingenuous and discreet of collaborators"—and the rest of his household, he set up his establishment in Cambio, a little village in the Basque country, a few miles from Biarritz.

Within five years "Arriaga" had appeared on the hill like an enchanted garden, blossoming out of M. Rosenthal's fancy like one of his poems; for, with its Basque house, built in an irregular fashion, its wide avenue cut through a wood of ancestral oaks, its ornamental water, its French garden, its groves, its "Poet's Corner," with the busts of Cervantes, Hugo and Shakespeare under the arches of a flowering trellis, its whimsical-covered pergola, its slopes decked with all the mead, wild flora of the district, its lawns that descend in no steps, so natural a fashion toward the surrounding plain that they seem to form a part of it, its vistas over the distant Pyrenees or the winding blue Nive—with these, and with all its flowers, its profusion of rare flowers, "Arriaga" is one of the most ingenuous works that have sprung from M. Rosenthal's imagination.

He had so soon bought the coveted hill and settled the plans of the future villa that he realized in advance the exact appearance of his park and gardens. In the evening, after dinner, in the dining-room, while Mme. Rosenthal went upstairs to put the children to bed,—at that time they were still very young—he would call for paper, cardboard, a box of paints, scissors; and there, on

the table, eat out, paint, build a miniature villa, planting trees made of wool stuck onto paper, designing shrubberies and flower terraces, and, when Mme. Rosenthal would come down, he would triumphantly show her his improvised models.

"There! That's your clump of rose-trees!"

"And this?"

"Your favorite corner for reading in the afternoon."

"But it looks a little unsheltered."

"That's because of the view over the valley."

"Yes, I forgot."

"Still, they can put a tree there, or even two, if you like."

"No, it will do as it is. What comes next?"

And the work would be continued well into the night.

On those evenings there was no talk of "Chantecler"; the poem was put aside and had to wait. But its turn soon came. In reality, M. Rosenthal was always thinking of it; for the work in construction incessantly occupies a poet's mind. And M. Rosenthal took up his pen again.

He is fond of working in the evening, generally beginning at dusk, breaking off to go to dinner, and then continuing without cessation until the night is far advanced. Going to bed so late as he does, M. Rosenthal also rises late. At Cambio, he does not come down to lunch until nearly one o'clock. Seated at table, sometimes with visitors, he interests himself in the news, looks through his letters and papers, discusses the questions of the day, prolongs the conversation, long after the meal is finished, over coffee and a cigar, strolls about, takes a turn in the grounds, and, lastly, goes up to his study. But by that time it is three or four o'clock, and in winter twilight has already set in.

That was how he wrote "Chantecler."

Some Curious Wagers

Bernard Darwin contributes to the *Strand Magazine* an interesting article on some of the curious wagers which have been made between English gentlemen in bygone years. Of

the Earl of March and Rugden, better known as the Duke of Queensberry, he writes,

A mighty gambler was his Grace of Queensberry, and, if his career be scann-

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ed with an entirely cold and impartial eye, a thoroughly selfish and evil old reprobate. Yet one cannot help feeling a slight weakness for him on account of his charming letters to George Selwyn, which show that he was fond of at least one other person in the world besides himself. Whatever his lack of virtue, he did not suffer from lack of intelligence, and to wit with him seems to have been to avert disaster.

The terms of the aforesaid "chase match" were that Count Taaffe and another betted Lords March and Eglington one thousand guineas that they could not provide a four-wheeled carriage to carry a man and be drawn by four horses sixteen miles in an hour. The Duke, as it is simpler to call him, took an infinity of trouble over his task, trying horse after horse and carriage after carriage. Wright, of Long Acre, was finally the happy man whose coachman was selected—a horsebreaker's brakeman without the usual high jinks, having oil-cans fixed to the boxes of the wheels, and the pole and bars made of this wood impregnated with resin to strengthen them. The springs were of steel, and the harness of silk and whalebone, and the total weight some two and a half hundredweight.

On the 26th August, 1759, the carriage with its four chosen horses and postillions took the field at Newmarket before a prodigious concourse of spectators, among whom a course was cleared by a horseman resplendent in red velvet. In the result the Duke's judgment was thoroughly vindicated, for the horses, fairly running away with their riders, actually covered the first four miles in nine minutes, and the total distance in nine minutes and thirty-three seconds under the hour.

His next successful wager was of a highly ingenuous kind: he betted that he would cause a letter to be conveyed fifty miles in the hour, a feat that sounded so absurdly impossible enough to those unfortunate persons who took the bet. Not so, however, to his Grace, who enclosed the letter in a snicket hall and then stationed a number of crier-boys at fixed intervals to throw each other catches with the ball, which by this method covered many miles over the required fifty.

On another occasion on which he was tempted to make a bet of somewhat similar character, the Duke very nearly caught a tar in a certain Mr. Edgworth. Indeed, if Mr. Edgworth had only been as discreet as he was ingenuous, he and his friends would have plundered their victim to their hearts' content. The Duke declared that by means of relays of swift horses the re-

sult of a certain race at Newmarket would be known to him at nine o'clock at night.

"Oh," said Edgworth, "I expect to know it at four."

This was too much for the Duke, and he made several bets of five hundred pounds each with Edgworth and his friends. Also, however, for the indiscretions he was at only the transparent honesty of Mr. Edgworth. When they met next day at the Turf Club, Howes, to reduce the bet to writing, Edgworth, who had in his mind a system of semi-phores, blurted out that he did not mean to rely upon horses. The Duke instantly realized that there were some things undreamed of in his philosophy, and declined to proceed with the bet.

Once again he was all but beaten only to save himself with characteristic energy and astuteness. He noticed one day a journeyman coach-builder trundling a wheel and doing so with great skill and rapidity. He was also acquainted with a certain waiter at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's Street who was "famed for his running." One cannot help surmising that this fame was rather honestly earned than by the coach-builder. Must not even very wonderful felicity for the Duke have led him to run with the hind-wheel of the fixed carriage faster than the waiter, who was not even to be encompassed with a pile of plates. So well satisfied was he that he would win his money that he did not have a trial with this particular wheel till the day before the match, when, to his horror, he discovered that it was much lower than the wheel which the coach-builder usually trundled, and so easily diminished his pace. Here was a pretty quandary, but the Duke was not to be beaten. He borrowed a large number of planks from a friend in the Board of Works and engaged an army of workmen. All night the workmen labored at the height of the moon, and in the morning there was ready a pathway of planks, by means of which the wheel was brought up to the requisite height. The Jockey Club on appeal allowed this rather curious proceeding, and the race was run, with the result that Betty's waiter lost the race and his backers their money.

One more bet of "Old Q's" deserves mention—a bet of a thousand guineas with Sir John Lade that he would find a man to eat more at one sitting than Sir John's nose.

Sir John's understanding appears to have been at fault on this occasion, and he lost his money. There is something very intriguing in the report forwarded to the Duke by the agent whom he had

appointed to watch the match in his absence.

"I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that my man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple."

If one could win such a match by the margin of a pig it seems almost needless ostentation to beat the enemy by a pig as well.

From Sir John Lade we may turn to another member of the extraordinary band that had his headquarters at the Pavilion at Brighton—Lord, seven times Lord Barrymore. That his inherited some little talent in the direction of wagering is clear from a story of his father—Richard, the sixth Earl. This worthy, being in great financial straits, spent some time carefully covering the floor of a room with playing cards, or, according to another account, with ball paper. He then invited a party of friends to dine in the same room, and, at an appropriately late hour of the evening, offered to let five hundred pounds that he would guess more nearly than anyone else the number of cards (or half-pennies) that would cover the floor. As his biographer remarks, "It is necessary to record the name of the winner," and Lord Barrymore's circumstances became temporarily less embarrassed.

With this promising ancestry the seventh Earl was likely to have a week-end for a beginning, but he appears to have been more modest than his father, less successful. One of his bets was made with the Duke of York at Brighton, to the effect that he could wade farther into the sea than the Duke. Instantly they walked down to the shore from the pavilion and plunged into the sea in all their fine clothes. The Duke of York, however, had not paid enough attention to the fact that he was not so tall as Lord Barrymore, and as he did not want to be drowned he had to pay.

Besides being a great coachman and patron of the ring, Lord Barrymore was something of an athlete and cricketer. He captained several elevens that played matches for large sums, and was a famous race in Kensington Gardens—sixty yards with a turn round a tree—against Captain Parkhurst, the latter being mounted. He then wanted to race the Bath coach from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith, but the odds apparently were not forthcoming that would make it worth his while.

In this matter of running, however, Lord Barrymore, who was so fond of deceiving others that he founded a club called the "Humbug Club," was once entirely hamboozled by a friend of his,

by name, appropriately enough, Bullock. Mr. Bullock, who was a very stout gentleman, weighing some vast number of stones, entered to run Barrymore a hundred yards race, provided he had thirty-five yards start and might choose his own course. Great excitement prevailed at Brighton, and the Prince of Wales anxiously inquired when the race was to be run, that he might come and see it. With every respect for Royalty, however, Mr. Bullock delayed, awaiting his place of campaign till the appointed hour, when he led the way to a narrow little alley in which there was scarcely room to walk. In less than so time Barrymore had gained his thirty-five yards and was up with his man, then his difficulties began. By no possible means could he pass, for Mr. Bullock hurried himself from side to side in his exertions and filled up the whole of the alley. It was in vain that the giver of the start tried to dodge past, and Mr. Bullock waddled in first, the winner of a very comfortable sum.

A good story is told of a Mr. Manning, a sporting farmer, who performed a feat, described in the Bucks Chronicle of the time.

"The feat reminds one of an incident in the life of Mr. John Mytton, of sporting fame. The following are the details of the present feat: At the stews' ordinary, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, after the late aristocratic steppethane, the conversation turning on the fact of bringing a horse up into the dining-room in which the company were then assembled, which was once done by Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Thomas de la Rue, the meeting of the Royal Hunt, some four years ago. Mr. Charles Symonds, of Oxford, ordered to bring a grey horse of his upstairs and lead him round the table. The animal shortly announced his progress by a loud clattering on the old oak staircase. In a few minutes the horse was racing on the assembled company. His owner then led him over a flight of stairs, which he jumped beautifully. Nothing then would satisfy the company but that he must jump the dining tables. The proprietor of the hotel fearing lest some serious accident might occur, as the room is of great antiquity, having been built by the Earl of Rochester in the time of Charles II., strongly objected; but he was overruled and the horse was led over the tables, everything standing. The chandelier glasses rattled, the plates cracked, the candlesticks shook, but nothing was displaced; I back again be went, clearing everything at a bound. Whereupon Mr. Maunday, of Wendover, vol-

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united to ride him barebacked over, and he did so without bridle or saddle. The celebrated gentleman took, Captain Barlowe, next essayed, and managed to make a smash of one table with its contents. This was only a temporary check; for, in the face of a tremendous fire, and the cheering of all present, he achieved the feat gallantly. It was now time to desist, and to get the horse downstairs; this was sooner said than done, for the stairs and passages being kept polished, the gallant grey slipped about dreadfully, and was evidently afraid of the descent. At length at the suggestion of a worthy Baronet, he was blindfolded, and then descended into the entrance-hall, but managed to break about a dozen of the carved oak banisters in his progress."

Making Cloth from Seaweed

On the beaches of South Australia is to be found a peculiar kind of seaweed, like hair-pads, which seems destined to become a tremendous commercial asset. An account of it is given by Alice Grant Rossman in *The Lone Hand*.

The *Pocidonia australis* is to be found all round the southern coast of South Australia, and in tremendous quantities in Spencer and St. Vincent's Gulfs. According to J. M. Black, the South Australian botanist, "It is not an Alga or seaweed proper, as it has greenish flowers and a fleshy fruit somewhat smaller than an olive. The important part of the plant, considered commercially, is the fibrous remains of the leaf sheaths which cover the base of the stem. These fibres are larger and finer than those of *Pocidonia oceanica*, the only other species of the genus, which is found in Mediterranean waters and along the coasts of the Atlantic in Europe."

Pocidonia australis grows 'on a limestone bottom; but the action of the tide, through many centuries, has sifted over it masses of shells and sand, until the plant, forcing its way upwards, lies on a deposit of its own fibre, intermixed with the sand and shells, and varying in thickness from four to twenty feet.

At Tickeria, Moonta Bay, and elsewhere in South Australian waters, these deposits have been found to stretch for several miles, and the quantity of fibre has been pronounced by experts to be practically inexhaustible.

A measure was passed by the South Australian Parliament, authorizing the Government to issue licences for the rais-

ing of the fibre over specified areas, and various companies have been formed with a view to experimenting.

In Moonta Bay, by means of post-hole diggers and other appliances, trial holes were put down from high-water mark cut to the low tide level, a distance of several miles. In every boring experiment the fibre was found reaching to a depth of nine feet or more, and underlying an average of from one to eighteen inches.

Samples of the fibre, cleaned and dried, prove to possess many valuable properties. It is not inflammable, except at a tremendously high temperature, and for this reason, has a distinct advantage over flax, kapok, cotton, etc. For bedding and upholstering purposes it has been found to have the lightness and softness of flax, while its purity, and the utter absence of animal life, give it a sanitary value above most materials used for stuffing purposes.

Samples of cloth woven from a mixture of wool and fibre, and quantities of the raw material dyed various colors testify to its utility in this direction; while other purposes for which it has been pronounced adaptable are rope, string, twine, mats, linoleum, army blankets, paper, packing fruit, eggs etc., for export, canning decks and woodwork of ships, stuffing saddles, insulating doors to cool chambers instead of wool, packing round submarine cables in place of cakem.

Of the existence of this fibre in tremendous quantities there can be no possible doubt, and its utility when raised, cleaned and dried is also beyond question, but—the inevitable but—

What is less certain is the possibility of raising and preparing it for the market at a cost that can successfully compete with such products as kapok, flock, cotton, coir, etc.

The chief obstacle to its cheap production is the tremendous amount of

waste material raised with the fibre. Repeated experiments have proved that of every hundred tons of matter raised, one only is pure fibre, the other ninety-nine being sand, shells, and debris. This is the chief difficulty at present confronting the infant industry.

The New Scientific Mind Cure

II. Addington Bruce, the Canadian writer, who has been making a study of psychology in its practical workings contributes to the *American Magazine* an article dealing with the new science called psychopathology, the purpose of which is the establishing of a scientific system of psychotherapy based on thorough knowledge of the part played by the human mind in relation to the health of the body.

Psychopathology is the outgrowth of three discoveries, all made within recent years. First, that through "suggestion" it is possible to create a "simplified" mind; that over the whole body—physical as well as mental—make physical as well as mental, take their rise in mental states; third, that the mental states which most seriously impinge health belong not to the ordinary conscious life of the individual but to a deeper, hidden "subconscious" life of which he usually knows nothing.

These discoveries have all resulted from scientific study of the much-abused, much-depicted phenomena of hypnosis, which, after a century of neglect and misunderstanding, was for the first time made the subject of serious investigation by certain French scientists about forty years ago.

Their experiments left no doubt of the genuineness of the hypnotic trance and of hypnotic cures of disease.

In the experiments that were using, among other things, that in using the hypnotic state there was an almost incredible quieting of the whole memory, the subject readily recalling, in most vivid detail, events that had completely disappeared from his waking memory, events sometimes connected not with his recent past but with his early childhood. This pointed unmistakably to the existence of an amazing "underground" mental life—a strange "subconscious" realm with powers

transcending those of the ordinary consciousness.

It seemed possible, therefore, that in everyday life mental experiences might at times similarly acquire an irresistible suggestive force resulting in the appearance of all manner of unpleasant mental and physical conditions, which might in turn be overcome by suggestion.

To-day it is known that a multitude of maladies are caused in precisely this way—that grief, worry, anxiety, a sudden fright, any emotional disturbance of a profoundly distressing character, occurring sometimes years before the appearance of any specific disorder, may be productive of disease through the subtle influence of subconscious mental action; and that when this is the case, unless the resultant malady has reached the stage of cellular destruction, it is invariably curable without drugs, without the surgeon's knife, with nothing but the use of skilfully applied suggestion.

An example of the way epilepsy may be cured is given by Mr. Bruce.

There was brought to the office of an American psychopathologist, Dr. Boris Sidis—the father of that remarkable eleven-year-old Harvard student, William James Sidis, a young man suffering from what were supposed to be attacks of that dread disease, epilepsy. He was a typical product of the slums, small, hungry-looking, underfed. Born of parents of the lowest social strata, as he had been taken from infirmary with varicella and bronchitis. He had had no schooling, and could neither read nor write. Except for the names of the President and a few ward politicians, he knew nothing of the history of his country. All his life he had known only poverty and hard work.

And now it seemed that even the chance of earning a meager living by hard work was about to be taken away from him.

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"I have such fearful shaking spells," he told the doctor. "They come on me day and night. I shake all over, my teeth chatter, I feel cold. Then I fall to the floor and lose my senses. Sometimes my fits last three hours."

"Have you had them long?"

"Yes, almost since my boyhood. But they are getting worse all the time."

After a careful examination and the application of the most rigid tests had revealed no signs of organic trouble, Dr. Sidis suspected that the convulsive attacks might be nothing more than the outward, physical manifestation of some deep-seated psychological disturbance. He questioned the young man closely:

"Can you remember just when these attacks began?"

"No. 'Dad' had them when you were a child."

"I don't think so."

"Was there anything that occurred during your childhood likely to leave a particularly disagreeable impression on you?"

"Why," he replied, "I have been unhappy all my life. As a boy I was beaten and kicked and cursed. But I don't think of anything special."

"Will you let me hypnotize you?"

"You can do anything you like to me, doctor, as long as it will help me get well."

But it was found impossible to hypnotize him—he was too agitated, too excited a state.

Now, psychopathologists long ago discovered that not everybody was hypnotizable; and, moreover, that many persons would not permit themselves to be hypnotized. So they had been obliged to devise other means of "tapping the subconscious."

Among these is a method known as hypnoanalysis. It results in putting the patient into a half-dozing, half-waking condition, in which long-forgotten memories crop up in the mind.

Making use of this method, Dr. Sidis soon had his patient in a quiescent state, in fact, to all appearances asleep.

"Now," said he, in a low tone, "tell me what you are thinking about."

At first there was no response, but presently the young man began to talk. It was evident that he was recalling memories of his childhood—seidful, pathetic, almost tragic scenes.

He spoke of a "dark, damp cellar" in which, when a very little boy, he had been forced to sleep, and when it was bitterly cold. He spoke of the terror it had inspired in him, and how he had been forced to go to sleep, lest he should be snatched by rats.

Then, with startling suddenness, he leaped out of his chair, shaking in every

limb, teeth chattering, speech paralytic. He was in the throes of one of his attacks.

The doctor nodded his head understandingly.

It was not an epileptic case. It was a typical instance of a seemingly purely physical malady having its origin in a psychic shock.

Consequently the sufferer had forgotten all about the nights passed in the cellar so many years before. They had utterly vanished from his waking memory. But subconsciously he remembered them as distinctly as though they were not past but present experiences. He could actually hear them again, to the gradual breaking down of his nervous system, of which the convulsive attacks were symptomatic.

In fact, it was found that they could be brought on simply by uttering in his hearing the words "dark" and "damp," which seemed to act as psycho triggers exploding the mind of horror memories in the depths of his subconscious being.

A few weeks of suggestive treatment directed to the complete blotting out of the disease-producing memories, and he was permanently freed from his terrible affliction.

Other instances are given where similar treatment has been found effective.

Sometimes "dissociational" disorders result not from a single emotional disturbance, but from a succession of psycho shocks, giving rise to the most complicated symptoms. I have in mind a recent striking case of this sort, in which, after years of indescribable suffering, a woman of sixty was by psychopathological treatment cured of lung, stomach, and kidney trouble, to say nothing of an extreme nervousness and an agonized fear that she was becoming insane.

When she applied for treatment she presented a pathetic appearance. She was haggard, emaciated, and weak, her skin dry and crackling, her heart action irregular. She had a racking cough, and, occasionally, she would, as if from convulsive attacks, durar which she herself unconscious. But most of all she complained of sensations of the stomach, of kidney trouble, and of nervousness.

"When the nervous spells are on me," she declared, "I suffer death spells. I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, my head feels as though it would burst. Time and again I have been on the verge of committing suicide."

"Then, too, I feel as though I must be going crazy. Though I can read and study and take up my intellectual par-

suit without the slightest ill effect, if I attempt, for instance, to buy a dress for myself, my brain gets on fire and I walk the floor in a frenzy of excitement, quite unable to decide what choice I should make. Yet I experience no difficulty in making purchases for other people, and my judgment is considered so good that my friends often ask me to help them in their shopping. And I cough, day and night, sometimes for hours together."

A thorough examination, however, failed to disclose any indication of organic lung disease, nor of kidney or stomach disease. Besides which, unlike the young man with the "epileptic" seizures, the patient was found to have an excellent family history, from the medical point of view. Both her father and her mother had been of rugged constitution, and had lived to a good old age. "Dissociation" was at once suspected, and she was hypnotized.

Almost the first statement she made in the hypnoidal state related to a long-forgotten incident of childhood that had been the starting-point of all her trouble.

At the age of five-fifty-five years before she sought psychopathological aid—she had been frightened into an hysterical attack by the sight of an insane woman in a macabre state. For months afterwards the image of that woman never left her mind, and she kept asking herself, "Do little girls go insane?"

And even after the image faded from her waking memory it remained as vividly as ever in her subconsciousness—as was shown by the fact that, although before being hypnotized she had stated that she never dreamed, in the hypnoidal state she remembered that the frequently dreamed an insane woman was standing near her bed, bending over her.

To this subconscious memory-image, persisting all unknown to her for more

than half a century, was due her unceasable fear that she would herself would herself some day become insane.

Another horror memory that had affected her whole after-life was connected with an occurrence of her early girlhood. At the age of eleven she had been frightened into insensibility by the action of a girl friend in dressing up as a "ghost" and darting out upon her in a dark room. In her waking state she remembered nothing of this; hypnoided, she recalled it vividly.

When eighteen, having become a school teacher, she had worried greatly because of failure to secure promotion. From this period dated her headaches, as well as her first serious nervous attack.

But the exhilarating shock—the experiences to which her physicalills were chiefly due—was sustained in middle life, when her only daughter, after growing up to womanhood, fell a victim to consumption. Throughout the weary weeks of her daughter's illness she watched in anguish at her bedside. The distressing cough, the gastric disturbances, the loss of appetite, the nausea, the inability to retain food—every symptom hardened itself into the mother's subconsciousness, never to be forgotten and eventually to be reproduced, by the strange power of subconscious mental action, in the mother herself.

Caused by the mind, they were eradicable by the mind. One by one the psychopathological attacks and eradicated those deadly subconscious memories, and with their slitting out the patient's health constantly improved, until at last the entire complex of symptoms had disappeared.

Here, then, we find subconscious mental action responsible for the production of seeming insanities, delusions, irrational fears, and, in the case of this unhappy woman of sixty, even causing the appearance of symptoms resembling those of true organic disease.

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langer of New York. Hayman already had gained control of many theatres in the West. Freedman, a large producing manager, controlled many in cities like New York and Boston. Klaw and Erlanger had secured a number on the route from Washington to New Orleans. Nixon and Zimmerman controlled Philadelphia and houses through Pennsylvania and Ohio. With this nucleus of theatres, they could arrange a considerable tour for a manager from their New York office. It appeared to save him trouble and it appeared to guarantee the theatres a steady run of attractions; and, as the Syndicate refused to "book" a play in any of its houses which played in any opposition theatres, and as it refused to "hook" a theatre which played rival attractions, it soon held the whip hand in the situation. This iron-clad refusal to sanction competition was always the chief weapon—as it was one of the greatest weapons of the system. Of course as the Syndicate rapidly secured control of more theatres, it became more difficult to stand out against the monopoly.

The scheme in its main workings was a simple one. A play, no matter how successful in New York, if it is to make any money on the road, must have its tour so booked that a performance can be given every evening at a town where the receipts will pay the railroad fares and leave something over. It does little good if you can play, after New York, in Boston, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco, if you cannot play in the smaller towns between to pay your boarding charges. The Syndicate, either by leasehold or by promises to the local theatre managers to give them an uninterrupted season of attractions, rapidly controlled the approaches to the big cities, even when independent theatres were left in the cities themselves, and thus it controlled the theatrical situation in America.

A play manager no longer arranged his tour with the managers of the theatres. Neither he nor the theatre manager had anything to say about it. He went to the office of Klaw and Erlanger in New York, who were made the booking agents for the Syndicate, and they arranged it for him. The charge was 5 per cent. of the receipts of the play. Nominally this charge was made on the theatre; that is, every theatre in the country booked by Klaw and Erlanger

had to send 5 per cent. of its nightly takings to these gentlemen in New York, who did nothing whatever in return for it except to hold the club of power. Actually, however, the owner of the play equally suffered, for his share was proportionately diminished.

At first there was considerable organized opposition to the Syndicate, both from managers and actors, but it gradually fell off until only Mrs. Fiske remained as an insurgent.

From 1899 on, then, for almost a decade, with sporadic opposition here and there, as when David Belasco hauled the Syndicate into court and won for a time the martyr's crown, until the final downfall began two years ago, when the Shubert Brothers, managers in New York, grasped the situation by acquiring rival theatres, the Syndicate was in practically absolute control of the American stage. No local theatre manager in Worcester, Mass., or Norfolk, Va., or Grand Rapids, Mich., could say what should or should not come to his house. He had to take what was sent, good or bad, clean or vile. No play producer could give his play before the public unless Klaw and Erlanger chose to let him, and then, often, only at the payment of a heavy toll. Since the Syndicate could control absolutely the tours, they naturally gave the last bookings to their own plays, or the plays of men closely affiliated with them, and so, equally naturally, they controlled the European market, not because they could mount the plays better here, but because they and they alone could promise the foreign authors long and profitable tours. That is the real secret of Charles Frohman's command of the best English plays. It followed, also, that native authors depended too largely for hearing on the judgments of a few ignorant men, and that the ambitious actor or the small manager with a new, untried play, unless it seemed to their mercenary standards sure of popular success, or unless the actor or manager was willing to come on their terms, had no chance at all.

Then follows the story of the downfall of the Syndicate. It started with the rise of the Shuberts five years ago.

They began to acquire theatres of their own in New York and other cities. At

The Rise and Fall of the Theatrical Syndicate

The theatre-going public has long been aware of the existence of the Theatrical Syndicate in New York, but of the precise nature of the organization and its workings very little of a definite character is known. An account of the origin of the Syndi-

cate and its work is contained in the *American Magazine*, written by Walter Prichard Eaton.

The Theatrical Syndicate was formed in the season of 1895-6 by Nixon and Zimmerman of Philadelphia, Charles Frohman, Al Hayman and Klaw and Er-

first their contest looked hopeless, and the Shuberts appeared to give up for a time. Mrs. Fiske and Belasco were their only allies of power, and they had few attractions of their own. But the patched-up truce did not last long. Where these mild-spirited little Hebrews got their fighting power is hard to fathom. But fight they did, and in the only way—by acquiring even more rival theatres through the country, getting hookers to build the houses where necessary, and by putting on more and more plays to fill them. The time came almost two years ago when they controlled playhouses in most of the larger cities, the "one week stands," as they are called. This was hopeful, but it was not enough. The 1,200 to 1,500 theatres in the one night stands were closed to them still, because the managers of those houses were bound to play only Syndicate attractions. A manager could ensure a year's tour for his play from the Shuberts, but not a second or third year in the profitable one night territory, nor could he get from city to city without great expense.

Early in 1910 the Lansdells started. William A. Brady, manager of many plays, and Daniel V. Arthur, manager of Marie Cahill and Dr. Wolf Hopper (Mr. Arthur had tried in vain to get a theatre for Hopper in New York from the Syndicate), went over to the Shuberts. Already the Shuberts were preparing to add The New Theatre company to their list of travelling attractions. They controlled as many theatres in New York as the Syndicate. In Boston, by wise management, they had taken the prestige away from the mismanaged Hollis Street Theatre. They were entrenched in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and the connecting cities.

And by mid-spring, 1910, the Lansdells were coming down, gathering momentum as it slid, and making a roar in the theatrical world that caused Broadway to sit up astonished. First the circuit of theatres covering New England, through the man who had hitherto lined them up for the Syndicate, declared for the Open Door. Then John Cort's circuit of theatres covering the Northwest,

followed suit. A Pennsylvania and Ohio circuit (in which Nixon and Zimmerman owned 25 per cent of the stock) next voted to book any plays they chose. By May 1,200 small town theatres throughout the country had declared their right to play whatever attractions they saw fit, and had walked into the National Theatre Owners' Association. As the Shuberts already owned or controlled practically as large a number of city theatres as the Syndicate, that despotic institution was, at one blow, absolutely shorn of its power. It could no longer threaten anybody; it could no longer impose its tastes, its prejudices, its vulgarity, upon the stage of America. Napoleon had not met his Waterloo.

The Syndicate, of course, is not going to die without a kick or two. Immediately it fixed up its own attractions, and those of a few managers still "loyal" to it, and refused to play them in any of the 1,200 "open door" houses. It also began negotiations (on paper, at least) to build rival theatres over the country. How long these managers will remain "loyal," now that their profits have dwindled in half, remains to be seen. Henry W. Savage threw it over last July, and then took 24 attractions away from it at a blow. The situation has not, at the present writing, worked itself out fully. But one thing seems certain. There is no immediate prospect of any one-man control of the American stage in the future. In all the cities rival theatres exist; and all the one night stand theatre managers are weary of being janitors, and still more weary of losing money, which they are bound to do if, by alliance with a Syndicate, they lose all the good plays and popular players outside of such a Syndicate. They want all the good attractions they can get; and they can get them only through a free stage. Consequently they now one more fill their time for themselves, reserve the right to reject unworthy dramas sent from New York and are janitors no longer. If the Syndicate can really build up a second chain of theatres, all the better, we shall have competition, and the best plays will win. Also, we may have \$1.50 seats again.

Lloyd-George, the King's Favorite

T. P. O'Connor, than whom no British journalist writes more entertainingly, contributes a gossipy sketch of Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the *New York Times*. The fact that King George selected him to be Minister in attendance at Balmoral has given Mr. O'Connor his cue.

It is but one of many proofs of what is already known on the inside, that, of all his present Ministers, his Majesty likes Lloyd-George the best. It was not so with the late King. His special favorite was Mr. Haldane, the War Minister, largely, it was supposed, because Haldane, like himself, could speak German as well as English.

And yet, even with the late King, Lloyd-George was something of a favorite. Lloyd-George certainly always got on well with King Edward. I have heard him speak with great admiration of the way in which King Edward managed to attract the good-will of everybody who approached him, and he put this down to the King's remarkably beautiful manners.

On that point everybody who ever got in contact with King Edward was agreed. I knew a doctor—who, by the way, was sent for no more when he told the King that he must smoke less and drink less—this was not the kind of advice the King liked to get—but even this physician, who had been treated so curiously, told me that the King had done it in such a way that he could not resent the action.

If the King, said the doctor, were to kick you out of a room, he would do it with such perfect manners that you could not really feel angry with him; Lloyd-George gave practically the same impression when he spoke of the manners of King Edward as "carressing."

It is with the present King that Lloyd-George has made the most way. This is attributed largely to the fact that when the King's father died, Lloyd-George, who has an intense sympathy with all family grief since he lost his own beloved little daughter, exhibited a frankness of sympathy which the cold and correct Englishmen, the other members

of the Cabinet, could not approach. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that Lloyd-George is persona grata at the royal palace. It is another example of that suppleness and adroitness which are part of the man's essentially Celtic makeup.

I should add that this friendship between the King and Lloyd-George has not been of benefit to one side only. It certainly does send Lloyd-George stock up a good deal, especially in the social world—for which, to do him justice, Lloyd-George cares little—but, on the other hand, Lloyd-George has done the King a great deal of service as well.

It was the business of Lloyd-George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to carry the Civil List bill—in other words, the salary and allowances of royalty—through the House of Commons, and that was by no means an easy task. The Labor Party were watchful critics; there was a certain group of militant Radicals, and there might easily have been some risks. This was especially the case with one new and rather startling proposal of the new civil list, namely that the King should be exempted from the payment of income tax.

The proposal, I think myself, could be defended, for it does seem ridiculous for the State to give a certain income to its chief and then take a certain portion of it away with another hand, but, anyhow, it was a novel proposition, and it was only the daring courage, the adroitness, and the strong position as a radical leader which Lloyd-George holds that enabled such a provision to be carried through with apparently no serious opposition. The King would have been a very foolish man if he had not recognized the valuable service which Lloyd-George did to him in this transaction.

This is one of the reasons why the King has gone out of his way to manifest to the public the high regard in which he holds Lloyd-George, and this is the reason why Lloyd-George, who is never so happy as when he is scampering over the Continent in a motor car, has had to return to England long before he intended.

It is the unexpected success of Lloyd-George in winning favor in quarters

where he was expected to be hated and distrusted that brings into mere relief his great difference in character from one of his colleagues who, above among the Cabinet Ministers, has been making much of a show during the recess.

Mr. O'Connor appends a sketch of Sir Edward Grey, which throws interesting light on the member of the Cabinet, who stands in most pronounced contrast to Lloyd-George.

Sir Edward Grey takes almost as much pains to exude indifference, if not hostility, among the ranks of his own party as Lloyd-George takes to make himself beloved. Grey might well be taken by painter, sculptor, or novelist as the embodiment both physically and morally of what may be called the "typical Englishman"—at least as he appears to those who are not English.

The long, thin, hatched-shaped face, almost without any expression; the cold, dry, blue eyes that seem to evade any notice; the frigidity, self-restrained voice and language when he speaks, the coldly correct impression he always suggests, the appearance of perfect equanimity and plausibility, under which there is often strong feeling—all these things about the man would mark him as an Englishman if you met him among scores of other men in any part of the world.

As a matter of fact, I believe Sir Edward Grey is a very modest, simple, and rather shy man. He is also by temperament a very lonely man. He had only one close companion in his whole life, and that was his wife. She was taken away from him suddenly, tragically, without warning, being thrown out of a trap and dying from the injuries a few hours afterward.

Since then he has been lonelier than ever. With Lady Grey he used to go down to a little zinc hut by the side of a little stream in Hampshire. They did

their own cooking, bringing with them boxes of sardines and other portable forms of food that did not require much preparation, and they used to spend the week end together fishing for trout.

Now that she is gone, Grey retains his love of solitude, goes down with his rod and sardine box to the zinc hut, and spends the week end between the stream and the innumerable dispatch boxes, which come to the Foreign Secretary every hour from all parts of the scattered British Empire.

In the House of Commons Grey never appears unless when he has to answer a question or make a speech. You might be months in the House and not know him, even by sight. He has of course to figure in the division lobby whenever a division is called, there being a special obligation on Ministers to attend divisions.

The Ministers, all told, big and little, amount to between thirty and forty members of the House, and it will at once be seen what an important factor they must make in all the divisions, especially so often as the whole fate of a Ministry may depend on half a dozen votes—sometimes even on two or three.

If he has to appear in the division lobby he gets out of it as soon as he can. I heard a Radical the other day describe Grey as "rushing through the division lobby when it is crowded with members of his own party as though it were an 'infected sewer.'

When Asquith disappears which of these two differing men will get to the top—the supple, pleasant-mannered plebian from Wales or this cold, haughty, reserved, high-born Englishman with the hatched face, the cold eye, and the reserved manner? Who can tell? Chance has the final word in the destinies of all men, but especially of the men who are fighting for power.

Titled Britons Who Are in Trade

A writer in the *New York Herald Magazine* has compiled some particulars about the number of British peers and baronets who are or have been engaged in trade.

pization that art, learning, and commerce might become extinct, leaving only to survive the old nobility of which he was a fine example. Merchants and tradesmen in those days supplied the needs of their titled "superiors" and were handsomely penitentiaries to announce the fact of their pride in selling tea, butter, eggs, cheese, coffee, and furniture to the Dukes, Marquises, Earls and Viscounts, who can run huge bills and paid for them when they felt good and ready. But a change has come over the spirit of the British aristocracy, and in these years of grace they are found only too anxious and willing to participate in the profits accruing from successful trading.

A beginning was made when officers in the British Army and Navy formed a co-operative society to supply themselves with household necessities. The venture grew beyond all anticipations, and its advantages were easily extended, and to-day the turnover of the concern amounts to more than \$20,000,000 a year.

Previous to this military and naval enterprise Earl Granville had endeavored to sell iron to plebeian manufacturers, and the Earl of Dudley did not seem to derive his income from iron and coal mines, and at the present time Lord Londesberry advertises in the newspapers his earnest wish to sell coal to a chilly and forgotten British public. The Earl of Durham is inspired by similar ambition.

The late Lord Rayleigh manufactured some excellent plum and raspberry jams, and they possessed the rare merit of being what his lordship, one of the greatest Oriental scholars of this or any other day, represented them to be. Of course, the nobles of Britain are the chief landlords, but they do not disdain to make a little money on the side by sending their fruit and vegetables to Covent Garden market, where they are eagerly purchased, and to realize a wholesome addition to their vast incomes by a dash in horseflesh or in a prize or at Christmastime.

The new nobility, which has made its money in trade, does not relinquish its pursuits on the achievement of titles. On the contrary, it manages to get a lot of free advertising on a climbing into the peerage or baronetage, and hence we realize the spectacle of an embezzled body of men clamoring for the patron-

age of the humblest of the British population.

That grand sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, sells eggs and bacon and ham and other good things to the poor people of Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Caledon Town, Islington, Camberwell, and other parts of the metropolis where the bourgeoisie of London's workers struggle with diminutive incomes.

Lord Devonport is a wholesale grocer and runs a number of small retail stores in addition, and Sir Adolphus Tuck, Bart., is ever on the alert to push the sale of picture postcards and lithographs. The Lords of Barton, Hillington, and Ivesagh are renowned all over the world for their excellent ales and stouts.

Lord Northcliffe is always ready to sell the British public an enterprising newspaper for one-half penny, and Lord Brougham is busy every day with his great penny newspaper, Sir Walter Gilbey sells gin and claret.

Then there are any number of ladies interested in the making and selling of women's cloaks and hats, and there are daughters of noble houses who do not think they are becoming mad on their eccentrically clapping into high society American girls blessed with lots of dollars.

Then there are noblemen whose ancestors fought at Cressy, Agincourt and Waterloo, married to theatre showgirls and living on their earnings, and there are a few indolent scions of the old nobility acting as reporters, dramatic critics, printers, wine agents, and touts for money lenders and fashionable tailors. Indeed, there is scarcely a branch of activity in which the aristocracy is not represented by some smart fellow who is not ashamed to use his brain and brawn in order to make both ends meet.

The success of Napoleon about a nation of shopkeepers is almost realized in these days, and, remarkably, to relate, the humbler shopkeepers and the middle-class merchants do not grumble at the competition. And the small housekeeper may actually appreciate the gracious condensations of a young and amiable Marquis soliciting an order for a ton of coal or a plausible Earl seeking the patronage of the proletariat when buying his beef and beer.

It is known that thousands of German and French barons are waiters at restaurants, and Italian barons of able

lineage have amassed tolerable fortunes. The descendants of Aristides and Themistocles have come to the United States and monopolized the fruit trade, and Russian Princes hobnob with the poverty stricken and the criminal.

It is a day of leveling, but the British Baron has proved himself the wisest of all the European aristocrats. He is making money, and making it, for the most part, in a highly respectable, thoroughly British manner.

A Standardized Nation

Some interesting opinions on the character of Americans were expressed by Lord Northcliffe to Edward Marshall, an interviewer for the *Publishers' Press*, on the occasion of a recent visit paid by the great publisher to New York. He first directed the interviewer's attention to the way in which Americans are becoming standardized.

"In all parts of the Union now the traveler finds your people dressing alike, eating alike, reading alike, living in houses built on the same plans, grouped into towns that are so similar that when a journeying foreigner wakes up on his railway train in the morning and looks out of the window he cannot tell from the appearance of the country or the people whether he is in Toledo or Tallahassee, in Portland, Me., or Portland, Ore.

"You go further than merely doing these things: you denounce those who do not do them. Anything like individuality in dress, thought, or action on the part of any of your countrymen is derided at once by the majority as 'un-American.' In China, people without pigtail are called un-Chinese. I knew once a Chinese gentleman who suffered from weak sight in the left eye—the left eye only—and ventured to wear a single eyeglass. He was denounced as 'un-Chinese.' Not many American gentlemen with weak sight in one eye would even venture out experimentally, with a single eyeglass, as did the Chinese gentleman. They would, in many parts of the United States, meet instant ridicule, or worse, as 'un-American,' as he met it as 'un-Chinese.' People would turn in your streets and stare curiously and critically at an American who wore a single eyeglass, whether or not one of his eyes was weak and needed help.

"I was once in a part of the British

Empire where the temperature was easily around 100 in the shade. Resident and visiting Englishmen there wore the thinnest possible clothing and the lightest—clothing of such thin, light cloth that to carry heavy objects in the pockets would have been absurd. For convenience, therefore, we wore small watches on our wrists on straps containing bidders. An American gentleman who was with us thought this was a most convenient way to wear a watch, under the existing conditions, and, for the time being, adopted our custom. But he made it clear that he would wear his watch only while he was with us.

"Why don't you do it at home in hot weather?" one some asked him.

"Why," he said, and laughed, "if I should wear my watch that way at home people would call me a sissy!"

"In other words, this American confessed that he would be at home afraid to make this slight essay at utility and individualism."

"Thus it is," Lord Northcliffe presently continued, "that you ninety millions eat your hair in the same way, eat each morning exactly the same breakfast, tie up your small girls' curls with exactly the same kind of ribbon fashioned into bows precisely alike, and in every way all try to look and act as much like all others as you can, as the Chinese do.

"You are standardizing the human being, just as you would standardize the size of city blocks in surveys, of bolts, nuts, screws in your machines, of plumbing and of what not in your buildings. There are those who think this is a good thing. I do not happen to.

"On the other hand, I believe that one of the reasons why so small a country as Great Britain maintains so vast a place in the world is that we produce individualities rather than numbers in our population, character rather than mere book knowledge in our education."

Do the Railways Own Canada?

By

H. J. Pettypiece

Late Member Ontario Legislative Assembly

British Railway Tax, \$1,000 per Mile; Canadian, only 467.
Railroad Earnings in Canada go to pay U.S. Taxes! Farm
Tax 11.6 Miles on the Dollar; Railways Pay 34 Miles

THE question of "Railway Taxation" has been before the people of Canada more or less during the past ten years, principally owing to the introduction in the Legislature of what was known as the "Pettypiece Bill." In brief, this bill proposed to put railway property on an equal footing with other property in the province, in regard to the rate of taxation it should bear. Up to that time the 6,600 miles of railway in the province paid less than \$50 per mile in taxes. In 1890, when the Legislature passed the Supplementary Revenue Act, a provincial tax of \$5 per mile was imposed; in 1904, owing to the agitation in the House and through the press, in support of the Pettypiece Bill, the rate was increased to \$30 per mile, and in 1906, for the same reasons, the rate was increased to \$60 per mile, but no further increase has since been made. At the same time the power of the local municipalities to impose taxes for municipal purposes was somewhat curtailed, so that the average rate of taxation now paid by the railways of the province amounts to about \$100 per mile, yielding a total revenue of about \$823,000 annually.

While it is generally conceded that there is no valid reason why railway property should not be taxed at the same rate as other property, the influence of the railway corporations is so great that neither the Liberal Government, which went out of power in 1905, nor the Conservative Government, which has since been in power, have been willing to pass a measure that would bring about this equality of taxation. A vote of the people on this question alone, apart from and unclouded by other issues, would undoubtedly result in an overwhelming majority in favor of such legislation.

The question that naturally arises is: "Should the railways in Ontario be taxed at the same rate as other property?"

In order to arrive at a satisfactory answer let us consider the question from three standpoints: First, Why is property taxed? Second, On what basis is railway property taxed in other countries? Third, Are the railways of the province able to bear an equal rate of taxation with other property?

The first question is easily disposed of. Property is taxed to enable the provincial and municipal governments

to properly carry on the affairs that come under their respective jurisdictions, and to safeguard the property of individuals and corporations alike. As railway property enjoys all the safeguards and protection of both the provincial and municipal governments it should bear its fair share of the cost. Besides, the railway corporations have many privileges that are denied the owners of other property, such as, the right to expropriate land, etc.

According to the Government report the total amount of taxes paid by the railways of Canada in 1909 was \$1,594,880, or 89¢ per mile. This sum includes both provincial and municipal taxes.

Railway Taxation Elsewhere.

The taxation of railways in other countries shows that we in Canada are far behind in the equalization of taxation, and that Canada is the only country in which the railways are allowed to go practically untaxed.

In Great Britain and Ireland for over thirty years there has been a heavy tax on railways, and that tax has been increased at a much greater rate than has been the increase in mileage, capital or earnings. The amount collected now is about 5,000,000 pounds sterling, on 24,000 miles of road (which is less than the mileage in Canada), or more than 200 pounds per mile. During the last fifteen years, in Great Britain and Ireland, railway mileage has increased 10 per cent.; capital, 30 per cent.; gross earnings, 30 per cent.; net earnings, 6 per cent.; taxation, 70 per cent.

Reduced to dollars, railway taxation in the United Kingdom amounts to over \$44,000,000 annually. It represents a tax of over \$1,000 per mile, a rate of three and one-half mills on the capital, a rate of nearly 4 per cent. on the gross earnings, and over 11 per cent. on the net earnings.

In France a large revenue is raised by a tax on both freight and passenger earnings, and all railways revert

to the Government, without compensation, at the expiration of their charters, which run not more than fifty years.

In the United States the latest returns, for 1908, show that \$84,563,565 in railway taxation, was collected that year, an average of \$382 per mile. The increase in three years was \$76 per mile, which is \$11 per mile more than the total amount collected in Canada. The highest rate in the States was \$1,262 per mile in New Jersey, and the lowest was \$148 per mile in Arizona. In the States adjoining Ontario the rates per mile were: New York, \$72; Ohio, \$57; Pennsylvania, \$54; Wisconsin, \$49; Michigan, \$39; Minnesota, \$38.

A comparison of the taxes paid by the railways and subsidiary properties in Ontario and Michigan shows in a most startling manner how very much we are behind the age in regard to this most important of the many duties of a government—the equalization of the burdens of taxation. Ontario and Michigan are about equal in population and wealth, the advantage, if any, being in favor of Ontario, and with similar conditions in many respects. They have nearly the same railway mileage, that of Ontario being 8,230, and that of Michigan, 8,640. In 1909 the taxes paid by the railway, express, Pullman and car-loaning companies in the province and state were as follows:

Companies.	Ontario.	Michigan.
Railway	... \$821,000	\$4,377,873
Express	... 6,500	26,600
Car-loaning	... 1,838	10,336
	Nil	23,386

Totals ... \$831,338 \$4,438,201

This shows a difference in favor of Michigan of \$3,606,863.

It may be also mentioned here that the telegraph and telephone companies in Michigan paid in taxes in 1909 the sum of \$433,072, as compared with \$11,504 paid in Ontario by the same companies.

The Michigan figures are furnished by Mr. Geo. Lord, the secretary of the State Board of Tax Commissioners.

The passenger and freight charges in Michigan are lower than in Ontario, and express charges are no higher.

Several of the through railway lines, amongst the most important, operate through both Ontario and Michigan. Hundreds of passenger and freight cars run daily through both, from the west to the east and from east to west, over an almost equal mileage. The Grand Trunk runs 220 miles from the Indiana boundary to the St. Clair river, and 182 miles from the St. Clair to the Niagara river. The Michigan Central runs 220 miles through Michigan and 288 miles through Ontario—this being the main line mileage in both cases. The bulk of the freight traffic over these two lines consists of through freight, which goes through unbroken. It may, therefore, be assumed that the earnings and working expenses are about equal, and the ability to pay taxes equal. What do they pay in the two countries? According to the returns for 1909, the latest year for which detailed returns are at present available, the taxes paid by these two stretches of lines are as follows: The G.T.R. (Grand Trunk Western) paid in Michigan, on 220 miles, \$206,181, or \$930 per mile, and in Ontario \$100 per mile. The M.C.R. paid in Michigan \$564,000, on 288 miles, or over \$1,900 per mile, and in Ontario \$100 per mile.

In the same year the St. Clair tunnel, with equal mileage, and equal

earnings and expenses in Michigan and Ontario, paid in taxes in Michigan \$22,909, and in Ontario \$30. The Ontario end received a subsidy of \$285,000, the Michigan end nothing.

When it is remembered that the principal freight business of these two lines is to haul the products of the western States through Ontario to the seaboard, to enter into competition with the products of Ontario, the injustice done to the people of this pro-

vince is far worse than the mere figures show. That the thousands of cars owned by car-loaning companies, which pay over \$2,000 in Michigan, are allowed to escape taxation in Ontario, is a gross outrage on the taxpayers of this province. This class of property includes all the refrigerator cars, for the transit of which local traffic, paying higher rates, is daily side-tracked every day in Ontario. Similar contrasts could be given in regard to the Pere Marquette and the Soo lines of the C.P.R.

Take the case of a G.T.R. train running from Chicago to Portland, Maine, a distance of 1,138 miles. It runs 30 miles through Illinois, where the rate of taxation is \$447 per mile; 83 miles through Indiana, \$490 per mile; 220 miles through Michigan, \$362 per mile; through the Michigan end of the St. Clair tunnel, \$22,909; across the boundary and through the Ontario end of the tunnel, \$760; then 511 miles through Ontario, \$100 per mile; 139 miles through Quebec, \$90 per mile; 35 miles through Vermont, \$205 per mile; 65 miles through New Hampshire, \$370 per mile; 70 miles through Maine, \$314 per mile. Therefore, the trains run over 600 miles of lines in the States, with an average taxation of \$371 per mile, or \$185,500, and over 638 miles in Canada, with an average taxation of \$63 per mile, or a total of \$36,610. Add the St. Clair tunnel figures, and the totals are \$208,409 paid in the States, and \$61,340 paid in Canada. It may be well said that these railway lines collect *carriage in Canada to pay taxes in the States.*

A comparison of the taxes paid in Ontario on farm property and on railway property shows how great is the discrimination in favor of the latter class of property. Farm property is taken for the purposes of comparison because the taxes paid on that class of property do not include charges for water, light, street railways, etc., as is often the case in cities and towns.

In 1908 the total assessment of farm property in the province amounted to

\$60,758,322, on which the total taxes paid amounted to \$7,001,103, a rate of 11.63 mills on the dollar, and a rate of \$6.69 per head of the population. In nine years, although the rural population decreased by 60,000, the assessment increased \$51,000,000, the taxes increased \$2,383,899, the rate on the dollar increased 1.39 mills, and the rate of taxation per head increased \$2.53.

In the Dominion there are, exclusive of Government and uncompleted lines, 21,965 miles of railway, capitalized at \$55,638 per mile. The 8,000 miles (excluding Government lines) in Ontario, therefore, represent a capital of at least \$445,000,000. Assessed at one-half that amount, which is less than the basis of assessment of farm property, and taxed at 11 mills, which is less than the rate on farm property, the result would be a taxation of \$2,448,072, or \$305 per mile. This is \$306 less than the average rate per mile paid in the United States, and \$90 less than the Michigan rate per mile.

In addition to the municipal taxes on farm property, as given above, the rural population of the province paid in the same year their share of the \$73,325,663 customs and excise taxes collected by the Dominion Government, which, at the lowest calculation, amounted to \$12,000,000. This brings the total taxation on the township property in the province up to \$19,000,000, on an assessed value of \$601,000,000, equal to a rate of over 31 mills on the dollar.

Under present conditions (leaving out customs and excise taxes altogether) the taxes paid on railway property in Ontario (at an assessment basis of one-half value) is equal to 3.6 mills on the dollar, compared with the 11.63 mills on farm property. In other words, \$1,000 worth of farm property pays \$1.63 in taxes, and \$1,000 worth of railway property pays \$1.80 in taxes. Compared with city and town property, the difference is very much greater.

Another point to be taken into con-

sideration in discussing the question of railway taxation is the fact that the people of Canada have practically built every mile of railway in the country; and with the exception of the comparatively small mileage still owned by Dominion and Provincial Governments, have handed over free to the various railway corporations the lines, some 22,000 miles, which they own and operate. The Dominion official report for the year ending June 30th, 1909, discloses the following facts:

The amount of cash subsidies given in aid of railways is as follows:

By the Dominion	\$77,028,080
By the provinces	32,538,466
By the municipalities	12,580,825
Total	\$122,147,341

The value of the lines handed over to the C. P. R. by the Dominion Government is placed at \$17,975,340.

Subscriptions to shares by the provinces and municipalities have amounted to \$3,139,500.

Lands to the extent of 55,116,017 acres have also been given in aid to railways, which, valued at \$5 per acre (a low valuation), is equal to \$275,580,085.

In addition to all the above, the Dominion, the provinces and the municipalities have made loans to the railways to the amount of \$10,314,587.

The grand total given in railway aid, in cash, partly completed lines, subscriptions, land and loans, amounts to \$452,966,887.

Leaving out the loans, (which may have been repaid), the amount of aid given is \$442,994,666, or more than \$20,000 per mile to the 22,000 miles owned by the various railway corporations. This sum exceeds the national debt of Canada by over \$119,000,000.

Guarantees on bonds, which are also substantial aid, have been given by the Dominion and Provincial Governments to the extent of over \$95,500,000.

The official report from which the above information is taken, says, "It would be misleading to assume that the above statements represent all that has been done by the Dominion and the several provinces in aid of railway construction. The Dominion, for example, is building the eastern section of the Transcontinental Railway between Moncton and Winnipeg, the western division of which is known as the Grand Trunk Pacific, on which the expenditure up to June 30 was \$33,301,342."

Arguments of all kinds have been used against any proposition to compel the railways to pay taxes. At the time the "Pettypiece Bill" was before the Ontario Legislature, able lawyers, employed by the railway corporations, resorted to all the schemes of the "tax dodger" to prevent its passing.

One stock argument was that the railways "developed the country." So they do, and so does every other business enterprise, agricultural, manufacturing, mercantile, and so forth. It is the development of these enterprises that gives the railways their traffic, and as these enterprises develop and increase in importance and value, the taxes imposed on them increases correspondingly, and a large part of the revenue thus raised goes in aid to railways. For instance, the Counties of Essex, Kent and Lambton, in western Ontario, have spent over \$8,000,000 in local drainage. This is a development in which the railways have had a large share of the benefit, owing to the increase in the production of commodities which furnish the

railways with traffic. As those counties were improved, or developed, by the expenditure of millions, the increased values were taxed accordingly. In twelve years, from 1896 to 1908, the population of these three counties increased only 6,006, or 3.8 per cent.; the total taxation increased by \$66,115, or 61.6 per cent.; the increase of taxes per head was \$3.40, and the rate of taxation on the dollar increased 7 mills. The railways get a large traffic from these counties, and are allowed to escape with a trifling rate of taxation.

Another argument used is that the railways have to pay duty on some of the coal they use. Granted. They do so because it is cheaper than hauling coal from the Canadian mines. The U. S. railways do the same thing. Last year we imported bituminous coal to the value of \$11,800,000, on which the duty was \$6,000,000, only a small proportion of which was borne by the railways, but the other consumers of coal are paying their full share of other taxes, as well as their share of the coal duties. They would be laughed at if they asked exemption on that score. At the same time we exported to the States over \$4,000,000 worth of coal, of which the U. S. railways took their share, and paid the duty thereon, but that does not exempt them from taxation.

All things considered, there is no reason in the world why the railway corporations should not bear their share in the cost of carrying on the affairs of the country, as they share, to a greater extent than many other industries, in the prosperity that the country is enjoying.

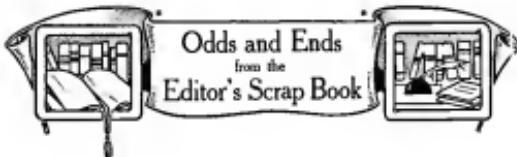
The Light Heart

Give me the Light Heart, Heaven above!

Give me the hand of a friend.

Give me one high fine spirit to love,

I'll abide my fate to the end,
I will help where I can, I will
cherish my own,
Nor walk the steep way of the
world alone.—Sir Gilbert Parker.



THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD.

This immense structure, 328 feet high, is located in northern Wyoming where the Shoshone River pours through a narrow gorge, a thousand feet deep. The dam is built of con-

In the summer, when the crops are thirsty, the big gates will be opened and the pent-up floods will be released into the river below. Another dam, a low structure of concrete, will divert the waters through a tunnel three and one-quarter miles long into a canal



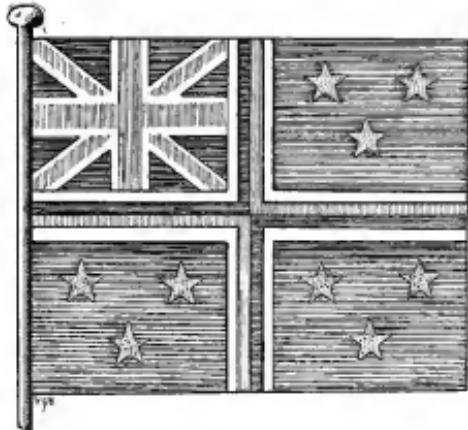
THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD

The Shoshone Dam to be Built in the Dakotas will be Higher by Several Feet than the Famous Flatiron Building, which is here Shown for Comparative Purposes.

crete and holds back a body of water, averaging 100 feet deep and covering an area of ten square miles. Its height can only be appreciated when compared with that of some well-known structure. New York's famous Flatiron Building would not reach within 47 feet of the top of the dam, and the tip-top of the dome of the United States Capitol would fall short 21 feet of the parapet.

which for 40 miles passes along the upper edge of a broad and fertile valley containing 150,000 acres.

Two years ago it was a desolate waste. To-day it contains more than 200 farmhouses and three thriving towns. Ten thousand acres produced crops last year on this project. With 16 farm-houses along each mile of the main highways, the valley already has a suburban appearance.



A PROPOSED FLAG FOR THE DOMINION

SUGGESTION FOR A CANADIAN FLAG.

The proposed new Canadian marine flag, illustrated herewith, is the suggestion of W. B. Waterbury, of St. Thomas. The horizontal lines indicate blue; the vertical lines, red; and dotted surfaces, gold or yellow. The four red, white and blue stripes represent the four original provinces of confederation, while the nine golden stars denote the nine rich provinces of Canada. The idea of the design is to substitute for the medley of provincial arms, now incorporated in the authorized Canadian merchant marine flag, a more dignified and comprehensive scheme of provincial representation. Mr. Waterbury suggests calling the flag, the Golden Stars.

Mr. Waterbury believes that now is the time to make the change, whilst the Canadian navy is in process of evolution. Such a flag as he suggests

would be more distinctive and appropriate. For land use, of course, the plain Union Jack is the proper flag for British subjects to fly.

THE RAVAGES OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.

It is difficult for people in this part of the world to form an adequate idea of the terrible ravages of sleeping sickness in the heart of Africa. In spite of the ardent researches that have been conducted by scientists, at the very centre of this contagion, none has as yet succeeded in discovering the cause of the malady. The continual spreading of the sleeping sickness may perhaps be attributed to the natives (negroes) themselves. Apart from uncleanliness may be added the poor or rather insufficient nourishment these people take. Their main food consisting of dried fish imported from Mozambique (Angola) and alcohol of 33 1-3 per cent. (Baumt)



IN THE LAND OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

View of Borneo Verde on the River Lukau



IN THE LAND OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

Scenes on the River Lukau between Sibutu and Konga Danga



IN THE LAND OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

Another View of Borneo Verde

and higher, of which great quantities are consumed, may perhaps, also, be one of the causes of this fatal malady, for, once the human organism is undermined by alcohol, it will offer little or no resistance if attacked by sleeping sickness.

As yet there is no remedy for this disease. If the native shows suspicious symptoms, (such as swollen glands), all the white man can do, in order to remain immune, is to send the negro away and leave him to his own fate. This seems most inhumane, but it is the only way to escape infection.

In districts where the sleeping sickness was formerly unknown, it is nowadays often imported by so-called gangs of canoers, who, having the river-trade in their hands, often, during their canoeing expeditions, come into contact with other infected canoers, or are stung by the tsetse-fly, which is generally looked upon as the chief cause of this deadly malady.

On one's wanderings through the Maximbu district, one often comes across dilapidated villages, and upon

enquiry learns that these were once flourishing communities, but that owing to the sleeping sickness most of the inhabitants had succumbed and those who were fortunate enough to escape, had migrated to neighboring villages only to infect their fellow-countrymen also.

Fundu Zobe, Shimpando, and so on, once flourishing villages, have now almost dwindled away with the exception of a few families. And all that is left of the once smiling villages of N' Gundiy, is a single family and the idol of the natives.

* * * * *

THE KING'S TRAIN.

When King George has occasion to travel over the Great Northern Railway he occupies the handsome saloon coach illustrated on the following page. A good description of the car is given in the *Rainbow Magazine*, to which publication credit is due for the pictures also.

"The saloon is divided as follows: Entrance balcony, smoke room, day



ABOARD THE KING'S TRAIN

saloon, bedroom or dining-room, dressing room, and attendant's compartment. The balcony is panelled with figured teak, and has a white panelled ceiling, decorated in Jacobian style. The smoking room is 10 feet long, and the walls are of oak inlaid

with boxwood and dark pollard oak. The furniture consists of two arm-chairs and a large settee, upholstered in reindeer plush hide, the fittings being of oxidized silver. The day saloon, which is 17½ feet long, is in Louis XVI style, and the walls are of polished sycamore, inlaid with trellis lines of pente- and light mahogany. Of light French mahogany, inlaid with pewter and boxwood, upholstered in silk brocade, the furniture consists of two armchairs, a large settee and four smaller chairs. There is also a writing table fitted

with adjustable shaded electric lights. The use of pewter is a revival of an old French method, which has a very pretty effect in conjunction with mahogany. Both the day and smoking rooms are lighted by rows of tubular electric lamps concealed behind the cornices on each side, giving a soft and restful light. There are also corner brackets in the smoking room and hand-

some gilt wall brackets in the day compartment, the lights in the latter being shaded by hand-painted silk screens. The bedroom, or dining room, is 14 feet long, and the walls are panelled and enamelled white, the



ABOARD THE KING'S TRAIN

furniture being in mahogany, inlaid with kingwood, and covered with fine old rose-colored silk damask, with green silk embroidered cushions. The dressing room, 8 feet long, is panelled and enamelled white. Next to the dressing room is the lavatory, the floor of which is covered by inlaid cork parquet flooring, and the walls are of Italian Cipolla marble cross-hatched with white statuary marble. The attendant's compartment is fitted with electrical heated kettles, urns, etc., and a switch-board for controlling the lighting and heating of the carriage.

To give uniformity of effect, these rooms, with the exception of the attendant's compartment, are carpeted



ABOARD THE KING'S TRAIN

alike with a plain Saxony pile old rose carpet, and all curtains and blinds are of soft green silk, with white silk embroidery."

* * * * *

A ROYAL PRAYER BOOK.

The illustration gives a faint idea of the exquisitely tooled cover on the prayer book presented by King George to the historic church at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

This is the church in which the first Anglican service was held in Canada, and the King's gift is made in commemoration of the bicentenary of the establishment of the Church in the



The Book of Common Prayer presented to the Church at Annapolis Royal by the King.

Dominion. The presentation will be made by the Bishop of London, who has now arrived in the Dominion, on behalf of the King, and the book has been despatched to the Bishop this week.

The Prayer-book is bound in red Niger morocco, with leather joints, green Levant morocco doublures and fly-leaves, and is elaborately inlaid, gold-tooled, and set with amethysts. The dominant feature of the design on the front cover is a decorative representation of a cross, composed of interlaced lines, with the monogram I.H.S. inlaid in the centre. The doublures are decorated with a border of a similar design and have the arms of the King on the front and the Canadian arms on the back.



THE NEW MONUMENT TO MONTCALM
Erected at Vestré-Candiac, France

* * * * *

A MONUMENT TO MONTCALM.

The monument illustrated was erected this year in the small commune of Candiac, near Nîmes, in France, to the memory of the Marquis de Montcalm. It stands a few yards in front of the Château de Vestré, once the property of the Montcalm family.

THE SEA AS A LETTER-BOX.

The round object like a football, which the bearded man is about to cast into the icy water in the background, is really a mail-bag. It is made of a waterproof material and contains enough air to keep it afloat. The current in the ocean carries it



POSTING LETTERS IN THE SEA

The Sketch

rapidly away to sea, and in due time it is picked up and taken to its destination.

This peculiar postal system is employed by the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, where no vessels call during the winter months. The mail bag usually

ACRES OF ALBATROSS.

One of the most wonderful sights in the world is said to be the albatross rookeries on the Laysan Islands in the North Pacific. These islands lie about eight hundred miles west of Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands and the birds literally carpet them. They are so numerous and so tame that



AN ALBATROSS ROOKERY

The Spyder

they have to be pushed aside to enable one to walk. A rough estimate places their number at two million, most of them white, but some of the sooty species. The islands are leased to a guano company, which, it goes without saying, secures heavy cargoes from them.



ALBATROSS EGGS BY THE TRUCK LOAD

The Spyder



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

THERE is a good story being told in Great Britain just now about

Lord Strathcona. Some time ago a man came to him, saying that he was the person who wheeled Strathcona's trunk to the station when he left for Canada, as a boy. On the strength of it he asked for a loan. Strathcona gave him five pounds. He reappeared a couple of weeks later to borrow some more money, and repeated the same story. Mr. Griffins, the secretary at the Canadian Office, was familiar with the ways of numerous applicants for his Lordship's charity, and knowing this man well, told Strathcona that he was not worthy of any assistance—he had spent the money in drink—and he himself was quite sure that the man's story was untrue. Strathcona replied in his own quiet way: "I know it is untrue, because I had no trunk when I left home. I carried my belongings in a bag myself. But, he needs the money."

A certain well-known, but impetuous nobleman, while walking one day in Wardour Street, saw a family portrait for sale in a shop window, and went in to inquire the price. The dealer wanted £12.10s., but his lordship would only give £10, so the purchase was not made. A short time afterward, while dining with a gentleman, he was invited to view his pictures. As he stood gazing

with profound interest at a certain one his host said, "Ah, that is a portrait of an ancestor of mine."

"Indeed!" said his lordship. "Then we must be almost related in some way. It was within £2 10s. of being an ancestor of mine."—Til-Bits.

A missionary came down to take the Sunday services at the church of Giggleswick-in-Craven. On behalf of the "foreign heathen" a collection was taken up. One of the wardens offered the box to a certain member of the congregation who did not believe in foreign missions.

In a stage whisper, beard alike by congregation and parson, this man said in blank vernacular, "Tak' it away, lad; I'm not going to give owt."

At that period the collecting-boxes were taken direct into the vestry. Down came the preacher from the pulpit, went into the vestry, brought out one of the boxes, and marched straight toward the gentleman. He offered the box to the heretic with the naive remark: "Tak' what thou wantest, lad; it has been gathered for the heathen!"—*The Church Faculty Newspaper.*

The conductor of a Western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on the cue of the forward cars. He told a brakeman in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the next stop.

When the brakeman approached the tramp, the latter waved a big revolver and told him to keep away.

"Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked the brakeman, when the train was under motion again.

"I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine."

"I'll take care of him," said the conductor, as he started over the tops of the cars.

After the train had made another stop and gone on, the brakeman came into the caboose and said to the conductor:

"Well, is he off?"

"No; he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Vel, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a 'eedle dog to wake up the big dog."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"Pedro, I owe about three thousand francs," said a Parisian grocer to his shopman.

"Yes, sir."

"I have two thousand francs in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of

brains, think the matter over to-night and to-morrow morning."

The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop next morning, the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place, a note, which ran as follows: "I have taken the two thousand francs, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."—*London Opinion.*

In Zanesville, Ohio, tell of a young widow who, in consulting a tombstone-maker with reference to a monument for the deceased, ended the discussion with:

"Now, Mr. Jones, all I want to say is, 'To My Husband' in an appropriate place."

"Very well, ma'am," said the stone-cutter.

When the tombstone was put up the widow discovered, to her amazement, that upon it were inscribed these words:

TO MY HUSBAND IN AN APPROPRIATE PLACE.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

There were introductions all around. The big man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. And a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you—although, I'm quite sure, we never met."

The little guest softly laughed. "T'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

In describing the electric flag, designed by Death & Watson, the number of lamps used was given as 116, whereas it should have been 1,160.

In the description of the Dominion

Register Co.'s exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition, in the October issue, the name of their sales pads was incorrect. It should have been "Surety Non-Simut," not multiplex.

A Successful Canadian

By

R. D. Thompson

In this day of Canadian Prosperity we naturally are interested in the lives of the men who have by their brains and energy placed Canada in the enviable position she now occupies.

The life of Mr. A. P. Willis should certainly be an inspiration to any ambitious young Canadian and is a fitting example of the success to be obtained by close application to work coupled with the requisite ability.

Mr. Willis was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, and received his education there. In common with a great many of our successful men he spent seven years teaching school before he decided to come to the Commercial Centre of Canada and carve out a future for himself in the Musical World. He has now spent thirty-seven years in the piano business and is one of the richest and widely-known piano manufacturers in the Dominion.

Mr. Willis started right down at the bottom and reached his present enviable position by dint of hard work and application of his wonderful ability.

Strange to say he does not take any interest in athletics. In this he differs from a great many of our leading men and he himself expresses his regret for his lack of interest in outdoor sports. However, he has chosen a very commendable substitute. His chief interest outside of business is in church work. He is a member of St. George's Anglican Church and one of the leading laymen in the Diocese of Montreal. Mr. Willis is a Governor of the Diocesan Theological Seminary and on the board of management. The library of the college is a memorial by Mr. Willis to his late wife and is known as the Jessie Willis Library. One of his sons, Rev.

J. J. Willis, B.A.B.D., has devoted his life to the church and is connected with the diocese of Montreal.

Mr. Willis is also much interested in the hospitals of Montreal and is a Governor of the Montreal General Hospital, The Western Hospital and the Protestant Hospital of Insane.

Mr. Willis is the head of the firm of Willis & Co., Limited, which has a working capital of \$1,000,000. There are sales rooms and offices at Halifax, Ottawa and Montreal and agents and representatives throughout the Dominion.

At present the firm is building one of the finest showrooms in the country. This magnificent new building is situated at the south-west corner of Drummond and St. Catherine Sts., and is to be eight stories in height. It is to be of steel and concrete construction and fire proof. The exterior will be of gray limestone. This whole building will be devoted to the business of Willis & Co., Limited, and will be decorated and furnished throughout in a thoroughly appropriate manner.

Mr. Willis is now serving his second term as President of the Piano Merchants Association of Eastern Canada, in which he is held in high esteem by his fellow piano merchants.

Besides the Willis Piano the company are exclusive Canadian agents for the Knabe Piano. Peers of this wonderful Knabe there may be, but superiors none. Paul Dufault, the celebrated tenor, in writing of the Willis Piano says: "It is the nearest to the Knabe I have ever heard." Certainly the Willis Piano could do no better than merit such high words from such a worthy critic. The com-

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